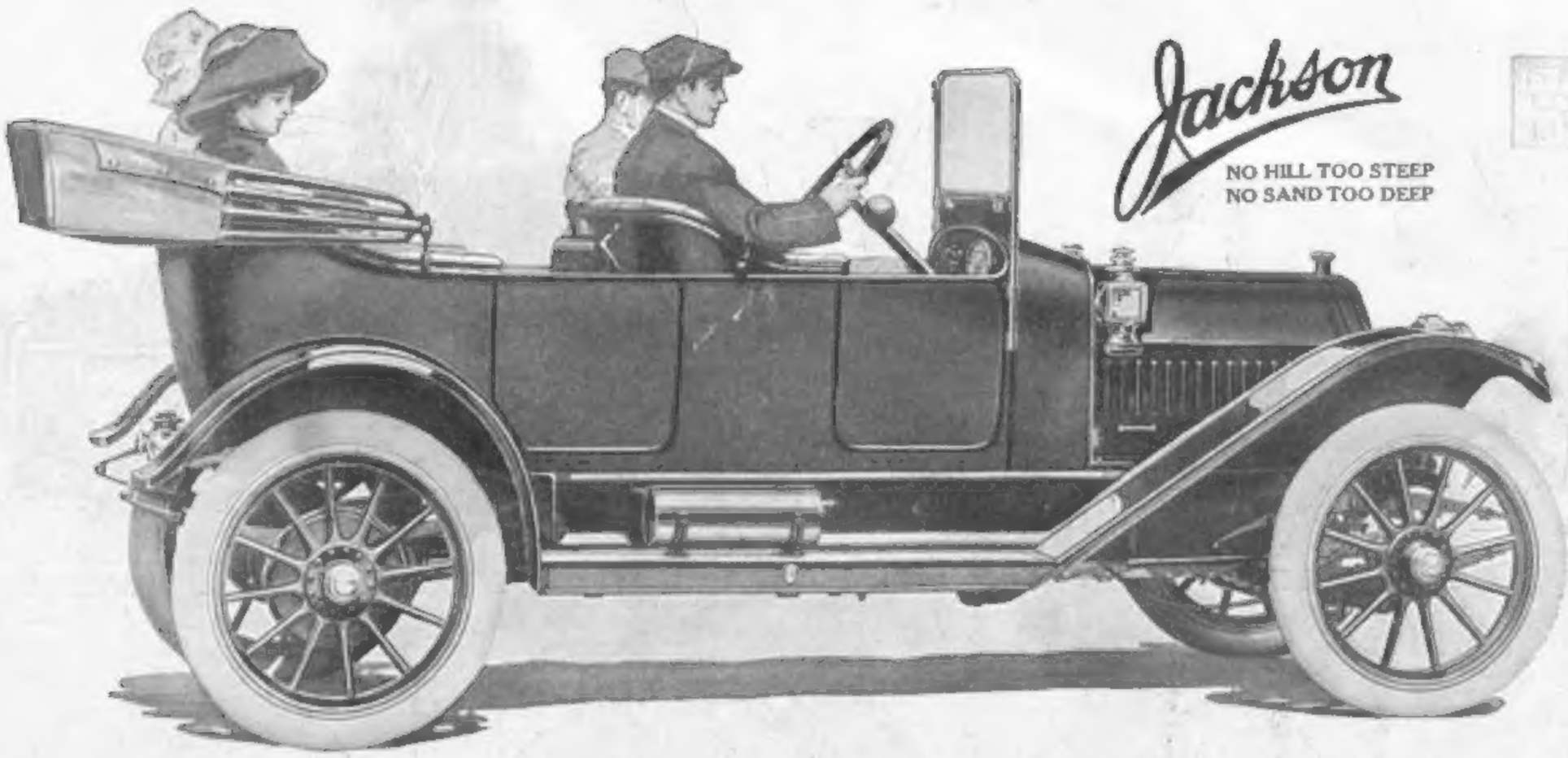
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illu[illegible]d [illegible]ekly
Founded A° I[illegible]j. Franklin

AUGUST 17, 1912 — 5cts. THE COPY

MARY SMITH—By Booth Tarkington



1913—Jackson "Olympic"—$1500

35 H. P. Long Stroke (4⅛ x 4¾) Motor — **34-inch Wheels 115-inch Wheelbase** — **Deep, Roomy Body Full Elliptic Springs** — **Complete Equipment Black and Nickel Trimmings**

Regular Equipment includes Mohair Top, Top Hood, Folding Windshield, Gas Tank, Demountable Rims, Extra Rim, Tire Carrier, Coat Rail, Foot Rail, Pump, Jack, Tire Outfit and Tools.

A bigger and better car for the money—this is what we give you in the "Olympic."

You can see its value in the larger motor, the wider and deeper body, the longer wheelbase and the full equipment.

The "Olympic" is not in the low-price class.

Its power-plant is exactly the same, in everything but size, as the "Majestic" at $1850, a car whose mechanical excellence has been established beyond a doubt.

It is ready for the road—all accessories are included in its generous equipment—there is nothing to buy.

Its value is apparent at first glance; every line of the body and every detail of the finish show it to be a car of the highest class.

The car throughout has the same design, the same finish and the same handsome lines as the larger and higher-priced Jackson.

Eleven years of experience have taught us how to build, for $1500, a car that will meet the approval of the most fastidious motorist.

Thousands of its predecessors have proved by their performance in the hands of owners that a Jackson car is always a good car.

Distinctive Jackson features have always marked our product.

Many of these features have been so widely adopted that they have become standard.

We were early pioneers in the practice—now so generally used—of incorporating motor, clutch and transmission into a unit, with one protective housing.

The same is true of the flexible three-point suspension of the unit power plant.

We recall this simply to show you the value of Jackson experience as applied to the "Olympic."

We have always insisted that comfort should go with power and size.

Hence the four full elliptic springs.

Hence tires that are practically oversize for a car of the weight of the "Olympic."

Hence the longer, deeper body; the increased leg and foot room.

These and the long stroke 35 horsepower motor are the value points of the "Olympic."

Some of them you can get in some other car—if you are willing to pay $1800 or more.

Others you cannot get in any other car, even at higher prices.

We want you to see the Jackson "Olympic" before you decide on your new car.

But we urge you to do so without the slightest doubt as to what your judgment will be.

Jackson dealers in the principal centers are ready now to show you the car and demonstrate it.

And the factory is ready to make shipments on early orders.

If, by chance, your local Jackson dealer has not been supplied with a specimen car, please write the factory for detailed information.

Jackson Automobile Co.
1020 E. Main Street, Jackson, Michigan

Send full particulars of 1913 Jacksons, including "Olympic."

Name _____

Address _____

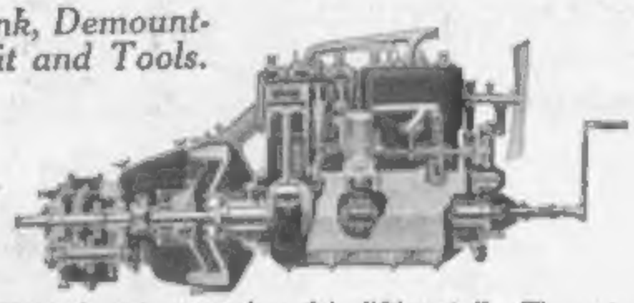
_____

OTHER MODELS

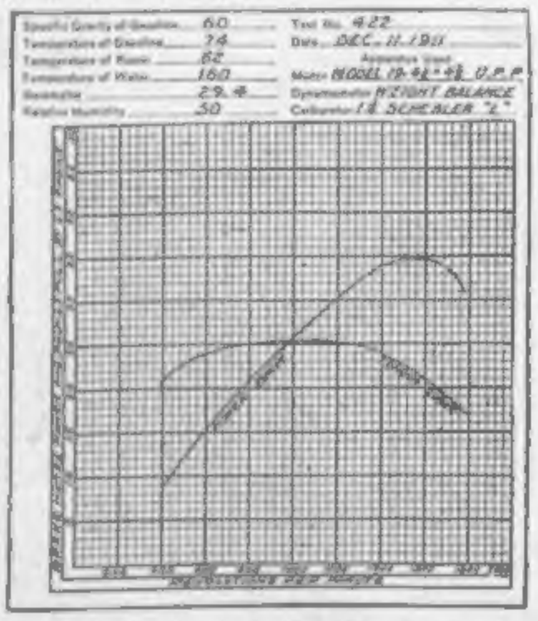
The "Majestic" at $1850 has a long-stroke (4½ x 5¼) motor of 45 H. P. Its wheelbase is 124 inches; tires 34 x 4 inches; springs, full elliptic front and rear. It is equipped with self-starter, mohair top, top hood, windshield, speedometer, demountable rims, extra rim, tire holder, foot rail, coat rail, pump, tools and jack. It has powerful electric headlights with parabolic reflectors, flush dash lights (electric) and an electric tail lamp. The current for the lights is supplied by a dynamo driven by the motor, which charges a storage battery for use when the motor is not running. The car has black and nickel trimmings.

Watch for our new six-cylinder touring car. It will be announced in a few weeks, and will be ready for early delivery.

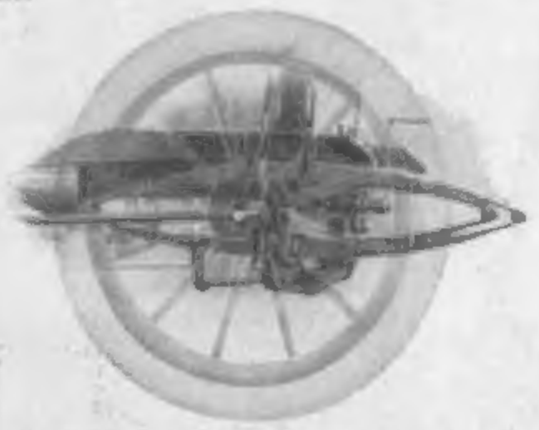
JACKSON AUTOMOBILE CO.
1020 E. Main Street JACKSON, MICHIGAN



This is the unit power plant of the "Olympic." The enclosure of motor, clutch and transmission in the same housing has a greater object than the protection of all moving parts from dust and dirt. That object is the preservation, in spite of road shocks and strains, of perfect alignment of the working parts—which is absolutely necessary if these parts are to remain at highest efficiency throughout the life of the car. The whole construction is oil-tight, and all the working parts run in a bath of oil, which is circulated from a reservoir in the base of the motor.



This chart shows the power developed, under actual test, by the Jackson "Olympic" motor at various speeds. The line marked "power curve" indicates the increase of power as the motor speed is accelerated to the maximum of 35 H. P. at 1500 revolutions per minute.



This is a typical Jackson front spring construction, showing particularly the full elliptic spring and the manner of its suspension. The suspension is flexible—as in the rear springs also—thus to a greater extent protecting the running gear from shock and showing a material advantage in the life of tires. Every buggy user knows the value of full elliptic springs. Each model is so equipped, front and rear.

MALE FIGURES SHOW NEW ROYAL SACK STYLES

Copyright 1912, THE ROYAL TAILORS

It's Your Move!

To "checkmate" the Clothes Problem—be Royal Tailored

Here it is again—this everlasting clothes question—nudging you once more with the need for a new suit or overcoat.

How are you going to answer the call this Fall? (1) By the Grab-Bag system of slipping into the first convenient store, and slipping out again in a pot-luck-chosen, take-it-as-it-is-garment OR —(2) By the Royal Tailored-to-order System of having every detail of your suit or overcoat built exactly as you dictate it—of having fit, fabric and fashion moulded to your ideal and identity.

It means Uncertainty *versus* Certainty. And the price, in either case is about the same. For, note you this remarkable fact—Real Tailored-to-order clothes, by the Royal System, cost no more than the makeshift kind. $20, $25, $30, $35 gives you, thru Royal Service, the world's best made-to-order work. And you can even buy a real Royal Tailored Suit for as low as $16—backed by all the Royal features of guarantee.

SIX-BIG-FEATURES of ROYAL TAILOR CLOTHES
1-Made To Your Measure
2—All Pure Wool
3-A Legal Guarantee With Each Garment
4-100% Process Shrunk
5-Cost No More Than Ready Mades
6-Six Day Schedule Deliveries

Your Best Home Clothier Has a Royal-Tailor Corner

To order a Royal Made-to-order suit doesn't necessarily mean to change your trading quarters. If you've been buying clothes from the leading men's wear dealer, chances are—he's a Royal dealer, too.

If you ask for a Royal made-to-order suit—he'll take your measures—and do it with pride and pleasure.

A Royal Tailor corner is almost a universal fixture in the highest class men's stores. (Mr. Clothier:—If that isn't true in your town, it surely isn't our fault. Why not write us to-day—and make it true.)

This Guarantee comes buttoned onto the garment
This Garment is Guaranteed to Fit, Satisfy and Please You in Every Respect or We Ask You not to Accept it—Not to Pay One Penny

"Get that Royal-Tailored-Look"

The Royal Tailors

Joseph Nelson *President*

Chicago "$1 a Day Forfeit for Each Day's Delay—When a Garment Order Isn't Finished on Time" New York

Royal Tailored-To-Your-Order Clothes

"The Clothes That Real Men Wear"

Copyright, 1912, by Hart Schaffner & Marx

The Style Book

New Fall styles in clothes for men and young men.

IN the Style Book we show you, in twenty-four artistic illustrations, just how the new models look. This is the twenty-eighth season for this guide to good style; it has been a great force in raising the level of good taste in men's clothes.

Young men will be especially interested in the pages which show the smart fashions in our Varsity line, made expressly for them.

The Fall Style Book illustrations show scenes in and around Philadelphia. The cover is by Samuel Nelson Abbott.

Send six cents for your copy.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago New York

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MARY SMITH

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

HENRY MILLICK CHESTER, rising early from intermittent slumbers, found himself the first of the crowded Pullman to make a toilet in the men's smoke and wash room, and so had the place to himself—an advantage of high dramatic value to a person of his age and temperament, on account of the mirrors which, set at various angles, afford a fine view of the profile. Henry Millick Chester, scouring cinders and stickiness from his eyes and rouging his ears with honest friction, enriched himself of this too unfamiliar opportunity. He smiled and was warmly interested in the results of his smile in reflection, particularly in some pleasant alterations it effected upon an outline of the cheek usually invisible to the bearer. He smiled graciously, then he smiled sardonically. Other smiles he offered—the tender smile, the forbidding smile, the austere and the seductive, the haughty and the pleading, the mordant and the compassionate, the tolerant but incredulous smile of a man of the world, and the cold, ascetic smile that shows a woman that her shallow soul has been read all too easily—pastimes abandoned only with the purely decorative application of shaving lather to his girlish chin. However, as his unbeetling brow was left unobscured, he was able to pursue his physiognomical researches and to produce for his continued enlightenment a versatile repertory of frowns—the stern, the quizzical, the bitter, the treacherous, the bold, the agonized, the inquisitive, the ducal, and the frown of the husband who says: "I forgive you. Go!" A few minutes later Mr. Chester, abruptly pausing in the operation of fastening his collar, bent a sudden, passionate interest upon his right forearm, without apparent cause and with the air of never having seen it until that moment. He clenched his fingers tightly, producing a slight stringiness above the wrist, then crooked his elbow with intensity, noting this enormous effect in all the mirrors. Regretfully he let his shirtsleeve fall and veil the rare but private beauties just discovered, rested his left hand negligently upon his hip, extended his right in a gesture of flawlessly aristocratic grace and, with a slight inclination of his head, uttered aloud these simple but befitting words: "I thank ye, my good people." T' yoong Maister was greeting the loyal tenantry who acclaimed his return to Fielding Manor, a flowered progress thoroughly incomprehensible to the Pullman porter whose transfixed eye—glazed upon an old-gold face intruded through the narrow doorway—Mr. Chester encountered in the glass above the nickeled washbasins. The Libyan withdrew in a cloud of silence, and t' yoong Maister, flushing somewhat, resumed his toilet with annoyed precision and no more embroidery. He had yesterday completed his sophomore year; the brushes he applied to his now adult locks were those of a junior. And with a man's age had come a man's cares and responsibilities. Several long years had rolled away since for the last time he had made himself sick on a train in a club-car orgy of cubebs and sarsaparilla pop.

Zigzagging through shoe-bordered aisles of sleepers in morning dishevelment, he sought the dining car, where the steward escorted him to an end table for two. He would have assumed his seat with that air of negligent hauteur which was his chosen manner for public appearances, had not the train, taking a curve at high speed, heaved him into the undesirable embrace of an elderly man breakfasting across the aisle. "Keep your feet, sonny; keep your feet," said this barbarian, little witting that he addressed a member of the nineteen-something prom. committee. People at the next table laughed genially, and Mr. Chester, muttering a word of hostile apology, catapulted into his assigned place, his cheeks hot with the triple outrage.

He relieved himself a little by the icy repulsion with which he countered the cordial advances of the waiter, who took his order and wished him a good morning, hoped he had slept well, declared the weather delightful and, unanswered, yet preserved his beautiful courtesy unimpaired. When this humble ambassador had departed on his mission to the kitchen Henry Millick Chester, unwarrantably persuaded that all eyes were searching his every inch and angle—an impression not uncharacteristic of his years—gazed out of the window with an indifference which would have been obtrusive if any of the other breakfasters had happened to notice it. The chill exclusiveness of his expression was a rebuke to such prying members of the proletariat as might be striving to read his thoughts, and barred his fellow passengers from every privilege to his consideration. The intensely reserved gentleman was occupied with interests which were the perquisites of only his few existing peers in birth, position and intelligence, none of whom, patently, was in that car.

He looked freezingly upon the abashed landscape, which fled in shame; nor was that wintry stare relaxed when the steward placed some one opposite him at the little table. Nay, our frosty scholar now intensified the bleakness of his isolation, retiring quite to the pole in reproval of this too close intrusion. He resolutely denied the existence of his vis-à-vis, refused consciousness of its humanity, even of its sex, and then inconsistently began to perspire with the horrible impression that it was glaring at him fixedly. It was a dreadful feeling. He felt himself growing red, and coughed vehemently to afford the public an explanation of his change of color. At last, his suffering grown unendurable, he desperately turned his eyes full upon the newcomer. She was not looking at him at all, but down at the edge of the white cloth on her own side of the table; and she was the very prettiest girl he had ever seen in his life.

"Don't You Think That a Girl Has Seen More of the World at Twenty Than a Man?"

She was about his own age. Her prettiness was definitely extreme, and its fair delicacy was complete and without any imperfection whatever. She was dressed in pleasant shades of tan and brown. A brown veil misted the rim of her hat, tan gloves were folded back from her wrists; and they, and all she wore, were fresh and trim and ungrimed by the dusty journey. She was charming. Henry Millick Chester's first gasping appraisal of her was perfectly accurate, for she *was* a peach—or a rose, or anything that is dewy and fresh and delectable. She was indeed some smooth. She was the smoothest thing in the world, and the world knows it!

She looked up.

Henry Millick Chester was lost.

At the same instant that the gone feeling came over him she dropped her eyes again to the edge of the table. Who can tell if she knew what she had done?

The conversation began with appalling formalities, which preluded the most convenient placing of a sugar-bowl and the replenishing of an exhausted saltcellar. Then the weather, spurned as the placative offering of the gentle waiter, fell from the lips of the princess in words of diamonds and rubies and pearls. Our Henry took up the weather where she left it; he put it to its utmost; he went forward with it, prophesying weather; he went backward with it, recalling weather; he spun it out and out, while she agreed to all he said, until this overworked weather got so stringy that each obscurely felt it to be hideous. The thread broke; fragments wandered in the air for a few moments, but disappeared; a desperate propriety descended, and they fell into silence over their eggs.

Frantically Mr. Chester searched his mind for some means to pursue the celestial encounter. According to the rules, something ought to happen that would reveal her as Patricia Beekman, the sister of his roommate, Schuyler Beekman, and tonight he should be handing the imperturbable Dawkins a wire to send: "My dear Schuyler, I married your sister this afternoon." But it seemed unlikely, because his roommate's name was Jake Schmulze, and Jake lived in Cedar Rapids; and, besides, this train wasn't coming from or going to Palm Beach—it was going to St. Louis eventually, and now hustled earnestly across the placid and largely unbutlered plains of Ohio.

Often—as every one knows—people have been lost to each other forever through the lack of a word, and few have realized this more poignantly than our Henry, as he helplessly suffered the precious minutes to accumulate vacancy. True, he had thought of something to say, yet he abandoned it. Probably he was wiser to wait, as what he thought of saying was: "Will you be my wife?" It might seem premature, he feared.

He Lifted Both the Precious Envelope and the Fingers That Inclosed It to His Lips

The strain was relieved by a heavenly accident which saved the life of a romance near perishing at birth. That charming girl, relaxing slightly in her chair, made some small, indefinite and entirely ladylike movement of restfulness that reached its gentle culmination upon the two feet of Mr. Chester which, obviously mistaken for structural adjuncts of the table, were thereby glorified and became beautiful on the mountains. He was not the man to criticise the remarkable ignorance of dining-car table architecture thus displayed, nor did he in any wise resent being mistaken up to the ankles for metal or wood. No. The light pressure of her small heels hardly indented the stout toes of his brown shoes; the soles of her slippers reposed upon his two insteps, and rapture shook his soul to its foundations, while the ineffable girl gazed lustrously out of the window, the clear serenity of her brilliant eyes making plain her complete unconsciousness of the nature of what added to her new comfort.

A terrific blush sizzled all over him, and to conceal its visible area he bent low to his coffee. She was unaware. He was transported, she—to his eyes—transfigured. Glamour diffused itself about her, sprayed about them both like showers of impalpable gold-dust, and filled the humble dining car—it filled the whole world. Transformed, seraphic waiters passed up and down the aisle in a sort of obscure radiance. A nimbus hovered faintly above the brown veil; a sacred luminosity was exhaled by the very tablecloth, where an angel's pointed fingers drummed absently.

It would be uncharitable to believe that a spirit of retaliation inspired the elderly and now replete man across the aisle, and yet, when he rose, he fell upon the neck of Henry as Henry had fallen upon his, and the shock of it jarred four shoes from the acute neighborliness of their juxtaposition. The accursed graybeard, giggling in his senility, passed on; but that angel leaped backward in her chair while her beautiful eyes, wide open, stunned, her beautiful mouth, wide open, incredulous, gave proof that horror can look bewitching.

"Murder!" she gasped. "Were those your *feet?*"

And as he could compass no articulate reply, she grew as pink as he, murmured inaudibly and stared at him in wider and wilder amazement.

"It—it didn't hurt," he finally managed to stammer.

At this she covered her blushes with her two hands and began to gurgle and shake with laughter. She laughed and laughed and laughed. It became a paroxysm. He laughed, too, because she laughed. Other passengers looked at them and laughed. The waiters laughed; they approved—colored waiters always approve of laughter—and a merry spirit went abroad in the car.

At last she controlled herself long enough to ask:

"But what did you think of me?"

"It—it didn't hurt," he repeated idiotically, to his own mortification, for he passionately aspired to say something airy and winsome; but, as he couldn't think of anything like that, he had to let it go. "Oh, not at all," he added feebly.

However, "though not so deep as a well," it served, 'twas enough, for she began to laugh again and there loomed no further barrier in the way of acquaintance. Therefore it was pleasantly without constraint, and indeed as a matter of course, that he dropped into a chair beside her half an hour later, in the observation car; and something in the way she let the Illustrated London News slide into the vacant chair on the other side of her might have suggested that she expected him.

"I was still wondering what you must have thought of me."

This gave him an opportunity, because he had thought out a belated reply for the first time she said it. Hence, quick as a flash, he made the dashing rejoinder:

"It wasn't so much what I thought of you, but what I thought of myself—I thought I was in heaven!"

She must have known what pretty sounds her laughter made. She laughed a great deal. She even had a way of laughing in the middle of some of her words, and it gave them a kind of ripple. There are girls who naturally laugh like that; others learn to; a few won't, and some can't. It isn't fair to the ones that can't.

"But you oughtn't to tell me that," she said.

It was in the middle of "oughtn't" that she rippled. A pen cannot express it, neither can a typewriter, and no one has yet invented a way of writing with a flute; but the effect on Henry shows what a wonderful ripple it was. Henry trembled. From this moment she had only to

There Was in Her Face Something Like a Fleeting Regret

ripple to make Henry tremble. Henry was more in love than he had been at breakfast. Henry was a Goner.

"Why oughtn't I to?" he demanded with white intensity. "If anything's true it's right to tell it, isn't it? I believe that everybody has a right to tell the truth, don't you?"

"Ye-es ——"

"You take the case of a man that's in love," said this rather precipitate gentleman; "isn't it right for him to ——"

"But suppose," she interrupted, becoming instantly serious with the introduction of the great topic—"Suppose he isn't *really* in love. Don't you think there are very few cases of people truly and deeply caring for each other?"

"There are men," he said firmly, "who know how to love truly and deeply, and could never in their lives care for anybody but the one woman they have picked out. I don't say all men feel that way; I don't think they do. But there are a few that are capable of it." The seats in an observation car are usually near neighbors, and it happened that the brown cuff of a tan sleeve, extended reposefully on the arm of her chair, just touched the back of his hand, which rested on the arm of his. This ethereally light contact continued. She had no apparent cognizance of it, but a vibrant thrill passed through him, and possibly quite a hearty little fire might have been built under him without his perceiving good cause for moving. He shook, gulped, and added: "I am!"

"But how could you be sure of that," she said thoughtfully, "until you tried?" And as he seemed about to answer, perhaps too impulsively, she checked him with a smiling "At your age!"

"You don't know how old I am. I'm older than you!"

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-one next March."

"What day?"

"The seventh."

"That is singular!"

"Why?"

"Because," she began in a low tone and with full recognition of the solemn import of the revelation—"Because my birthday is only one day after yours. I was twenty years old the eighth of last March."

"By George!" The exclamation came from him, husky with awe.

There was a fateful silence.

"Yes, I was born on the eighth," she said slowly.

"And me on the seventh!" At such a time no man is a purist.

"It is strange," she said.

"Strange! I came into the world just one day before you did!"

They looked at each other curiously, deeply stirred. Coincidence could not account for those birthdays of theirs, nor chance for their meeting on a train "like this." Henry Millick Chester was breathless. The mysteries were glimpsed. No doubt was possible—he and the wondrous creature at his side were meant for each other, intended from the beginning of eternity.

She dropped her eyes slowly from his, but he was satisfied that she had felt the marvel precisely as he had felt it.

"Don't you think," she said gently, "that a girl has seen more of the world at twenty than a man?"

Mr. Chester well wished to linger upon the subject of birthdays; however, the line of original research suggested by her question was alluring also. "Yes—and no," he answered with admirable impartiality. "In some ways, yes. In some ways, no. For instance, you take the case of a man that's in love ——"

"Well," interrupted the lady, "I think, for instance, that a girl understands men better at twenty than men do women."

"It may be," he admitted, nodding. "I like to think about the deeper things like this sometimes."

"So do I. I think they're interesting," she said with that perfect sympathy of understanding which he believed she was destined to extend to him always and in all things. "Life itself is interesting. Don't you think so?"

"I think it's the most interesting subject there can be. Real life, that is, though—not just on the surface. Now, for instance, you take the case of a man that's in ——"

"Do you go in much for reading?" she asked.

"Sure. But as I was saying, you take ——"

"I think reading gives us so many ideas, don't you?"

"Yes. I get a lot out of it. I ——"

"I do too. I try to read only the best things," she said. "I don't believe in reading everything, and there's so much to read nowadays that isn't really good."

"Who do you think," he inquired with deference, "is the best author now?"

It was not a question to be settled quite offhand; she delayed her answer slightly, then, with a gravity appropriate to the literary occasion, temporized: "Well, since Victor Hugo is dead, it's hard to say just who is the best."

"Keep Your Feet, Sonny; Keep Your Feet"

"Yes, it is," he agreed. "We get that in the English course in college. There aren't any great authors any more. I expect probably Swinburne's the best."

She hesitated. "Perhaps; but more as a poet."

He assented. "Yes, that's so. I expect he would be classed more as a poet. Come to think of it, I believe he's dead too. I'm not sure though; maybe it was Beerbohm Tree—somebody like that. I've forgotten; but, anyway, it doesn't matter. I didn't mean poetry; I meant who do you think writes the best books? Mrs. Humphry Ward?"

"Yes, she's good, and so's Henry James."

"I've never read anything by Henry James. I guess I'll read some of his this summer. What's the best one to begin on?"

The exquisite pink of her cheeks extended its area almost imperceptibly. "Oh, any one. They're all pretty good. Do you care for Nature?"

"Sure thing," he returned quickly. "Do you?"

"I love it!"

"So do I. I can't do much for mathematics though."

"Br-r!" She shivered prettily. "I hate it!"

"So do I. I can't give astronomy a whole lot either."

She turned a softly reproachful inquiry upon him. "Oh, don't you love to look at the stars?"

In horror lest the entrancing being think him a brute, he responded with breathless haste: "Oh, rath-er-r! To look at 'em, sure thing! I meant astronomy in college; that's mostly math, you know—just figures. But stars to look at—of course that's different. Why, I look up at 'em for hours sometimes!" He believed what he was saying. "I look up at 'em, and think and think and think ——"

"So do I." Her voice was low and hushed; there was something almost holy in the sound of it, and a delicate glow suffused her lovely, upraised face—like that picture of Saint Cecilia, he thought. "Oh, I love the stars! And music—and flowers ——"

"And birds," he added automatically in a tone that, could it by some miracle have been heard at home, would have laid his nine-year-old brother flat on the floor in a might-be mortal swoon.

A sweet warmth centered in the upper part of his diaphragm and softly filtered throughout him. The delicious future held no doubts or shadows for him. It was assured. He and this perfect woman had absolutely identical tastes; their abhorrences and their enthusiasms marched together; they would never know a difference in all their lives to come. Destiny unrolled before him a shining pathway which they two would walk hand-in-hand through the summer days to a calm and serene autumn, respected and admired by the world, but finding ever their greatest and most sacred joy in the light of each other's eyes—that light none other than the other could evoke.

Could it be possible, he wondered, that he was the same callow boy who but yesterday pranced and exulted in the "pee-rade" of the new juniors! How absurd and purposeless that old life seemed; how far away, how futile, and how childish! Well, it was over, finished. By this time tomorrow he would have begun his business career.

Back in the old life he had expected to go through a law school after graduating from college, subsequently to enter his father's office. That meant five years before even beginning to practice, an idea merely laughable now. There was a men's furnishing store on a popular corner at home; it was an establishment that had always attracted him, and what pleasanter way to plow the road to success than through acres of variously woven fabrics, richly colored silks, delicate linens, silver mountings and odorous leathers, in congenial association with neckties, walking-sticks, hosiery and stickpins? He would be at home a few hours hence, and he would not delay. After lunch he would go boldly to his father and say: "Father, I have reached man's estate and I have put away childish things. I have made up my mind upon a certain matter and you will only waste time by any effort to alter this, my firm determination. Father, I here and now relinquish all legal ambitions, for the reason that a mercantile career is more suited to my inclinations and my abilities. Father, I have met the one and only woman I can ever care for, and I intend to make her my wife. Father, you have always dealt squarely with me; I will deal squarely with you. I ask you the simple question: Will you or will you not advance me the funds to purchase an interest in Paul H. Hoy & Company's Men's Outfitting Establishment? If you will not, then I shall seek help elsewhere."

Waking dreams are as swift, sometimes, as the other kind—which, we hear, thread mazes so labyrinthine "between the opening and the closing of a door"; and a twenty-year-old fancy, fermenting in the inclosure of a six-and-seven-eighths plaid cap, effervesces with a power of sizzling and sparkling and popping.

"I believe I love music best of all," said the girl dreamily.

"Do you play?" he asked, and his tone and look were those of one who watches at the sick-bed of a valued child.

"Yes, a little."

"I love the piano." He was untroubled by any remorse for what he and some of his gang had done only two days since to a previously fine instrument in his dormitory entry. He had forgotten the dead past in his present vision, which was of a luxurious room in a spacious mansion, and a tired man of affairs coming quietly into that

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"Farms" in the National Forests

By Henry S. Graves

Chief of the Forest Service

The Upper Falls of the McKenzie River. A National Power Site Which Should be Retained Regardless of Surrounding Land

The Wasatch Forest Nursery is Now Growing Four Million Seedlings Annually for Reforesting Denuded Areas in Nearby Forests. Under the Senate Amendment This Land Would be Surrendered to the First Applicant as Farmland

Water Power in the Oregon National Forests. Small Patches of Arable Land Often Control Such Sites

THE statement has been repeatedly made that the national forest policy retards development. The establishment of the national forests is persistently asserted to have resulted in the withdrawal of vast quantities of agricultural land from settlement. Certain members of Congress and hostile newspapers have repeatedly charged the Forest Service with locking up thousands of undeveloped farms in the national forests, and by its bureaucratic methods depriving settlers of the rights to which they are entitled by law. Statements on this subject which entirely misrepresent actual conditions have been made so often and so insistently that, although refuted over and over again, many persons unfamiliar with local conditions have come to believe them.

From its inception the national forest policy has been vigorously opposed by certain interests in the country. The opposition first attempted to break down the whole system and abolish the national forests. This effort has failed because the people at large are convinced that the national forests must be retained, and much less of direct attack upon the national forests is heard now than formerly. The opposition attempts to accomplish the same ends by less direct methods.

The attack on the Forest Service in its execution of the Forest Homestead Law is part of this campaign against the whole national forest system. Many critics of the Forest Service have been misled in regard to the agricultural resources within the national forests and the present methods of putting them to use. They unwittingly lend their support to a movement which, if successful, will begin the disintegration of the national forests and seriously set back the entire conservation policy.

Misleading information persistently circulated regarding the agricultural lands within the national forests resulted, last June, in the passage by the Senate of a rider to the appropriation bill for the Department of Agriculture, which could not fail to result in turning over public property worth millions of dollars to private exploitation. Although proclaimed in the interest of agricultural settlement, this amendment would block rather than promote the actual use of agricultural resources. It plays directly into the hands of large interests which are always working to secure public property for private exploitation.

This amendment, called the Nelson Amendment, was passed by the Senate, but at the present writing has not passed the House. It required the opening to settlement and entry of all lands fit and suitable for agriculture within national forests, irrespective of their value for other purposes or of the need for their retention for public use. Existing legislation permits but does not require the Secretary of Agriculture to open agricultural lands within national forests for settlement; in other words, it leaves him discretion to hold the land when the protection of the public interest, in his judgment, requires such a course.

The purpose of this article is to place before the public the facts regarding the agricultural resources within the national forests, to show how agricultural lands are now being made available for the settler, and to indicate the results of legislation such as was incorporated in the agricultural bill by the Senate.

Agricultural Settlement Under the Homestead Law, Situated on Heavily Timbered Lands in Western Oregon

The Valley of Two Medicine Creek in the Lewis and Clark National Forest, Montana. Cultivable Flats in Such Valleys Often Control Dam Sites of Exceedingly Great Value

A Growth of Western Pine on Agricultural Lands in a National Forest of Idaho. This Timber is Worth $400 an Acre

The national forests are situated in the mountains. They embrace the bulk of the forest-bearing lands still in Government ownership in the Rocky Mountains, the Cascade Mountains, the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California, and a part of the ranges adjoining the Pacific Coast. East of the Rocky Mountains there are national forests only in isolated mountainous areas, like the Black Hills of South Dakota, the Big Horns of Wyoming, the Wichita Mountains of Oklahoma, the Ozarks of Arkansas, and the sandhills of Nebraska and Kansas, with the exception of small forests in Minnesota, Michigan and Florida.

For the most part the topography of the national forests is very rugged. Their soil and climate in the main are unsuited to agriculture. In drawing the boundaries of the forests all compact bodies of agricultural land of any extent have been excluded. In every mountain region, however, limited areas here and there, along the bottoms of valleys, on benches and at the confluence of streams are susceptible of cultivation. The forests include several valleys from one-fourth to one-half mile wide and twenty to forty miles long, covered with dense virgin timber, where a considerable number of farms can be successfully developed after the forest is cut.

The Truth About Our Timber Lands

UNDER the present laws, as executed by the Forest Service, these lands are passing into the hands of bona-fide settlers as rapidly as the timber is removed. Their area has been enormously exaggerated, because of the pressure of speculators to get timber for nothing under the homestead laws. The arable lands on these few river bottoms will not cover over one-half of one per cent of the entire national forest area. The rest of the agricultural land is in scattered parcels, in narrow strips along streams or benches, small patches where two streams unite, or semi-arid mesas in the Southwest.

Much land lying within the national forest boundaries is in private ownership, having been acquired before the forests were created. Naturally the most valuable lands were the first to be taken up. The result is that one may travel for hours within a national forest, seeing land that is largely capable of agricultural development but that has not been so developed; and the impression is formed that the land is part of the national forest. Where critics of the Forest Service have designated particular tracts, investigation has often proved that the criticism concerned land already in private ownership. The supposition that such land is a part of the national forest is natural when it is found covered with heavy timber and without evidences of cultivation. Such land is not cleared because the owners are holding it for the future value of its timber.

Not over four per cent of the actual forest area has the combination of topography, climate and soil that would permit the land to be tilled successfully. Fully one-fourth of this amount cannot be cultivated without irrigation. At least half of it is now covered with heavy timber and has a much greater value for its timber than for farming. Over one-fourth is now available for settlement and is opened to the homesteader upon application.

These facts are not appreciated by the general public. Statements are made by some newspapers and members of Congress that great stretches of the national forests are agricultural. The national forests have been likened to lands in Ohio or Indiana when those states were a virgin wilderness. The belief has been spread abroad that, if opened to entry, these areas would be developed in small tracts, the timber removed, and the land put at once under profitable cultivation. It is asserted that single states, like Colorado or Idaho, have been deprived of the settlement of millions of acres of valuable farms. Such statements are not in accordance with the facts. In comparison with Eastern conditions, the national forests typically resemble the most rugged portions of the White Mountains or Southern Appalachians.

Equally misleading statements have been spread abroad about the policy of the Forest Service. It has been reiterated that the Government declines to release, under the Forest Homestead Law, lands that are chiefly valuable for agriculture; and again that the narrow and burdensome restrictions read into the law by the Forest Service so hinder and discourage settlement as to make the statute of no effect. It is doubtless through such misrepresentation that the recent Democratic platform refers to the alleged annulment of the will of Congress as to agricultural lands in national forests by administrative regulation. It is unbelievable that those who drew this plank knew either the actual conditions in the national forests or the real facts about what the Government is doing to make the limited agricultural resources of these forests available for use. They certainly could not have realized the consequences of a general throwing open to entry of all lands in the forests having arable soil, regardless of their value for other purposes.

When the national forests were established there was no law permitting the homesteader to obtain lands within them. In 1906 the so-called Forest Homestead Law was passed, upon the recommendation of the Forest Service. Under this act lands deemed by the Secretary of Agriculture to be valuable chiefly for agriculture and not needed for public uses are opened to entry. Under this law the Forest Service has consistently encouraged settlement on lands chiefly valuable for growing farm crops. Since 1906 approximately one million four hundred thousand acres have been opened to entry in accordance with its terms, for the benefit of upward of twelve thousand settlers.

The First Principles of Forest Service

THE Forest Service desires bona-fide settlement in the national forests. One of the fundamental principles of the national forest policy is to promote the best use of every kind of land. Settlement not only puts land of greater value for agriculture than for timber or other purposes to its highest use, but also, by bringing settlers into the mountains, makes forest administration and protection easier. The Forest Service needs the help of settlers in fire protection. It is obtaining their assistance in many localities through coöperative arrangements, and is enlisting their services largely as members of the regular protective and administrative force and in the construction of trails and other improvements. Every homebuilder in a national forest is an immediate asset in its present administration and future development.

Recognizing these facts, the service encourages settlement under the Forest Homestead Act of all lands that are properly classifiable as agricultural and likely to be taken by bona-fide homemakers. On the other hand, it has consistently resisted efforts to throw large areas of heavily timbered land out of the national forests on the ground of alleged agricultural value, when it was certain that agricultural development would not be apt to follow.

Frequent efforts have been made to secure such eliminations by presidential proclamation or by act of Congress. The rider recently adopted by the Senate is the result of a determined effort to require the opening to entry of all lands within the national forests which have any agricultural possibilities, regardless of their value for standing timber, water power, or other purposes besides farming, and regardless of the need of portions of such lands for public uses.

Unused Power on the McKenzie River, in the Cascade National Forest

In short, though the Forest Service has done its utmost to encourage homebuilding on lands chiefly valuable for agriculture, it has declined to open to entry under the guise of settlement lands that are worth far more for timber or water power than for any possible agricultural use, and that are not wanted for homes at all.

The Forest Service has been subjected to the greatest pressure to throw open the considerable areas that are now covered with valuable timber and will be suitable for agricultural use when cleared of forest. There has also been strong influence brought to bear to separate from the forests timber lands whose topography, soil and climate absolutely preclude any agriculture. The timber lands now in private ownership in national forest regions have been obtained from the Government under various public-land laws for nothing or at a very small price. Large timber holdings have been built up very cheaply, because entrymen were glad to sell their patents for much less than the real value of the timber. Many of the largest owners thus secured their timber for a few cents a thousand feet. Today it is worth from two dollars to five dollars. The establishment of the national forests stopped these speculative profits. Government timber can now be obtained only by paying its actual market value. It is but natural that the effort to secure these resources under the old terms, at a mere fraction of their worth, should be renewed.

The Washington Petition

THE Forest Service is constantly receiving applications for heavily timbered lands under the Forest Homestead Act. The present value of the timber on such areas far exceeds the value of the land for agriculture after the trees are cut. The purpose of most of these applications is to secure the timber for speculation. In many cases applications have been received for timber lands on mountain slopes where there never will and never can be any farming. Petitions for the elimination of large blocks of land from the national forests, where not over three or four per cent of the area has any potential agricultural value, are common. A petition that had been adopted by the legislature of the state of Washington was presented to the President, the Secretary of Agriculture, and Congress last winter, to eliminate over one hundred thousand acres from one national forest in Washington. The petition asserts that the land is chiefly valuable for agriculture and does not contain heavy timber. As a matter of fact, the main crest of the Cascade Mountains, rising to a height of over four thousand feet, runs through the middle of the area, which has growing on it not less than one and one-half billion feet of merchantable timber. Practically ninety per cent of the land has such high elevation that climate alone precludes agriculture. On account of adverse climate, rough topography and unfit soil, not over five per cent of the whole tract can ever be farmed. Of this five per cent fully one-half is covered with timber running from forty to seventy-five thousand board feet per acre. A small portion may properly be classed as valuable for agriculture; and this is now being given to settlers under the Forest Homestead Act as rapidly as they apply. The heavily timbered portions having arable soil will be cut over as soon as the timber can be disposed of and then opened to settlement.

Many of the areas that speculators are now seeking contain from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand feet of timber to the acre. Single claims of one hundred and sixty acres would have a value of from fifty thousand to seventy-five thousand dollars. In the Priest River Valley in the Kaniksu Forest, Idaho, there are twenty-five thousand acres of arable land, bearing from sixty thousand to one hundred and twenty-five thousand feet of merchantable timber to the acre. Much of this timber is Idaho white pine, the most valuable forest tree of the Northwest. It is now purchased from the Government at prices ranging from four to six dollars per thousand feet. An acre of timber land in this valley is worth from one hundred to five hundred dollars for its stumpage. A single homestead of one hundred and sixty acres would have on it timber worth on the stump from sixteen thousand to seventy-five thousand dollars. Unimproved, the value of the land for farming could not possibly exceed twelve hundred dollars. Repeated efforts have been made to secure the elimination of this area under the allegation that it is agricultural land. A considerable portion of the twenty-five thousand acres will ultimately be cultivable, but the aim of those seeking it is not farming or homebuilding, but a virtual gift of Government timber of great value.

The Swan River Valley in the Flathead National Forest, Montana, contains upward of thirty thousand acres of arable land, bearing a virgin yellow pine forest of fifteen thousand to forty thousand board feet to the acre. Its value under present conditions is two dollars and fifty cents a thousand feet, averaging fifty dollars an acre. The timber on an average claim in this valley would be worth eight thousand dollars.

The larger valleys in the Olympic National Forest, Washington, and in the national forests on the western slopes of the Cascade Mountains, contain in the aggregate several hundred thousand acres of arable land susceptible of tillage when cleared of its timber. Many of them bear stands ranging from twenty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand board feet to the acre, with individual acres running as high as three hundred thousand feet. The standing timber upon an average claim in such lands is worth from ten thousand to fifty thousand dollars.

If thrown open to entry under the general homestead laws, most of the lands of this character would be entered by timber speculators, not by bona-fide homesteaders. This is shown conclusively by the character of the entries on similar lands prior to the creation of the national forests. On the vast majority of the so-called homesteads located on heavily timbered lands there has been at best only a nominal and perfunctory compliance with the requirements of the homestead laws; cultivation has been almost wholly lacking; and the improvements constructed indicate in their very nature the intention of the claimant to maintain but the most temporary sort of residence for the sole purpose of securing title to the standing timber. A careful analysis of the actual cultivation on all of the timbered homesteads located in the Kaniksu National Forest, Idaho, prior to its withdrawal from entry—a total of ninety-five claims—showed that only 1.34 per cent of the cultivable area on these entries had actually been farmed.

A similar analysis of seventy-one entries on the Clearwater National Forest in the same state showed that only 1.1 per cent of the arable land in these claims had ever been put to agricultural use. The general commutation of such entries and their almost universal sale to lumber companies as soon as legal title can be conveyed are further proof that they have not been entered in good faith for settlement and cultivation, but are sought for the speculative value of their timber. Wholly aside from the thousands of cases in the West—matters of court record—where such lands have been entered by employees or representatives of lumber companies in the interests of their employers, there are thousands of other cases where timber and land have been sold to corporations upon the first day when a legal title could be conveyed by the claimant. Within the last two years white pine homesteads in the Cœur d'Alene National Forest, Idaho, entered before the forest was created, have been sold to timber corporations on the issuance of final certificate at prices ranging from ten thousand to twenty thousand dollars to the claim of one hundred and sixty acres.

Some Agricultural Land in a National Forest of Western Washington Worth $200 an Acre for its Timber

Lands Turned Over to Timber Speculators

IT CANNOT be assumed that the heavily timbered lands that interested persons are now endeavoring to have thrown open to entry would be filed upon by a different class of claimants or would have any subsequent history other than speculative holding for their timber and final acquisition by large lumbering interests. The timber is far more valuable than before the creation of the national forests, and the competition among lumber companies to secure it is much more keen. Furthermore, every elimination of heavily timbered lands hitherto made from the national forests under local or political pressure has had the same history, namely: (1) Entry by timber speculators; (2) purchase by timber corporations.

In 1901 seven hundred and five thousand acres of heavily timbered land were eliminated from the Olympic National Forest, Washington, because of the persistent claim made locally and in Congress that the land was chiefly valuable for agriculture. Ten years later not over six hundred acres of the timbered portion of the seven hundred and five thousand acres had been cultivated. Title to five hundred and twenty-three thousand seven hundred and twenty acres has passed into the hands of owners who are holding it purely for its timber value. Of this amount, over one hundred and seventy-eight thousand acres are in

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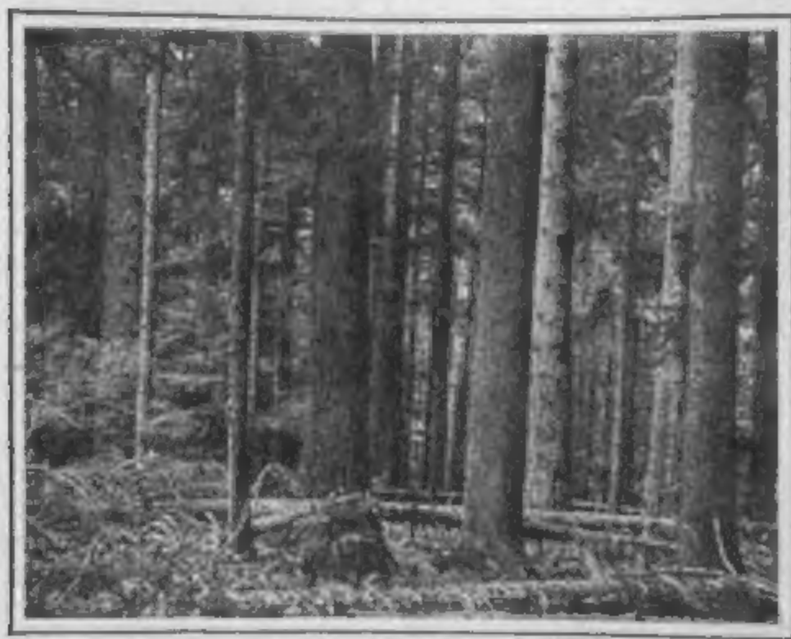


The Kind of Agricultural Land in the National Forests Which Should Not be Opened to Entry Until its Timber is Cut Off

A Ranger Station in Northern Idaho. Headquarters for Forest Officers in Charge of Two Nearby Timber Sales and Several Patrolmen in the Fire Season

Bottom Lands in the Kaniksu National Forest, Northern Idaho; Tillable, but Now Worth by Actual Appraisal Forty Times as Much for Timber as for Farming

THE DEAR LITTLE BIRDS

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

TIRED as she was from her culminating triumph of the night before, Cordelia Blossom primped her prettiest to receive Mrs. Agnew Dawes; for Mrs. Agnew Dawes belonged to Clara Pikyune's sacred inner circle, which was the only thing of any importance which Cordelia had not yet removed from Mrs. Pikyune's control.

"My dear, I don't see how you manage to seem so fresh and charming after your tremendous entertainment of the only actual duke we ever had in our city!" complimented Mrs. Dawes, who was a sharp-visaged elderly lady with a high-arched nose like a wedge, and high-arched brows, and lips so thin that her mouth in repose looked like a scratch.

"It's nice of you to say so," returned the pleasingly round Cordelia sweetly, ignoring the possible reservation in the word "seem." "I think we shall all welcome a few days of rest however. It has been rather a gay season so far."

"A brilliant one!" enthusiastically agreed the older woman. "And it has all been due to your influence. You've set such a pace that I fear we staid members of the ancient régime shall feel compelled to leave the field entirely to you giddy younger people."

"I sincerely hope not!" Cordelia rejoined, dreading to lose a single active rival. "We need you so much to give our affairs substantiality."

If Mrs. Dawes winced she was decent about it and was careful not to make any fellow creature uncomfortable by the sight of suffering. It was scarcely a year since Clara Pikyune had as condescendingly stated that the real leaders needed the younger set to give their affairs dash.

"You make it too active for us," smiled the Spartan Mrs. Dawes. "Mrs. Pikyune has been acknowledging the same personal disaster. She vows that she will be forced to confine her own future entertainments within very intimate limits."

Cordelia brightened. So this was the reason for Mrs. Dawes' call! The sacred inner circle was to intrench itself, beginning, of course, with the forthcoming visit of Lord Barncastle. Her duke had made a lord seem ordinary. Well, Clara Pikyune did know how to act promptly!

"That would be a tragedy!" exclaimed Cordelia, her round eyes expressing nothing of the dismay which Mrs. Dawes hoped to see dawning there; consequently the caller proceeded to finish her work.

"That was exactly my protest," she stated. "I pointed out that even if the recent indisposition of Lady Barncastle would seem to debar elaborate functions in her honor this should not be a precedent for Mrs. Pikyune's complete retirement."

"Indeed not," heartily agreed Cordelia, secretly flattered beyond all measure. So Clara Pikyune was wise enough not to try to surround Lord Barncastle with the customary blaze of glory! Since Clara had been outpointed in this contest, she would make her parties so highly exclusive as to include only those very select persons whom Jim Fleecer, the notorious political gangster, had dubbed "The Old Guard." Very clever! "We simply won't hear of her retiring!"

"Oh, she wouldn't really do that," went on Mrs. Dawes cheerfully. "She would only retire from the more or less miscellaneous affairs that have become so frequent of late. She will always hold her little court. I suppose you have already sold your Mimewansett cottage?"

"Really I don't know whether the Colonel has succeeded or not," returned Cordelia with disconcerting promptness, which was quite remarkable in view of the fact that this was the first she had heard concerning the sale of anybody's Mimewansett cottage. What new was afoot?

"The Colonel should hurry if he wishes to secure a fair price," went on the older woman, gleaming a trifle. "Values are dropping shockingly since we all started selling our places. Such dreadful people are taking them up!"

"Isn't it shameful!" declared Cordelia, glancing toward the telephone. She felt the imperative need of calling up some very valuable people.

"It's pitiful!" agreed Mrs. Dawes, the gleam of her eyes beginning now to be a glitter. "Mimewansett was such a lovely place, too, until so many people began to crowd in on us."

"Yes, wasn't it?" said Cordelia, still groping for the meaning of it all. "Mimewansett was an ideal spot in every way."

"Club House!" She Gasped. "Why, Georgia, the Entire Colony Has Been Organized"

"Well, yes and no," pondered Mrs. Dawes. "It was too far out to be used as a mere relief camp for the hot days before going-away time; and, moreover, there was too much available ground. The new location is entirely free from that objection. In fact, it is almost uncomfortably restricted as to space."

"That is a serious drawback," groped Cordelia, who had made up her mind that she would die before she would ask where the new place was.

"Isn't it!" harmonized Mrs. Dawes. "I'm really afraid that some of the nice people whom we would like so much to have out there will not be able to secure ground. However, it's such an adorable location—just outside the city, the beautiful little Wakoma flowing round the prettily wooded bend on which the cottages will stand; the deliciously shaded road following the curve of the bank; the Audubon Bird Reservation just adjoining, and everything almost impossibly perfect! The only better spot in the world is the Audubon Reservation itself; but of course no one can touch that, and so long as they can't we'll be sure of having none but desirable neighbors on that side—the birds!" and she laughed appreciatively.

Cordelia Blossom did a bit of acting that should have won her a niche with Bernhardt. She repressed every tiny trace of her frantic impatience for Mrs. Agnew Dawes to be gone out of her house so she could get to work.

This was the real blow then! It wasn't merely that Cordelia and all the hordes which had followed her rise to power were not to be invited to the Lord and Lady Barncastle festivities, but that Clara Pikyune was about to set herself up definitely as the leader of a rigidly restricted aristocracy! Cordelia realized that in securing the visit of the Duke of Moreacres she had perhaps gone too far. She had made too many of the former social dictators jealous, and they had become insurgent, flocking back to their former leader, the astute Clara Pikyune. If Mrs. Pikyune could make that sacred inner circle seem unattainable enough it would form the nucleus of a new dynasty which might in time swallow Cordelia's own. She saw the task that was before her! She was compelled to assault and capture the sacred inner circle!

Cordelia, in the midst of her calculating reverie, suddenly became aware that Mrs. Dawes was talking.

"As tired as I knew you must be," the caller was politely saying, "I simply could not refrain from dropping in to congratulate you on your wonderful success. Really, my dear, we're all envious of you!" And, smiling with grim satisfaction, Mrs. Dawes left Cordelia to rankle.

Cordelia did nothing of the sort. She dashed upstairs the minute Mrs. Dawes was outside the front door and snatched her boudoir telephone. She called Georgia Fleecer and besought her to come right over as fast as her car could bring her; then she called up her husband at the mayor's office and instructed the dazed Colonel to sell their Mimewansett cottage immediately to any purchaser and at any price, and to see whether he could secure any property at the bend of the Wakoma just below the Audubon Reservation. Then she hurried down to the library and hunted up a county map and located that particular bend of the Wakoma and became plunged in deep, deep thought.

II

GEORGIA FLEECER, appreciating to the full ex ent just what was happening, studied the map of Wakoma Bend quite as earnestly as Cordelia had done; but it gave them small comfort and no ideas. It was Cordelia who had the first happy inspiration.

"We can drive out there in three-quarters of an hour," she suggested. "This is like buying things from a catalogue."

"Let's!" cried Georgia, the trouble clearing from her brow at once. "You haven't had a real ride in my new car anyhow," and in a flutter of excitement, inspired more by courage than by hope, they hurried into their wraps, ensconced themselves in the wonderful new machine which Jim Fleecer called a six-cylinder boudoir, and whirled out to the battlefield.

"See! I knew I remembered it properly!" exclaimed Georgia as they approached Wakoma Bend. "All this land below is flat and ugly and the river spreads out in a waste of sandbars. No one could build a cottage here!"

"Clara Pikyune picked this spot with her own eyes," decided Cordelia, admiring the abilities of the ruler whom she had deposed. "What a lovely place!"

The road now swerved straight for the river, just where the Wakoma, after its broad, clear sweep round the bend, emerged to spread itself out over the marsh. The banks here, shaded and tufted, sloped gently down to the clear water, and on the other side of the public highway was a wooded paradise, the beauty of which not even the gaunt branches of winter could conceal. Wakoma Bend was a knob round which the stream swept in a graceful curve, and beyond it was the Audubon Reservation, holding the upper reach of the Wakoma in its embrace like a crescent. The stream widened here into a clear little lake almost, and in its calm surface, fringed with thin sheet ice, was reflected the deep blue of the winter sky and the long, straight tree-trunks of the island beyond.

Cordelia and Georgia drove up to the head of the Audubon Reservation, where the land broke into flat country again and the stream became a mere muss in the landscape, then they came back to the knob, alighted from their car and explored the location on foot. Right in the center, in the most commanding position, Cordelia half stumbled over a little smooth stick which had been driven in the ground. It was a yellow-pine stick and it had some writing on it. She pulled it out and read the writing:

"Club House!" she gasped. "Why, Georgia, the entire colony has been organized, and I suppose by this time the committee on decoration has been at work. There's just about room on the bend for a club house and fifteen or twenty cottages, and the ground has probably all been portioned off."

"This certainly looks like it," agreed Georgia, pushing the little stick back in the ground. "Possibly if we were to look for them we would find other little sticks that would tell us just who have lots here."

"It isn't at all necessary," decided Cordelia. "We can sit down with a paper and pencil and write the names any time. Georgia, with the main road running right in front of it and that camp crowd coming, I don't think that beautiful Audubon Reservation is a good place for the birds."

III

OBEYING an urgent command from both women, Jim Fleecer came out to dinner with his political enemy, Colonel Watterson Blossom, and he had not been in the house more than thirty-two seconds before he saw, from the shining eyes of the brown-haired Cordelia and the black-haired Georgia, that he was already in the depths

of another campaign of the sort that made his political experiences seem like nothing else than child's play.

"Well, Tumpelly," he observed to his wife as he gave her the customary smack of evening greeting, "tell us the joke."

"It isn't," she laughed. "You go right on up with the Colonel and get ready for dinner. How hungry are you?"

"Too hungry to be a decent guest," he confessed in sober truth.

"Then I shan't tell you until after the fish," she declared, pushing him toward the stairway.

"I don't know about going up with the Colonel," he protested with twinkling eyes. "We had a violent debate all the way out, on the never-failing subject of practical politics versus political purity."

"The debate is forgotten so long as we are under this roof," responded the Colonel, standing tall and stiff in his black Prince Albert on the bottom stair.

"Hurry up, both of you," admonished Cordelia. "I think Wash is already becoming nervous about his dinner."

"You may rest assured that we shall not remain long away from two such charming ladies," promised the Colonel gallantly, and he led the way, with no other impression of the charming ladies than that they seemed unusually sparkling. Jim Fleecer grinned continuously as he made his toilet, and wondered what startling new intrigue they had launched. Whatever it might be, he felt quite sure that he and the Colonel would dance to the music.

True to Georgia's promise, nothing but frivolity accompanied the first two courses, but as soon as the fish was cleared away Cordelia began with her newly acquired interest in the warbling birds.

"Georgia and I have just been out to see the Audubon Reservation," she stated. "Really, I do not believe the location well chosen."

Jim Fleecer looked at his wife and smiled.

"I had supposed that to be the most fashionable bird summer resort in the United States," he replied. "What's their objection to it?"

"For one thing, the main road runs right in front of it," Cordelia earnestly informed him. "Besides that, the new cottage camp is to be located adjoining it at Wakoma Bend, and that will make it so dreadfully noisy for the birds right in the nesting season."

"By-the-way, Cordelia," said the Colonel, "you will pardon the digression, I know, but I found it entirely impossible to secure any property at Wakoma Bend. It was purchased by the Wakoma Court Club, of which Mrs. Clara Pikyune is the responsible head. I telephoned her about it, but unfortunately the property has all been parceled off."

"Mercy!" half shrieked Georgia, and the two women, who had never dreamed that he would blunder into telephoning Clara Pikyune, looked at each other in sick dismay.

"Mrs. Pikyune was very regretful," the Colonel mooned along, stroking his white goatee with the satisfaction of a man who has done his duty thoroughly. "She seemed to be quite sorry that we had not applied in time."

"That was very sweet of her," returned the intensely suffering Cordelia, smiling but feebly as she caught the dawning expression of hilarity in Jim Fleecer's eyes.

"I thought her tone very pleasant indeed," resumed the complacently unconscious Colonel. "I assured her that you would be very keenly disappointed, but I was sorry afterward that I had been so inconsiderate, for she seemed deeply pained."

This was too much! The women laughed hysterically at each other, and then Cordelia, choking, arose.

"Watt, come with me a moment," she suggested. "You'll excuse us, won't you?"

"Certainly," giggled Georgia. "I want to talk with Jim a minute anyhow."

Chastened and humbled as to his relations with his wife, but mortally indignant as to his relations with the sacred circle of Clara Pikyune, the Colonel was brought back to the table at the same moment old Wash brought in the roast.

"I'm for it," announced Jim Fleecer, whose eyes were moist and whose face was red. "I am thoroughly convinced that the Audubon Reservation is the most undesirable location in the world for the dear little birds. But how are they to be moved?"

"It should be very simple," urged Cordelia. "Watt is the mayor, and you have so much experience in city legislation. Can't you pass an ordinance to change it?"

"My dear, I have no jurisdiction," objected the Colonel. "The bend is not in the city limits. Besides, I should not care to use my political office to further my private ends."

"I know you wouldn't, Watt," immediately agreed Cordelia. "You wouldn't do it for worlds! But if you could further the delightfully humane interests for which the Audubon Reservation was set aside, by moving the birds to a spot where they would be undisturbed, I'm sure you would be glad to do so. And then if some one bought up the old Audubon Reservation afterward there could be no objection to our purchasing half of it for a cottage."

"No," hesitated the Colonel; "except that the act might be publicly misunderstood."

"You don't need to care for appearances!" Cordelia admiringly reminded him. "You have so often said that you did not heed what other people thought so long as you knew yourself to be right. And, as for myself, I wouldn't argue a minute if I didn't think that beautifully wooded little island right across the river so much safer and more retired and better in every way for the birds!"

"Its being outside the city, however, is quite a blow to us," commented Georgia, knowing that Cordelia would eventually make the Colonel see where his duty lay.

"There's always some way to get at it," Fleecer comforted her. "That Audubon Reservation was willed to the county by Miss Emily Spruce, but she didn't give the actual land. She left the money to buy it with, so there's no perpetual deed to fuss up with. The county commissioners bought it only last year and they may not have let go of the money yet. It's probably drawing interest for the boys. I'll see Joe Adams tomorrow and find out how the box is stacked."

"Then that's settled," said Cordelia with a sigh of relief. "I suppose we'll have to draw straws, Georgia, to see which one gets the south half."

IV

JOE ADAMS came into Jim Fleecer's bare little suppositious real-estate office, smoking a long, crooked stogie and chewing the end of it at one and the same time. He shoved his soft felt hat on the back of his head, propped his mud-laden boots on the waste-basket, and crossed his hands comfortably over his latest assortment of free lunch.

"Well, captain, what's the good word?" he asked.

"Pretty quiet," returned Fleecer, surveying the county commissioner with the thoughtful air of a workman gauging his material. "Say, Joe, that's a rotten place you boys picked out for your bird farm."

"Why didn't you tip us the word you had some land to sell?" demanded Adams, immediately on the defensive.

"I haven't and hadn't," denied Fleecer. "I just think it's a rotten place, that's all."

"You got your joshing clothes on today," scorned Adams. "You wouldn't call for a show-down on a blooming old dicky-bird farm unless you had an ace in the hole. Come on and turn it over."

"You'll have to back up, Joe," persisted Fleecer with a grin. "I am only interested in the welfare of the cute little birds."

"If you was on the level I'd tell you that the old Crippews place that we boys bought for the Audubon Reservation has twenty-seven kinds of trees by actual count, and if any kind of a bird is so fussy it can't find the right kind of a tree out of that mess we don't feel like catering to it. There's rocks and there's hills and there's water, and at the back there's even a meadow. Why, Arthur Hilbert—he's our bird warden out there—is so batty about the place that I look to find he's made him a nest in one of the big elms."

"What sort of a person is Artie?" asked Fleecer. "You ran him in on that job while I was asleep."

"I should say you was!" heartily agreed Joe Adams. "We put him over on you at the time everybody was doing it—last campaign, when you let the other party hand this town a reform mayor. Gee, that was a jolt for you, Jim! I understand you couldn't get permission to pull off a chewing-gum raffle in this town, and all the old happy clean-up crowd is starving to death."

"No, they're only on a diet," dryly explained Fleecer, who had arranged his own defeat and elected Colonel Watterson Blossom for excellent reasons of his own—and Georgia's and Cordelia's. "How about Artie?"

"Well, he's kept company with the birds so long that he cheeps when he talks; but still he's some human," considered Adams carefully. "He's this kind of a guy: If you'd hand him an open-faced, honest thousand-dollar bill he'd turn in a fire alarm; but if you'd slip that thousand-dollar bill in the bottom of a bag of peanuts he'd eat."

"He'd eat for less then," decided Fleecer out of his profound knowledge of men. "You tell Arthur I want to see him. Who owns that island across from the bird farm?"

"Mort Miller. It ain't an island, you know, only in the spring thaw. We come mighty near buying that of Mort with Miss Emily Spruce's money, but the stingy old cuss wasn't liberal enough in his ideas about the rebate."

"I suppose Mort has repented by this time," mused Fleecer.

"He ain't smiled since!" triumphed Joe Adams.

"Send Mort in," directed Fleecer; "but don't offer him any encouragement. Take my word for it that you boys are in on all there is to this, but don't try to help too much. Leave it to me."

"I'm listening," assented Joe Adams with awakening eagerness which was already keen enough to make him pull his feet out of the waste-basket. "Where's the play on this Audubon bird farm anyhow? I don't quite make you."

Jim Fleecer smiled reminiscently.

"It's too near the main road," he explained with a grin; "and besides, they're going to build a camp out at the bend and the noise is likely to disturb the birds."

"Now I'm satisfied, I suppose!" mocked Adams. "Say, if I don't know who wants to gobble up this bird land I won't do a tap! If I can pull this over for you it'll be a lot of work. We may even have to hold a friendly smoker down at the courthouse some night and erase a few entries. Do you want it yourself?"

"Of course I do, you bonehead!" frowned Fleecer. "Would I fuss in with it if I didn't?"

"Then it's yours," promised Adams. "But why didn't you say so in the first place?"

V

THE same newspapers which carried the accounts of the smart new camp colony to be built at Wakoma Bend by the ultra-exclusive coterie of fashionables, also carried a long article by the county bird warden. Mr. Hilbert was highly dissatisfied with the present Audubon Reservation. The woods

"Theirs Will Be Along the Same Lines, Only a Trifle More Elaborate and Ornate"

were infested with the cherapee plant, which could not be eradicated, and which, as everybody knew, was extremely bad for the bilbul birds, a pair of which he hoped to attract; also, several of the trees were victims of prinkey moss, which was a tremendous drawback, since no long-tailed scallop would nest in a tree upon which was a trace of prinkey moss; also, the entire frontage of the reservation was useless, since, bordering on the main road as it did, it afforded no privacy for the birds—a shameful condition of affairs! The bird warden was an authority in his chosen calling, he modestly pointed out, and he must maintain his reputation; consequently he must feel impelled to resign unless conditions were changed. Either the road or the Audubon Reservation would have to be moved; preferably the latter, on account of the cherapee plant and the prinkey moss.

Two days later the courthouse reporters for the various papers made quite a sensation of the fact that a flaw had been discovered in the documents which were supposed to deed the Audubon Reservation perpetually to the county as a bird forest; consequently the entire transaction was null and void.

One week later Cordelia Blossom and Georgia Fleecer walked smilingly into the office of the architect who was drawing the plans for Wakoma Court, and discussed with him the designs for two bungalows on the former Audubon Reservation.

Mr. Wright was most happy to accommodate.

"I'm so very glad indeed that you secured that beautiful location," he told them. "The Wakoma Court, though it affords a delightful opportunity for grouping, is a trifle too compact to be as effective as I should like. The ladies of the committee have all along been regretful that we could not add this inward sweep of the river to the ensemble, and I know that they must be very much delighted that you have secured it. Of course you will wish to carry out the same general idea of design."

"Well, yes," agreed Cordelia; "only with some modifications due to the fact that we have so much more space."

"Naturally!" enthusiastically assented Mr. Wright, who was an earnestly artistic young man with a brow so high that it gave a false effect of baldheadedness. "That very circumstance gives us exactly the opportunity we need for effective grouping. The one bungalow should have a long, low frontage; the other should be high and narrow and set up on the hill a little way, to give it a commanding position over the adjoining Wakoma Court structures. Like this"—and snatching up a pencil he sketched the entire river bend with all its buildings, showing Cordelia Blossom's bungalow as quite the dominant note in the composition.

"That's it exactly!" cried Cordelia, highly pleased, her mouth a rosy dimple.

That same afternoon Clara Pikyune came in, a grim but bright-eyed elderly woman with sharp creases in brow and cheeks and neck and a firm mouth that was used to insisting. Mrs. Dawes, whose mouth was a wiry line, came with her, and to them Mr. Wright imparted the happy news.

"You ladies are very fortunate!" he congratulated them. "It seems a most remarkable chain of circumstances by which the Audubon Reservation that you wanted so badly has been added to Wakoma Court. You see we've lost no time. Here is the sketch I made not an hour ago for Mrs. Blossom and Mrs. Fleecer. Isn't it a glorious composition?" and beaming with pride he pointed out the commanding bungalow of Cordelia Blossom, flanked by the long low frontage of Georgia Fleecer's bungalow and by Wakoma Court!

No circumstance had ever surprised Clara Pikyune into an undiplomatic statement. Her first thought was to cast a warning glance at Mrs. Dawes, but the thin line which marked that lady's mouth had disappeared entirely, and a green pallor had settled so decidedly on her sallow countenance that it seemed as if it had become permanent.

Mrs. Pikyune, whose lifetime amusement, aside from social campaigning, had been the study of symptoms, felt her heart thumping slowly in a far different portion of her anatomy than she had ever previously noticed it; but the fact that it seemed to be feebly at work in the neighborhood of her waist-line did not for the moment alarm her in the least. She was too much concentrated on other matters.

"Did Mrs. Blossom and Mrs. Fleecer see our plans?" she presently managed to articulate, though somewhat raspingly.

"Oh, yes," Mr. Wright blithely assured her, perfectly happy in the artistic treat which had been secured for all of them. "They inspected each one of the houses and were highly delighted with them. Theirs, of course, will be along the same lines, only a trifle more elaborate and ornate, since they are compelled to build them larger on account of the immense amount of space they have. I'm just detailing the stucco work for the club dining-room mantel. Should you like to see it?"

"Not this afternoon, I think," Mrs. Pikyune managed faintly to respond, and the two worthy ladies tottered forth to the fresh outside air.

VI

THE fragrant odor of orange pekoe added delight to the happy conversation of Cordelia Blossom and Georgia Fleecer in one of the cozy little stalls of the Isis Club tearoom.

"And, Georgia, I'm just bound to have either your bungalow or mine arranged round an open court with a fountain in the center; yours, I think, because it can spread over so much more ground!"

Thus Cordelia.

"I hate to rob you of such a delightful idea," responded Georgia; "but of course you couldn't have it so well, with a tall, narrow frontage that way. You'll make yours up, though, in picturesque balconies."

"And terraces!" supplemented Cordelia excitedly; "leading right down to the ——"

"Oh, yes, I know!" interrupted Georgia; "the terraces blend in with the ——"

"With the whole decorative scheme," broke in Cordelia.

So Sprinkled With Brass Buttons That She Looked as If She Had Broken Out With Them

"Of course!" agreed Georgia. "That makes the Wakoma Court in reality a part of the design of our bungalows!"

"Just as the architect intended!" Cordelia breathlessly rattled on, and then the two stopped to laugh with each other out of the sheer joy of living.

A neat little messenger girl, her blue uniform so sprinkled with brass buttons that she looked as if she had broken out with them, came trotting up to Georgia with a friendly smile and studied the plumes and furs and gloves and complexions of both ladies intently while Mrs. Fleecer picked up the call slip from the girl's silver tray.

"It's Mr. Fleecer," puzzled Georgia. "He's on the 'phone. I do wonder what he wants!" and, excusing herself, she hurried away, for it wasn't like Jim to call her up unless he had something important to communicate. He corroborated her judgment of him as soon as he heard her voice.

"I've chased you all over town by 'phone, Ribbons," he told her. "Is Mrs. Blossom with you?"

"Yes, Jim; what's happened?" she anxiously wanted to know, and jumped to a conclusion because he had mentioned Cordelia. "There's no hitch in the property?"

"Oh, no, there isn't any hitch," he ambiguously assured her; "but you're going to drop dead when I hand you some hot Joe Adams information."

"Quick! What is it?" she begged him, instantly fearing the worst, although quite unable to guess what the worst might be.

"I have to be where I can catch you when I tell you," he chuckled. "Don't worry, Fluff, but you and Cordelia bring your smelling salts and I'll take you over to the Hotel Gilder for a bite. Where shall I meet you?"

"We've a men's reception parlor at the club, you know," she hesitantly suggested.

"I might meet another man up there and we'd embarrass each other," hastily refused Fleecer. "I'll run over and meet you at the bottom of the stairs."

When he saw their faces, and especially when he felt the nervous tingle of Georgia's hand on his arm, his conscience smote him for frightening them so.

"If you wait until we're at the table to tell us I'll scream," his wife threatened him.

"It's an even break that you'll do it anyhow," he told her. "Girls, you'll have to take off your bonnets to Mrs. Pikyune. She's put one over on you."

Cordelia drew a deep breath.

"We've been expecting that," she acknowledged; "but we really didn't see much she could do unless she changed her architect. She couldn't give up the whole plan, because she has publicly committed herself to it and has given out such elaborately enthusiastic details."

"Oh, no, she hasn't given up her plan; she's only made it more exclusive," and big Jim Fleecer grinned broadly out of his great admiration for genius. "The road round the bend is to be a private drive, and the public road now cuts across the base of the bend from just in front of your property to the marsh road. They're going to build a fussy wall, with an iron-barred gate and a gatehouse, shutting off Wakoma Court from the gaze of the common people. They've all donated a slice off the rear end of their lots to make the new road, in addition to passing a pretty token to the county commissioners. Your bungalows will be on the other side of the ordinary or public highway, just outside the fence!"

"Let's don't talk about it any more until we are at the table!" begged Georgia.

VII

CORDELIA BLOSSOM called on Mrs. Agnew Dawes, fairly bubbling with enthusiasm for a vivid new public-welfare movement.

"I'm begging today," she sweetly dimpled. "I want a swing."

"A swing?" repeated Mrs. Dawes, smiling with such encouragement as could be expressed by a woman who was notoriously careful that her contributions should be only the most public-spirited ones.

"It's for my new recreation park," explained Cordelia. "The poor people of the city haven't nearly enough places where they can go to enjoy the trees and the grass and the flowers and the fresh air, and I'm going to give them a large tract of woodland where they can have picnics and swings, and a carrousel and a bandstand and a dancing platform."

"What a worthy project!" approved Mrs. Dawes. "Have you decided on a location?"

"Well, not exactly," replied Cordelia with a slight trace of indecision. "Before I take any definite steps I want to find out just how well supported the idea will be, and I thought I could best tell that by starting my subscription list; so I came to you first of all!"

"It seems to me you're preparing to shoulder the largest part of the burden," reflected Mrs. Dawes.

"I really should," smiled Cordelia, "because it's my project; but the glory will be equally divided, although Mrs. Fleecer is donating half the land." Georgia Fleecer! Mrs. Dawes began to have a vague feeling of uneasiness.

"There aren't many available locations for such a park," she hinted.

"Not so very many," agreed Cordelia; "that is, not so many which fill the ideal conditions. It should be in a big wooded place, where there are hills and rocks and shade, and running water for skiff-riding, and a stretch of flat land, too, for racing tracks and such things. It should not be too far away from the city and should be where the street-car company can run out a line to it."

"Such a location might be very difficult to find," ventured Mrs. Dawes, the line of her lips growing thinner. "You haven't the slightest idea where it will be, I suppose?"

"Oh, we'll find it," confidently promised Cordelia. "If you will furnish a swing, and Mrs. Pikyune a bandstand, and the other ladies who have the most in life to be grateful for will provide the remainder of the furnishings, I think you may trust Mrs. Fleecer and me to accomplish what we set out to do."

"I have no doubt of that," grimly agreed Mrs. Dawes. "You are so capable and energetic and certain of accomplishment, both of you! I shall be very glad indeed to provide a swing or anything else which you may decide is my fair portion. I think it a most sweetly generous thought to give the poor people such a beneficial pleasure!"

Scarcely had Cordelia continued on her round of begging, when Mrs. Dawes called up Architect Wright.

(Continued on Page 35)

The Making of an American Woman

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Sheelagh, the Ready-Made American

SHEELAGH FALLON was an American before ever she left County Galway. From her babyhood she had heard tales of America. Some of the west-country people had gone over just after the famine, and in that generation it was believed that gold could be picked up in the streets. Later on this fiction died; and by the time Sheelagh was grown up the conviction in her village was that America was a grand place entirely—where a person had to work too hard at first, surely, but only until he got into politics.

There were two sides to Sheelagh, as there are to every Irish woman—when there are not more than two. Part of her was dreamy and poetical and mystical. That part saw Ireland as a land where the "good little people" used to live—and maybe did yet when there was faith enough; where only a little while ago miracles and wonders were performed and queer doings went on besides, of which no one could make head or tail. It was a country that was destroyed entirely by England and that great heroes had died to save; and that maybe some one would save yet. To this side of Sheelagh a few miles were a wonderful, mysterious distance; for the little span round her village she had the contempt bred by familiarity; but any stretch longer than she could walk in an afternoon became a space of loneliness and dimness, mists and sadness.

In spite of this, America felt nearer to her than England; and that was because the other side of Sheelagh's nature was intensely practical. England was a country where Irishmen did not succeed, but America was a country where they could be as good as the best, if not better. An occasional letter from a villager who had gone over stimulated her feeling of ownership in the country, for such a letter was always full of how greatly the writer's village was respected in America. At first Sheelagh had no thought of going, for the Fallons had nothing but a five-acre patch to support the mother and the three children, with what Michael, the elder son, could get extra by his side-car, and Terence, the younger, could get through occasional work for the farmers. Sheelagh had been taught by the nuns to make lace, and occasionally was able to sell some to the tourists; but there was never any money left over to pay one's passage to America. There wasn't even enough money on hand to think of marrying, as she and young Paidric Kerrigan knew to their grief.

County Galway's Contribution

AN AMERICAN tourist, falling ill when Michael was driving him, was so sympathetically treated by the young man that the tourist took him to America as nurse and general factotum. Even then Sheelagh did not think of going, especially after the painful scene at the railroad station on Michael's departure, when all the old people, gathered to see him off, wept aloud and Mrs. Fallon set up the wild minor Galway keen for the dead. Nor after Michael had gone did it occur to her to follow him, for at first he sent no money back; and then Sheelagh joined the Gaelic League and became absorbed in its games and competitions, responding, as did most of young Ireland, to the gayety the league was consciously introducing into the dreary country life of Ireland. Sheelagh knew that the chief object of the league was to revive the Irish spirit, and she and Paidric Kerrigan agreed that it was very patriotic. Its greatest attempt at patriotism was the endeavor to prevent its young people from emigrating. Sheelagh had nothing to say against that as long as she had to stay in County Galway, but her love for Ireland did not belong to the practical part of her nature. When she received a letter from Michael, inclosing a photograph and a ticket, she forgot the Gaelic League.

The photograph was that of a young Irish woman with whom Michael was "walking out," and who had been in America for ten years. It was that photograph which finally made an American of Sheelagh. It pictured a girl standing, with her arm gracefully resting against an open window. She wore a pretty gown, perfectly fitted, and her chin was lifted as high—so thought Sheelagh—as if she had been a duchess.

Even while Mrs. Fallon was making up phrases of compliment to write her son, she said bitterly to Sheelagh: "It was herself went barefoot ten years ago, I warrant."

"I'll take nothing off her," said Sheelagh loftily—"the way I'll be wearing a dress like that myself soon."

"Back There, if We'd Been Able to Marry at All We'd Have Been Married Long Ago"

One paragraph of Michael's letter moved Sheelagh.

"It's the grand country, as they always told us," he wrote; "but I doubt if it will always be so, the way them infernal foreigners is coming in. New York is fair cluttered with them, getting under our feet and jabbering their heathenish tongues. They say the Germans is not coming over as thick as they did, but to believe all the lies that people tell I'd be racked to death. So you be remembering not to delay, Sheelagh, so them foreigners won't be taking all the good places on you."

"Hear that now, Sheelagh," said Mrs. Fallon pessimistically—"them foreigners to be taking the bread out of your mouth before ever you put it in!"

Sheelagh tossed her chin at what she supposed to be the duchess angle.

"It would be a very laughable thing so," she said, "I to be letting them queer people get my work away from me."

Michael had sent enough money so that Sheelagh might get herself new clothes; but she was not able to use it, for Terence, who had inherited Michael's car, needed new harness and a new suit for himself—and also the pig died. Sheelagh said she would not mind if only Michael would not bring his young woman, Nora McInery, to meet her at the boat. She wrote him to that effect, brushed and pressed her five-year-old Sunday dress, and went about saying goodby to the neighbors.

Sheelagh had never been more than twenty miles away from home; she had never seen a house taller than two stories; and, though she had looked at a train, she had never been inside one. She was so overcome by her own grief and that of her relatives and Paidric Kerrigan at her departure that she got into the third-class carriage with no sense of strangeness. After her first tears were dried she took railroad travel as a matter of course, and felt quite at ease with the scenery as the train sped eastward. A friend of the family met her at the train and drove her to the boat which was to take her to Liverpool. She had only an hour to wait until it started; and in the morning, when she woke, they were in Liverpool, with only two hours before she must take the tender out to the great white English ship that was to be her home for a week. She carried her huge valise along a mile or so of dock, and then sat on it and watched the other steerage passengers gathering. Many of them were English and Irish, but there were some foreigners too, Scandinavians and Russians chiefly. The Russians were excited and gesticulated freely, much to Sheelagh's amusement. She watched them with a growing sense of superiority which, somehow, had the effect of making her feel like an experienced traveler—so much so that when she was passed up the gangplank from the tender to the ship she was able to lift her head and smile confidently at the chief steward, who was watching with bored eyes these human pawns which he had to manipulate longer than he wanted to.

"I'll Take Nothing Off Her, I'll be Wearing a Dress Like That Myself Soon"

Favors for a Pretty Face

BEAUTY counts in the steerage as well as in the cabin, and Sheelagh was a very pretty girl. Her blue eyes had the dusky shadow under the lower lashes so often seen in Ireland, and her hair had the blue-black sheen not uncommon in County Galway since the days of the Armada and the trading with Spain. When her face was in repose it showed something of the Spanish languor; but when she smiled half a dozen little active dimples appeared, giving her not only vividness, but a touch of tenderness. This world is an unfair place surely, for when the steward received that smile he then and there assigned Sheelagh to a special stateroom containing four berths. A little later in the procession he saw another girl, whose curly red hair pleased him. An hour or two after, he called Sheelagh from the stateroom where she had been put with some Yorkshire girls, whose speech she could not understand, and he called the red-haired girl, Katie Clancy, from her equally disconsolate position and put them together in the room he had chosen for them.

The two girls took stock of each other; Sheelagh saw that Katie's clothes were better than hers and guessed that she came from the city; Katie saw that Sheelagh was a poor country thing, but with a face that would charm the birds off the bushes. So they decided to meet on equal terms. For the most of the voyage other steerage passengers may have been uncomfortable, but not the two girls. They had plenty of space and air, and the food was

better than Sheelagh at least had been accustomed to, though she complained sharply of the tea, by way of showing Katie that she had her standards. When the weather was good the two girls sat by themselves on a bench facing the high deck whence the first-class passengers gazed down upon the steerage.

"It's a great lot they have to do, sturing down on us like this!" said Katie, shaking her red head indignantly.

Sheelagh had been thinking that, too, but she liked to differ with Katie.

"It's ourselves can look back at them surely," she said, "and if we were on that deck we would be doing the same thing ourselves—the way we may be doing it yet if our luck holds in America."

She was crocheting as she spoke, for she had brought with her some spools of fine linen thread and a new crochet hook the nuns had given her. She was making a yoke for Michael's young woman, Nora, according to a new design which would reach America in about a year. Nora never saw the yoke, for one of the cabin passengers, going on a tour of the steerage which had all the flavor of a slumming expedition with none of its perils, examined Sheelagh as one of the exhibits, admired the lace and made up her mind to have it. She did not secure it immediately, for Sheelagh had all the keenness of an Irish horse-trader when a bargain was pending. She knew Dublin prices were higher than Galway prices and she was sure American prices were higher than Dublin prices. Fortified by a nudge from Katie, she refused first the Galway price and then the Dublin price, on the ground that she was making the lace for a girl who would cry her two eyes out if she didn't get it, for the like pattern was not in America; but finally the lady bought for twelve dollars work that Sheelagh would have been glad to sell to the nuns at three.

A Good Beginning for a Greenhorn

"THAT'LL buy a dress for me; and if it doesn't Michael will just have to give me more," said Sheelagh, who had never in her life paid more than five dollars for a dress. Her standards, however, were rising every time Katie tried to impose her superiority by showing sophistication with Dublin things, and every time Sheelagh observed any detail of the manner or dress of the first-cabin passengers who looked down upon her from their high deck.

Only once was Sheelagh's confidence shaken, and that was after they reached Ellis Island. She went through the processes of landing, passed the examination of the doctors, dragged her valise upstairs and sat in the great yellow room, waiting her turn with the inspectors, and was finally admitted, feeling an immense superiority to the poor bewildered "foreigners" who were so upset they could scarcely understand what was said to them, even in their own tongue. What gave Sheelagh the same sense of fear was the fact that Michael was not waiting for her. She was sent to the temporary detention room downstairs, a place walled off with crisscross bars from the corridor down which passed the lucky people who were free to go through the door to the ferry and face America. There were plenty of "foreigners" penned in with her, women who had perhaps been waiting there for a week, and who stood with their faces pressed close to the bars and their longing eyes fixed on the door through which deliverance would come in the shape of friends or relations. For the time Sheelagh was at one with them in her longing and her loneliness. All the afternoon she waited, for the ship had docked the night before; and when the day was officially over and she was taken to a dormitory she wept wildly and longed for the Galway village and the familiar faces of her mother and Terence and Paidrie Kerrigan.

"I'm Thinking a Person is a Greenhorn Only So Long as She's Afraid of America"

In the morning her hope reappeared. Maybe Michael was not killed at all and would come before long. She was taken downstairs after breakfast, and the official in attendance—upon whom she smiled—assured her that her brother would be along in two shakes of a dead lamb's tail. In a very few minutes he led her, with a beaming, mysterious smile, into a little railed-off inclosure opposite the detention space. Near it was a desk, behind which stood an officer and before which stood a row of men and women, answering questions which showed their right to claim their friends. Sheelagh understood, even as she saw her brother come in. She climbed the railing as if it had been a Galway turf bank; and she shouted him a laughing, sobbing greeting in Gaelic.

"Get down, you wild woman!" cried the matron in charge. "Is that the way to behave?"

"Isn't it what I'm always hearing—this is a free country?" said Sheelagh, in no whit abashed. "What I've done breaks no bones or laws."

In a moment she was in Michael's arms—and he was wiping his eyes and asking her a dozen questions.

"It scalded my heart the way I couldn't come yesterday—and I knowing the boat was in," he said. "The man I looked after had a fit and I couldn't lave him; but he's given me the day off!"

"You do be taking me to a shop, then, at once," said Sheelagh firmly, "that I may get a dress to cover my four bones that you needn't be ashamed of your sister."

"To me you're a sight for sad eyes," replied Michael.

"Ah, what does a man know?" said Sheelagh contemptuously. "I'll not be ashamed before Nora McInery!"

Three hours later, Michael sat at lunch in an eating-house, gazing with admiration not unmixed with awe on his sister. She was wearing a stylishly cut eighteen-dollar suit and a soft two-dollar felt hat, in which was coquettishly stuck a crow's feather. The style of the hat and the pretty face under it disguised its cheapness.

"And you a greenhorn!" he whispered amazedly.

The remark was all that was needed to keep Sheelagh's courage up. She had been overawed by the crowded streets—she who had never seen more people in her life than she saw on the steamship. She had been afraid of the noise and the motor cars; and in the department store she had been bewildered at the number of costumes shown her, and had been ready to weep at the contemptuous air of the clerk who waited on her. However, here again her smile had helped her—a floorwalker had caught the corner of it, intended for Michael, and had told the clerk to show the young lady Model 3742. Even the untutored Sheelagh felt the compatibility between herself and Model 3742. When she walked up and down in it she forgot the contemptuous clerk; but the morning had been trying and it needed her brother's admiring faith in her to put her at ease again.

"Is it greenhorn?" she said pertly. "I'm thinking a person is a greenhorn only so long as she's afraid of America—and I got over that long before I came here."

After lunch Michael took her to see Nora McInery, who lived in the Bronx. It seemed to Sheelagh that they would never arrive and she was a little appalled at the size of New York. She was mentally writing her mother that all Michael had said about "them buildings, almost a mile high, was true and no lies at all." On the way, Michael told her with pride that Nora had her own business, a delicatessen shop, which she ran with the help of her sister. Sheelagh did not know what a delicatessen shop was, but she disdained to ask, feeling that she would find out when she saw it.

Nora McInery was a thin, pretty woman of twenty-eight, who showed the signs of hard work and anxiety. She greeted Sheelagh affectionately.

"Isn't she grand in her new clothes?" cried Michael.

"She is that!" said Nora enthusiastically. "When I first came over—I was fit to scare the crows!"

"Isn't She Grand in Her New Clothes?"

Domestic Service the Entering Wedge

SHEELAGH dropped her guard; Nora wouldn't put on airs, that was sure. She began to find out what a delicatessen shop was. Meanwhile, as they talked, she realized that Nora was a very capable person. It was she who was making Michael study at night, so that he could pass the necessary examination and get "on the force." The next step would be to get a beat out in the Bronx. It was arranged that Sheelagh should visit Nora and her sister Annie for a few days. Nora was of the opinion that Sheelagh should let her newness wear off before she began to look for work. Though Sheelagh was unwilling to admit that she felt strange, she was really glad of a chance to rest and learn to count American money—and be taught by Nora and Annie without their knowing they were teaching her.

"I suppose you will be going out to service?" said Annie that evening at supper, when they were eating up the delicatessen dishes that were in danger of spoiling.

Before sailing Sheelagh had taken it for granted that she would go into service, but she rather resented the inevitability of Annie's assumption.

"I haven't made up my mind yet," she said slowly. "The nuns themselves put me in the kitchen, but they taught me sewing and the lace too."

"'Tis best not to be in a hurry," said Nora. "I'm after wishing there was room for three in delicatessen work; but there's always just two."

"Surely, surely," replied Sheelagh. "It's a grand business you have, with as many people coming in this one afternoon that you wouldn't see in a whole month in Galway in a shop."

"Ah, well," sighed Nora, "it's hard work—hard work." She looked at the younger girl's pretty, eager face, and she began to talk out of the fullness of her experience.

"Ah, isn't it a pitiful thing, girls," she said, "the number of people that do be coming to this country and

all of them thinking they'll make their fortunes! When I've gone down to Ellis Island to meet friends it has fair tattered the heart of me to see all the young girls coming in, and how many of them will fail and go back broken—or stay here broken, which is as bad."

"Sure, people fail if they stay at home too," said Sheelagh comfortably. "It's God's will that some don't get on! Since I'm in this country, I am thinking it's not God's will so much as man's power runs things—at least in the big cities," she added hastily, when she saw their shocked faces.

"You mustn't think it's easy for to succeed as Nora did," said Annie to Sheelagh. "You can't come to this country and just choose what you'll do. Tell her about yourself, Nora."

"I came over ten years ago with a lady who brought me as a general servant," said Nora; "and when I came I found she had relatives with her and a household of eight in all. I did all the work—washing too; and I knew nothing of days off or anything like that—we in the country, how should I? By the time I worked out my passage at three dollars a week and had learned something about American ways, we moved to New York."

"That was a change then, I warrant you," put in Annie—"meeting other girls and getting new places, each one better than the last. If a girl wants to get on she can."

"I learned something in every place," went on Nora; "and once I took some lessons in a domestic-science school, for I saw it paid to be able to give your mistress ideas and to know about little fixings. My first place in New York was as a kind of kitchen helper; and—would you belave it, Sheelagh?—three years ago I was back in that very place as cook at fifteen dollars a week!"

"Hear that now!" cried Sheelagh—"to earn all that and you to begin at three dollars!"

"I'd been saving and scrimping to get this business and I borrowed to make up the money. I've had it six months and I'm paying off the debt gradual and doing grand. I'll tell you this, Sheelagh," finished Nora: "You can get on in America and do better nor the common lot if you have got good health to start with, and if you will risk it overworking, and if you will see every opportunity—and make them when you don't see them. If it is not in you to do that, why, you'll just be like the general run of people—better off than at home, of course, but no great shakes, and always getting wages—always at the bidding of a boss."

Thought Sheelagh: "I to be at the trouble of coming over here and perhaps do no better than the foreigners? It is I will be having a business of my own some day, and I'll see will it take me ten years!" Aloud she said: "It's grand to hear you talk, Nora, and you're a fair wonder."

Another Pioneer

DURING the next few days Sheelagh absorbed impressions at such a rapid rate that she should have had mental and spiritual indigestion; but her mind kept pace with them. She had the advantage, common to all the Irish, of having come of a stock that had conserved its strength for centuries in a relaxing climate. In America the stimulating climate set her going at a rapid pace and made use of all of her rich, inherited fallowness. She had not only the usual Irish quickness and responsiveness, but she had also the thing that made the first Americans succeed—the spirit of the pioneer. It is a spirit that will expect difficulties and then get round them or ignore them; it is a temper full of contriving and ingenuity and forehandedness. Sheelagh set her imagination working as well as her observation, and for that reason she assimilated her impressions all the more rapidly.

The day after her arrival Nora took her downtown; after that she went downtown herself. She wanted to walk up and down Broadway and Fifth Avenue, and across Fourteenth Street; she wanted to go from Central Park to the City Hall, and from the Battery to Riverside Drive. She wanted to walk through the big shops and look at things and their prices without an inward gasping. In short, she wanted to get away from any feeling that she could possibly act like a greenhorn.

She meant to seek for work after the first week; but meantime Annie fell ill and Sheelagh was needed for a few days in the delicatessen shop. Between waiting on customers and helping Nora with the baking she crocheted, for she liked to keep her fingers busy; and, besides, it was in her mind to make some more yokes of the new design and sell them to the daughters of the man for whom Michael worked, or to some of Nora's former employers. Meantime she thought of what work she should take up.

"Michael's gentleman said a wise thing," she quoted to Nora; "he said the immigrants come to this country and fall into the first handy job without thinking would they be better suited to do something else. It is good sense he has, and I would not be making a mistake of that kind."

"Ah, yes, indeed," said Nora, "and there's many that come can't get what they'd like at all, at all. Many a girl works hard in a factory for six dollars a week, and what has she to show at the end of her days but a weary body and no money saved? Maybe they are fit for no better; but isn't it a hard thing that it should be their lot, and I to be telling it in a few words, and they to be living it in sorrow all the days of their life?"

Sheelagh was a healthy young egotist with her mind fixed on her own problem. She looked about her and listened to the experiences of other girls she met. She realized that her lacemaking could be depended on for a steady wage only if she went into some establishment, for it would be a long time before she could work up customers in a business like that; she discovered that dressmaking and millinery were only seasonal work, with long months when one would be out of employment. To be sure, one might get other work in between, but it was not likely; and one would have to tell lies, which might not be so bad, except that an employer would not take any one on if she were not to be permanent.

"Ah, then," said Nora one night in her gentle, sighing tone, "with that face of yours you won't have to be thinking long of earning your own living."

Sheelagh only laughed and answered lightly that she was not thinking of marriage. That, however, was not true. In Ireland there had been little hope of her marrying, she knew. Paidric Kerrigan, with whom she had danced at the crossroads and sat under the hedges, was just a casual laborer and had much ado to support his old father on a rented patch. There was no question of their marrying and they knew it; and they had said sad and poetical words about it in one breath, and in the next had speculated on the likelihood of some old man being willing to marry Sheelagh, even without a dowry, for the sake of her face; and on the likelihood of some moneyed girl, maybe not too young and well-favored, being ready to take Paidric because he was such a fine figure of a man.

In America, however, men were not after the dowries so much, Sheelagh had heard; and, though her mind was still fixed on doing so well for herself that the very priest back in Galway would marvel, she had her dreams, too, of winning her own home and her own man. The surer she was that she would succeed in America—just as Nora had—the keener grew her desire to enter into the common lot of woman. Already she was meeting young men, and who knew but one of them would be the right one?

Indirectly it was through Katie Clancy that Sheelagh found out what she wanted to do. Katie, who was in service, had spoken to her mistress about Sheelagh's lacemaking, and Sheelagh had been bidden to bring her lace. A haughty young person of her own nationality had preceded her up the steps when she entered the apartment and, having pushed past Sheelagh when Katie opened the door, ordered the latter to ask whether her mistress was ready for her facial massage.

"You'll have to wait," said Katie to Sheelagh after she had led the haughty creature down the long inner hall; "that one, who treats us like dirt under her feet, will be doing my lady's face for somewhere near forty minutes, and then, Sheelagh, you'll be let in at her."

Breaking Into the Beauty Business

SHEELAGH had learned something of the game of bluff and she let no sign escape her that she had never heard of the beauty business. She was called in to see Katie's mistress at a moment when the haughty creature was putting into her black bag various china pots and bottles. Also, she was in time to see the haughty creature receive a dollar and a half. Then and there Sheelagh's future was made. After she had sold a yoke to Katie's mistress she went downtown and, going into a department store, asked to be directed to some place where she could get facial massage cheap. She did not consider a dollar and a half cheap; but when she had been through the process, and had used her eyes and ears, she was sure there was nothing in facial massage or shampooing or manicuring that need daunt her.

"If you aren't the smart one!" cried Nora. "Some of them girls get ten dollars a week and more. And you could go on living with us; but however will you learn?"

"Maybe some of the ladies where Michael works will tell me how to get into it," said Sheelagh. "That proud thing at Katie's was Irish—and what she can do I can do."

The ladies where Michael worked said there were schools for such things and she must study advertisements. This she did; and she found thereby she would have to pay for instruction, but would be guaranteed a position when she was competent to take one. Sheelagh selected a school that sent out a beautiful green-and-gold circular. It offered instruction in courses of six, twelve and eighteen weeks, for twenty-five, forty and sixty dollars. Sheelagh was aghast. She had had to buy some necessary underwear and she had sent home a gift to her mother; so from the sale of her lace yokes she had only two dollars left. And there was the ticket still owing to Michael! In spite of her tremors she thought it would be wise to borrow twenty-five dollars more from Michael; and he and Nora agreed with her.

Michael took her to the school. It was otherwise called the Sarah Evans Company. They were received in a tiny office. Adjacent was a small sitting room, where sat three impatient ladies. Sarah Evans, herself a well-dressed, carefully marcelled person, received them in the tiny office, looked Sheelagh over, deplored the fact that she was not taking the long course, which insured a position at better wages than the short course, and took her twenty-five dollars, giving her a receipt which read well to Michael. As they finished their business a young girl flounced into the office, sneered in Miss Evans' face, laughed insultingly at Sheelagh and flounced out.

(Continued on Page 44)

She Was in Time to See the Haughty Creature Receive a Dollar and a Half

DUDS

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

THERE seem to be a lot of things in regard to the clothes we wear that are puzzling and cannot be solved by the lay mind. When our remote ancestors were scouting round in the blue mud of Ancient Britain, wearing their own hair and their own teeth and nothing else worthy of mention—when the original Harp That Once dressed up for company by tattooing his broad, furry chest and picking out the largest warclub in stock—they were a carefree and gallus race of people; but they were barbarians.

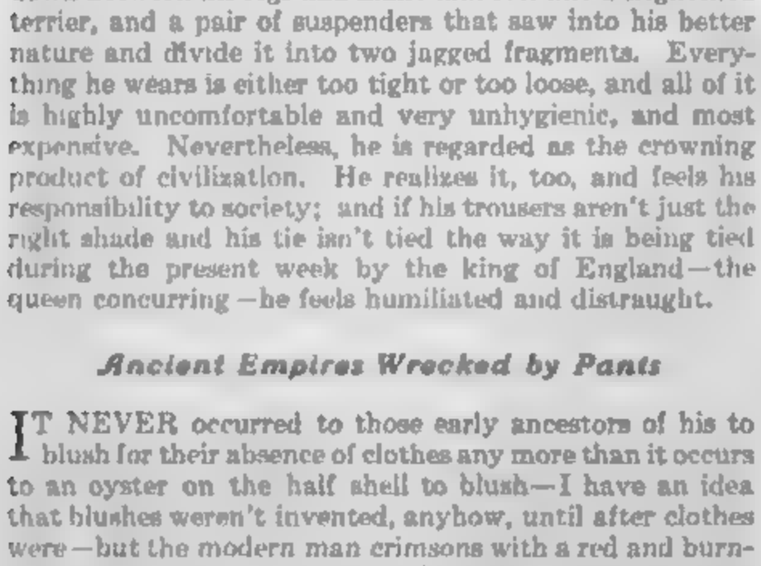
With the passing of the centuries these forebears of ours began paying more attention to personal attire. Ready-made clothing of cast iron came into fashion. Every village blacksmith was a gent's tailor. A gentleman out to pay social calls looked something like a nickel watch and something like a can of imported sardines, but most of all like one of those old-fashioned baseburner anthracite ranges. It was with the utmost difficulty that he removed his hat, it being riveted on to his collar-button; and if he sat down suddenly it sounded like somebody slamming a stove door. He dressed himself with the help of the armorer, who appears to have been a cross between a horseshoer and a gentleman's valet, and he undressed with a burglar's jimmy and a screwdriver. This mode of attire had other drawbacks. A person caught out in a hard rain was apt to come home all rusted. If his ear got to itching he couldn't scratch it—he had to let it itch on and suffer in silence. No doubt inquisitive flies crawled in through cracks in his costume and gave deep annoyance; and in the picnic season the common red ant must have made life a misery to him. Nevertheless, in the opinion of historians, he was then regarded as being considerably advanced from a stage of savagery.

Time passed on. Gunpowder was introduced. And on the heels of gunpowder came the made-tie, the three-dollar pants, the dress vest and other boons to mankind. That brings us down to the present time, when no man feels he is properly habited for the pleasures of life unless he wears a hat two sizes too large and a shoe two sizes too small, and unless he has on a collar that is trying to cut his head off, and a frock coat with long tails to it which dangle down between his legs and make him feel like a frightened terrier, and a pair of suspenders that saw into his better nature and divide it into two jagged fragments. Everything he wears is either too tight or too loose, and all of it is highly uncomfortable and very unhygienic, and most expensive. Nevertheless, he is regarded as the crowning product of civilization. He realizes it, too, and feels his responsibility to society; and if his trousers aren't just the right shade and his tie isn't tied the way it is being tied during the present week by the king of England—the queen concurring—he feels humiliated and distraught.

Ancient Empires Wrecked by Pants

IT NEVER occurred to those early ancestors of his to blush for their absence of clothes any more than it occurs to an oyster on the half shell to blush—I have an idea that blushes weren't invented, anyhow, until after clothes were—but the modern man crimsons with a red and burning shame if his new waistcoat has but five buttons on it when the mode of the moment distinctly calls for six. He is a slave to a set of padded shoulders and a collection of tailor's findings. He is in thrall to a pair of pants. Pants may be the highwater mark of our modern civilization, because civilized man is popularly presumed always to have a pair of them on, except when in bed or taking a bath; but I contend that they are likewise the sign and symbol of his complete domestication.

Bear with me one moment while we scan history for proof of this statement. The Roman vanquished the world, wearing a toga. The Teuton barbarians whom he conquered wore pants—pretty sad-looking pants as pants go in this day, having no hip or side pockets and no buttons for the suspenders to be fastened to—but, nevertheless, pants. It was when the Roman began wearing pants himself that the rest of the world was able to get his number—thirty-four inches round the waist, twenty-eight scant in the leg. Our own American Indian offers a similar example. Full of oratory and fiery ardor as he was, the great Tecumseh was, nevertheless, as pantless as a rabbit. When taking the warpath Red Jacket and Sitting Bull took along no pants with them. We tried to humanize and soften the Indian by stealing his land and shooting him full of holes and pickling him with New England rum. We sought to appeal to his better nature by starving him to death and beating him at draw poker; but for three centuries and more he resisted us—until we backed him into a corner and hung a pair of pants on him. Then we had him licked; he has been tame and city-broke ever since. Pants did it and we can prove it.



He Undressed With a Burglar's Jimmy and a Screwdriver

Thus far I have been speaking with reference to men's clothes solely. No man ever has solved and no man ever will solve the mysteries of women's clothes. It is not given to us to know why a woman who needs thirty pockets has only one—and hides that one where she can't find it! Nor why she insists for four or five years on having frocks that button up the back; and then, at the end of this long and painful period, when her husband has finally mastered the art of buttoning her up the back, switches without warning to frocks that button elsewhere, thus leaving him with a good trade and no place to practice it. We cannot hope to fathom the power which enables her to fasten on an entire costume with three strings and twenty pins, and then go forth in a high gale of wind and yet remain intact. If a man tried that he'd begin to come undone before he'd gone fifty yards, and at the end of two blocks he would look like a week's wash—and probably the police would arrest him; but a woman can.

Why, one year every woman, regardless of her ground-plans, is wearing one of those straight-up-and-down frocks and a scuttle bonnet, so that she reminds you of a brick flue with a flower-pot turned upside down on it; and why, the next year she is so extensively feathered at the top and so severely skimpy elsewhere that she makes you think of a cassowary standing on its head in a strong breeze—these are not matters for us to inquire into. It will keep us busy paying the bills, anyhow, without wasting any time in asking useless questions. Earth and the waters below the earth, and the heavens above, have few secrets from us any more. Science has made plain to us the answers of creation. We have read the puzzles of the heavenly bodies and in time we may even get into communication with Mars; but never shall we be able to figure out why ma herself goes lownecked in the dead of winter and highnecked in the middle of summer!

She Looks Cool and She is Cool, and She Stays Cool

From the heights of our vanity we speak of them as the weaker sex—or, at least, we used to do so before they began to insist on having the ballot and taking our jobs away from us; but they're not the weaker sex—the clothes they wear prove it. Take it in January, when the snow, say, is two feet deep on the level and much more so in the newspaper accounts. Let a north wind direct from Manitoba be whistling round the corner and stabbing people in the small of the back. No man, if he is sane, dares venture forth unless he be wrapped in the thickest and woolliest overcoat he can afford. Even so, his feet inside his galoshes get so cold he walks with a gait like a pair of buttonhole scissors, and his large, brittle ears turn chill and translucent and resemble the isinglass portholes of a hot stove.

A frail, weak little one-hundred-and-ten-pound woman comes tripping debonairly forth in a pair of low shoes, with paper-thin soles on them, and thin, lace silk stockings; she is wearing a gown that doesn't weigh much more than his muffler does, and it is all hollowed out at the throat and all carved away on the arms until in several places there is really nothing between her and the rigors of the climate except some flimsy lace fixings. He is freezing to death by inches; he has a fear that if he yanked off his glove for a risky he'd probably drag a valuable thumb and a couple of useful fingers along with it; but she—she looks perfectly cozy and snug and comfortable! And if you, in your simplicity, ask her how such a thing can be she tells you she is warm because she has on her fur neckpiece and brought her fur muff along.

Everybody accepts this explanation as a perfectly proper and rational one. Nobody thinks of referring to her as Hazel the Nut; yet if a man were caught roaming round in his shirtsleeves in a roaring blizzard and sought to explain that he was comfortable because he had on such a nice, warm pair of red suspenders, the bystanders would undoubtedly restrain him by force until an ambulance could come and remove him to a place of safety.

These Youths Possess Courage of the Very Highest Order

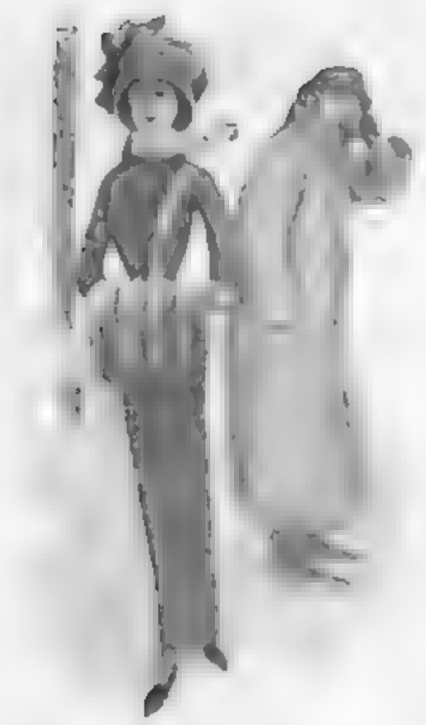
The Mystery of the Airtight Fat Lady

ON THE other hand, in summer the situation is exactly reversed. When the mercury goes up to the top of the tube a man climbs into the lightest suit of clothes that the dictates of fashion and the police will permit him to wear; and his shirt is the thinnest and his collar the lowest that money can buy; but, with all that, he perspires like Niagara Falls and is as sticky and miserable and wilted-looking as the day is long. A large, stout woman backs herself into a set of hermetically sealed, airtight stays; she covers her arms with gloves and incases her neck in a tight collar, with whalebone ribs in it which come right up under her ears; and on her head she skewers nine pounds of warm hair belonging originally to some other lady, topping off the whole with one of those Barnum & Bailey hats—you know the kind I mean—three rings, an elevated stage and a hippodrome track on a vacant lot. Thus adorned, she speeds lightly over melting asphalt and blistering pavements—and never turns a hair! She looks cool and she is cool, and she stays cool; and the only thing calculated to make her unhappy and hot will be the realization that some other woman has two more aigret centerpoles in her hat than she has in hers. Weaker sex? They're the hardiest sex we have.

It is, however, an error to say that, as a sex, they love the bright colors and the striking effects more than we do. We love them just as much; but they have more courage—they wear 'em. Somebody has said it is conscience that makes cowards of us all. This is an untruth. So far as men are concerned, it's not conscience—it's clothes. Down in his innermost soul every man has a secret longing for spectacular habiliments. He proves this by the enthusiasm with which he dons them when the occasion offers. That is why we patronize the theatrical costumer with such liberality and abandon on the occasion of a fancy-dress ball. When a man joins the National Guard or gets appointed on a governor's staff, what is the first thing he does? Goes and gets himself measured for a full-dress uniform, with as much gold lace on it and as many brass buttons and gilded hair-brushes called epaulets as the regulations will stand—that's what he does. And the next thing he does is to make an appointment down at the photographer's.

You may have noticed that the lodge which provides the gaudiest regalia, with the longest sword and the biggest purple plume in the hat, invariably has the largest list of members. Do you think so many of us would turn out on a hot day to parade to the graveyard behind a strange brother's mortal remains if we were wearing our ordinary clothes? Do you think the little man who always totes the large, heavy Bible, resting upon the pit of his stomach, and marches three miles over a hot, dusty road to the cemetery, arriving there in such a state that it's a question whether he shouldn't be buried first—do you think he would endure all this and murmur not were it not that he is grand, glittering and gorgeous in a purple sash and a green apron, and a style of helmet such as worn by rear admirals of the Brazilian navy? I wot not.

We love the fine feathers, we male bipeds, but we lack the courage to sport them except when we have plenty of



She Tells You She is Warm Because She Has On Her Fur Neckpiece

company. Personally, I may say, I abhor the sartorial law that forces me into funereal black on occasions which are presumed to be festive in character. Here am I—due to feel like a bandwagon; and in my costume I am imitating a Black Maria! Inwardly I rebel against the conventions that doom me to dress up either as a pallbearer or as a waiter, depending on whether the gladsome event is coming off in the daytime or after dark. I rage inwardly, but outwardly I obey, because everybody else in my crowd does.

Once in a while, though, I succumb—in a measure I do succumb. In a window of the haberdashery I see a waistcoat that seems to appeal to my sense of color and design. To me it seems an appropriate outside advertisement for a happy heart within. It probably represents some such quaint and novel conceit of the tailor's art as pockets put in sideways, or flaps of a material startlingly different from the rest of the goods. It draws me to it, even as the coiled serpent lures and draws the fluttering fledgling. I make excuses to myself for passing that shop and looking in the window yearningly, longingly, wistfully. I am afraid somebody else will buy that delectable garment and also afraid somebody else won't.

Finally I fall. I enter in and purchase it, and have it wrapped up securely in order to stifle its outcries; and I take it under my arm and hurry forth, filled with conflicting emotions of pleasure and pain; but that is as far as I go. I have enough hardihood to own it, but not enough to wear it. I regard it lovingly, and perhaps in the privacy of my bedchamber I even go so far as to try it on and admire the result in the mirror; but the exhibition is strictly private. I take it off again and put it back in the bureau drawer and close the drawer tightly so as to muffle the sound, because I am a light sleeper and those loud noises disturb me. Nearly every man has secrets such as this in his life.

Those among us who do not set the styles, but merely follow after them, little realize what a debt of gratitude we owe to a certain class of brave young men, mainly residents of our larger cities. We see one of these youths going about wearing the fashionable absence of expression that is so common among sons of the very rich. We see him in a size-five-and-three-quarters hat, which is so much too large for him that he is in danger of losing it every time he sneezes. We see him sitting on the back of his neck in a club window; and possibly we are moved with a contempt for his attainments in life.

The Pathfinders of the Sartorial Jungle

THESE youths, however, in reality possess courage of the very highest order. They wear the clothes this season that the rest of us will be wearing next season. They are the pioneers of fashion—the sartorial pathfinders who blaze the trail. They can tell at a glance Who's Who Among the Fur Overcoats and are fully acquainted with those other works of Nature reference—How to Know the Persian Lamb Lapels and Wild Ulsters I Have Met. 'Tis they who lately popularized the English walking-coat, with sleeves so short the wearer seemed to need a pair of sixteen-button gloves in order to be fully clothed for so changeable a climate as is ours. When loosely hanging garments are proper they are lost, each of them, in an impenetrable jungle of English tweeds; when tight clothes are the vogue you might be pardoned for believing their tailor was a paperhanger.

When trousers are being turned up at the bottoms our hero's are turned up so far he might almost as well take them off and carry them over his arm. He first introduced among us the woolly felt hat, with the little curled-up feather in its brim, as devised originally for persons in the Tyrolese yodeling line of business; and he stood sponsor for the trained woolly overcoat answering to the name of Ponto, and the London overcoat shaped like a pagoda. Last spring he familiarized us with the one-button cutaway which made a thin man look as though he were sitting in a coalhod and a fat man look as though he were just bursting out of the pod. Next fall undoubtedly it will be something else. He wears these things first, and after a while the rest of us wear them; or else we are worn by them, as frequently seems to be the case.

Likewise this type of hardy adventurer is responsible in a large degree for the fact that we need more clothes than we used to need. There was a time in this country when a man's costume was staple and enduring, and yet suitable for all occasions of ceremony. Indeed, for all I know to the contrary, there may be favored and isolated communities, out of reach of the mail-order houses and the male fashion journals, where such a condition yet haply prevails; but at the time I speak of, a few years ago, there was one garment in general demand by our sex for state purposes throughout the length and breadth of our country. I refer to the black Prince Albert. I will not say that this was a particularly fetching garment for all styles and all shapes of men. It looked better on persons of a willowy and lithesome style of conformation than on those who were built squatty and close to the ground. In other words, it was fine for the string bean, but hard on the Hubbard squash. It was particularly becoming to Vice-President Fairbanks, who is really almost the only Gibson Girl statesman we have left, but when worn by certain others it left much to be desired. Nevertheless it served all those who were before the public eye. A black Prince Albert, with a white lawn tie and a bone shirtstud—that was a local pastor; same, with a diamond stud instead of a bone one—that was a gambler; same, with the tie unfastened and a marbled design of tobacco juice on the shirtfront—that was a member of the legislature or a statesman with a job; same, with no tie, no stud and a gangrened, frayed hole in the shirt where the stud had been once—that was an ex-member of the legislature or a statesman out of a job. And so on.

The old-fashioned turndown collar, such as is still furnished by the sheriff for the use of the condemned man in certain states, and the hard-surfaced bowtie, fastening on with a latch, gave general satisfaction—they went along with the Prince Albert coat; but such is no longer the case. Thanks to the example set by those young men of whom I just now made mention, aided and abetted by the tailors of our land, we, as a nation and as a sex, are being educated to the necessity of having for every occasion a suitable and a separate costume. One is given to understand that one must have one costume for afternoon calls and another costume for morning calls; a costume for yachting; a costume for golfing and a costume for looking on when others golf—one positively must. That is what I glean from reading the available current literature on the subject.

In the Privacy of My Bedchamber I Even Go So Far as to Try It On

Only here the other week I heard of a gentleman—not in my own set as it happens—who gives careful attention to the details of dress, and he was thinking some of going up to New England for the summer and spending a couple of months on an abandoned farm; so he was inquiring round to ascertain the proper costume for an abandoned farmer.

Also I was lately reading an article printed on a theater program, where it distinctly said that this season the well-dressed man would strive for original and winsome effects in neckwear—"winsome" was the word—instead of being content with the conventional and commonplace creations offered by the average dealer; and it said that not only should his suitings and his vestings be in harmony with his shirtings, but also his sockings and his undergarmentings as well.

No mention was made of his porous plasterings, in case such were being worn; but I took it from the tone of the article that certainly they ought to be in harmony too. I admit I was impressed, and so would you have been if you had read the article. I may have been careless in regard to some of these matters, but in future I expect to be guided by the proper authorities; and no one shall hereafter be able to point the finger of scorn at any porous plaster of mine.

The article went on to say that a gentleman's scarfpins and his walking-sticks should invariably match the rest of his outfit—those who have difficulty in matching up their scarfpins and their walking-sticks can no doubt write in and get the proper directions; and the writer intimated pretty strongly that no really careful dresser would think of using the same scarfpin and the same walking-stick two days in succession. I gathered that if one called, say, on Tuesday night upon a young woman of taste, and he was using the same scarfpin and the same walking-stick that he used when he called on Monday night, she would probably sweep from the room in a high dudgeon—in one of those old-fashioned, high-wheeled sulky dudgeons such as we so rarely see any more.

Thus, by precept and example and by the printed word of authority, are our crude sartorial instincts being guided into proper channels, and I for one am very glad and very happy; we've been groping blindly in the dark long enough. However, I can see that dressing is going to be more expensive than it used to be. What with the high cost of living and our old friend Schedule K being still in active operation, and the absolute demand for uniformity in scarfpins and walking-sticks, I foresee a long period of financial stringency ahead of those of us who expect to maintain a place in well-dressed society from now on. It will be hard enough on the unmarried ones; but how much harder on the married ones!

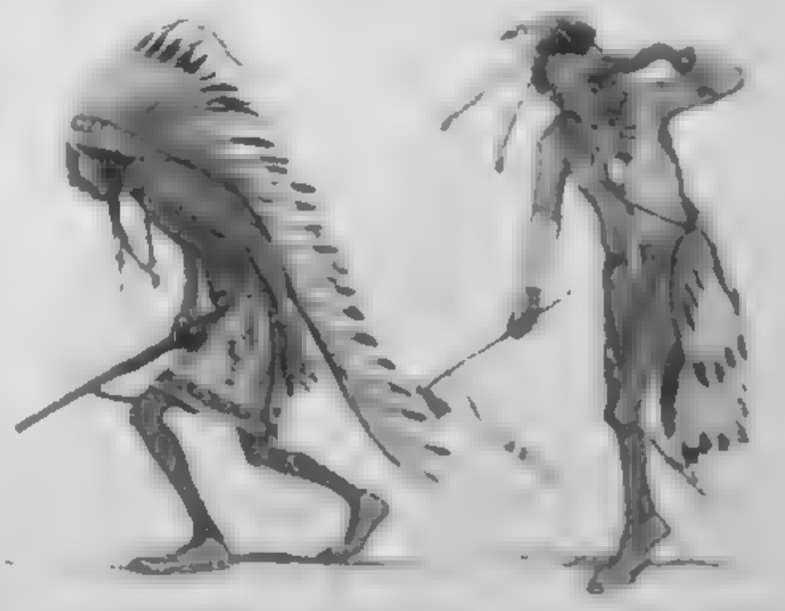
According to the most generous and lavish computations, it takes only nine tailors to make a man, and sometimes nine collection agencies to collect the bills; but when a woman gets through with her nine tailors she—if one may judge by the outward and visible signs—is only just started.

The Old Game of Button, Button

TO MAKE a woman also requires—if I'm one to judge—a taxidermist, an ostrich farm, a powder mill, a paint-mixer, a jewelry establishment, a furrier, a diamond mine, a bird-and-animal store, a smelting works, an upholsterer, a dermatologist, an enamel finisher—oh, yes, and a button factory. I was almost forgetting about the buttons. Early in the spring it was given out from Paris or Matteawan, or wherever it is that women's fashions originate in the first place, that buttons would be much worn the coming summer; but, for one, I did not realize how true a prophecy this was until I went out on a tour of observation. Half the women I met on the street had spangled themselves over with those big cut-glass buttons until the small ones looked like glass showers and the large ones like crystal wedding celebrations. However, only half of them had decorated themselves thus. The other half had put their investments in those big, round ivory buttons that look like pool balls. It was indeed fascinating to a poolplayer to watch a young woman going down the street with good combination shots scattered all over her and the cue ball tottering on the edge of the side pocket. I'm glad, though, that the fashion authorities were satisfied with pool balls for buttons. Suppose they had said cannon balls?

I have a theory of my own—and you can take it for what it may be worth or leave it alone, just as you please—that fashions in women's clothes have always followed the architectural school of any given period. The ancient Greeks built white marble palaces and their women wore flowing white draperies. In the Middle Ages the Renaissance school seemed to prevail both in domiciles and in women's costumes. Coming down to our own times, we find the rule still holding good. Some thirty years ago this unhappy country was swept by the brand of architectural madness in homebuilding known as the Queen Anne. No home was felt to be a real home unless it was plastered over with insane towers and frenzied little cupolas and weird inventions in porches and in windows; and the women of the land promptly dressed to match the houses. They wore bustles and bangs, and those polonaise notions such as would naturally fit in with that kind of a house. Still more recently, bungalows and mission furniture have become popular among us. And what do we find the women doing? Wearing Dutch necks and elbow sleeves, cut off square and straight, the same as the mission chairs are; and their skirts are chopped off to match the bungalow porch; while at this very moment——

Well, you yourself know how people are going in for the fresh-air fad, and for living outdoors and getting back to Nature—and all that sort of thing. And you must remember what sort of evening gowns the women are wearing now!

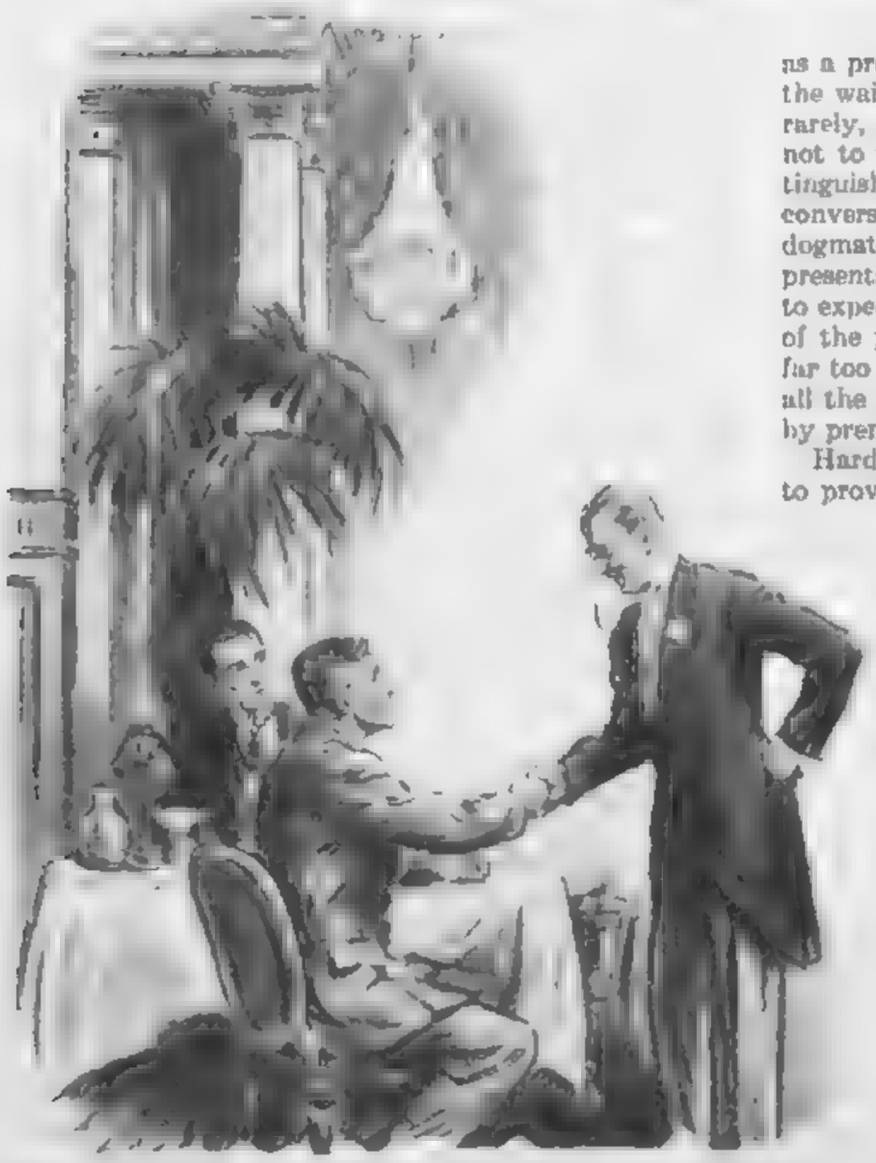


Red Jacket and Sitting Bull Took Along No Pants With Them

The Adventures of Anastasius

The Man of the Hour—By G. Sidney Paternoster

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"For What Would a Painter Man Like Meself be Doing in Your City of London but Contracting Bad Habits of Speculation and the Like?"

IT WAS not love of second-rate food that led Anastasius Yorke to patronize the humbler restaurants to be found in every street and every bystreet in Soho. For choice, he much preferred to dine at the Ritz or the Savoy, Prince's or the Carlton; but an appreciative palate has its drawbacks. Anastasius found that the *dîner de luxe* demanded all his attention, and he was of the age when dinner is not the supreme interest in life. That might come later, with gout and failing appetite—with the widening of the waistcoat that inclosed the waist which still needed no assistance from the art of the tailor, and with the narrowing of views and interests which inevitably accompany the widening of the waistcoat. Meanwhile, even though he could have well afforded to accept the delicate ministrations of the immaculate servitors in the chief temples erected to the honor of the great god Gastronomous, and did on occasion pay his devotions to the iced melon, the wines, the quails in aspic, at the gastronomic high altars, ordinarily he was content to sip the *pot-au-feu* and assuage his hunger with the *poulet en cocotte* at Grevé's, in Old Compton Street. There his dinner did not demand undivided attention. His modest half-bottle was merely drink to be tippled down a droughty gullet and not a poem to make glad the heart of Apicius.

He was young enough, in fact, to find the atmosphere of the high temples enervating. He wanted something more exhilarating than the Carlton and found it at Grevé's. There the atmosphere was one of eternal endeavor. The proprietor was struggling to make a living out of twopenny plates of soup, sixpenny entrées and fourpenny omelets; the waiters were struggling to make a living out of twopenny tips, and the customers struggling to raise the fourteen pence or thereabout necessary to comfort themselves with the belief that they had dined. In such an atmosphere it was hardly to be expected that the ordinary conventions held good. There was no silly exclusiveness about either the customers or the waiters. They recognized that they were in the same boat and that none of them would be there if a better-found vessel were available—all of them, that is, with the exception of Anastasius and perhaps one or two others like him. These found something attractive in the camaraderie of the frequenters of the little restaurant—something that added spice to an indifferent meal, but they were careful to disguise the fact that they might and they would dine more delicately elsewhere.

So, wherever man or woman sat at a table and another man or woman took a vacant seat, it was accepted that the formality of an introduction was to be dispensed with as a prelude to conversation; and into that conversation the waiter, if by any chance he had time, which was but rarely, was at liberty to interpolate his views. This was not to say that the conversations were particularly distinguished for wit or profundity. Truth to tell, like most conversations, they were compounded of nine parts of the dogmatic assertion of ignorance to every one part of logical presentation of knowledge. Indeed, it would be too much to expect anything else when all the younger frequenters of the place had their eyes fixed on the stars and were far too busy star-gazing to cut their wisdom teeth; and all the older customers had long lost their wisdom teeth by premature decay.

Hardly an atmosphere, this, one would have thought, to provide a young adventurer in the regions of finance with inspirations; yet, as has already been explained in the story of the Pyramid of Palmers, it was here that Anastasius Yorke had found a solution to a problem when he was at his wit's end for one. It was here, too, that the suggestion came to him which led to his making the acquaintance of Jeremiah Loftus, with considerable pecuniary advantage to himself—not that he made the acquaintance of that considerable figure in the business world at Grevé's. Jeremiah—it was before he became Sir Jeremiah—would as soon have thought of taking a seat on the joy wheel, to be whirled disdainfully, an inchoate tangle of arms, legs and coattails, on to the surrounding stage, as of taking the veritable potluck with the Bohemian habitués of Grevé's. No, Jeremiah Loftus had probably never heard of Grevé's; but an acquaintance of his had, and it was through Anastasius' meeting with this acquaintance, Michal Devlin O'Shaughnessy by name, that the fateful introduction was brought about.

What O'Shaughnessy was is less easy to describe than what he was not, for he was not any of those things which go to make up the stolid, average British citizen. If you can figure a saturnine-visaged Irishman, with a reckless devil of fun giving the lie to his appearance, possessed of a spacious broadmindedness denied by a ready flow of invective for anything that bore an outward resemblance to success, you will begin to have a dim idea of a character far enough removed from the commonplace to annoy the majority of people who came in contact with him. He called himself artist, and could have rightly laid claim to the title had he ever been possessed of sufficient application to complete any of the manifold works that he began.

The thrust of new ideas was too insistent, however. He never completed anything. He covered reams of paper with adumbrations of masterpieces and made a living by sketching for the pictorial press. He had been a most successful war correspondent, for he possessed just the right blend of qualities; and with pen and pencil he had depicted many a campaign before the camera came to follow the guns into action and oust the draftsman. In piping times of peace, however, he was in a chronic condition of penury. His pocket had a perpetual hole in it, through which money slipped unnoticed; and though the income he earned would have enabled a discreet city man to maintain a pleasant little suburban establishment, with three or four maids and a gardener to minister to the needs of a wife and a family, it was barely sufficient to provide O'Shaughnessy with a capacious studio in Camden Town and the services of a typical charlady to attend to his bachelor requirements. Whenever his funds were at low ebb it was his custom to dine at Grevé's, and it was there that Anastasius found him one evening muttering fiercely to his soup with a newspaper before him.

Previous acquaintance led Anastasius to pay no attention to these indications of an overburdened mind, and he dropped into a vacant seat and inquired whether the customary *pot-au-feu* was worse than usual.

O'Shaughnessy looked up. "Oh, it's yourself, me little actor man!" he remarked, and fell to silence.

Anastasius, be it noted, owing to his carefully groomed appearance, a slight flamboyance in his attire, and never talking about what he was doing, was generally credited at Grevé's with being one of those young gentlemen of some slender fortune who begin their histrionic career with a thinking part and never get any farther. And for his own purpose he made no effort to correct the impression, having come to the conclusion recorded in the little red-covered book of aphorisms with worn corners, ever to be found in his pocket, that "the intelligence of the actor is popularly rated so low that there is no rôle in which a man may learn more about his fellow creatures."

"Yes, it's myself, Mr. O'Shaughnessy," replied Anastasius; "and if the soup deserves all those observations you were addressing to it I shall proceed at once to the entrée."

The Irishman looked up and his eye twinkled.

"It was not the soup at all, me boy; and an ungrateful man I'd be if anything I said were to prevent ye paying the proprietor twopence for that same, seeing that's where he makes all his profit. 'Tis true that, as soup, it's no great shakes; but ye'll just drink it for the benefit of the establishment—and be d——d to both of ye!"

"Then, if it's not the soup," replied Anastasius as he shook out the serviette placed before him, "why should you have been addressing so many pointed remarks to it?"

O'Shaughnessy swallowed the last spoonful.

"Faith," he said, "and there you have me. Maybe 'twas because Grevé's soup is of such a wondrously receptive character. I'd defy any one to tell ye what goes to the making of it. There's such a combination of flavors that on occasion ye'd fancy 'twas real meat went to the making of it, and ye almost love the taste of the pot. A few remarks more or less wouldn't alter its character."

"I thought perhaps it was cold and you were engaged in heating it up," remarked Anastasius dryly.

"Maybe the thought did cross my mind," said the artist; "and, faith, if my remarks had any dynamic force I would surely have blistered my mouth, which is not to say that the eating of my words hasn't left my throat a little dry."

He poured out a glass of Burgundy from the bottle the waiter placed before him, and as it disappeared after the soup Anastasius gave his order.

As the waiter departed O'Shaughnessy resumed:

"'Tis enough to make any man's blood boil to think of the way the money comes to them as has no manner of use for it; and, failing any other confidant, it surely doesn't surprise ye that I should just confide me sentiments to the

He Was Startled to Hear Anastasius Give the Address of Jeremiah Loftus' City Office

soup. Now you are here, me little actor man, the case is altered. 'Tis a sympathetic ear you'll have for sure to match your nice, clean, innocent face; and I'm thinking you'll agree with me that the whole scheme of things is wrong which fills a tradesman's pockets with gold and leaves the artist's empty."

"Certainly I agree," replied Anastasius promptly. "It is an iniquitous condition of things. I hate duns!"

"'Tis not the duns that trouble me; for devil a shopkeeper have I ever found who would trust me even with a chop for me breakfast; and small blame to them, for they'd never get their money if they did. But it is not the little whipper-snappers of shopkeepers who sell you your collars and your half-pound of butter that I'm complaining about. Precious little they get out of life, and it's copper more often than gold that they rattle in their pockets. No, me young friend. It's the big men, your supergrocers and your superdrapers, that arouse me just and honest indignation. To see 'em riding in their motor cars while your painter goes afoot shows there's a lack of balance in the civilization which permits such a state of things. Look on that while I dissect the leg of this fearsome fowl which, by the look of him, has walked all the way from the steppes of Siberia with his sole objective M. Grevé's casserole."

"That" was the page of an evening newspaper on which was printed the prospectus of the forthcoming flotation of Loftus Limited. It had stared at Anastasius from the columns of every one of the half-dozen papers delivered each morning at the offices of Wilberforce, Wilkes & Washington, and he had spent a couple of hours at least racking his brains for some scheme whereby he could secure an allotment of shares in the company. An application in the ordinary way he knew would be useless. The name of Loftus was one to conjure with in the business world. The flotation of the company had been long heralded and carefully prepared. A queue of applicants for prospectuses had that very morning waited the opening of the bank in their anxiety to get the forms on which to apply for an allotment; and before the list had been open long the one-pound shares were already being dealt in on the Stock Exchange at one pound premium.

"This Morning Applications for Over Five Million Pounds' Worth of Shares Had Been Received"

Anastasius, like some thousands of others in the city of London, did not like to see such a chance of making an easy profit pass; but, like thousands of others, he saw no means of securing any portion of that profit for himself. Nevertheless the clean and innocent countenance with which O'Shaughnessy had credited him expressed nothing of his interest. He gave but a casual glance at the paper and laid it down.

"There doesn't seem anything extraordinary in a mere company prospectus," he remarked.

O'Shaughnessy laid down his knife and turned to the waiter, who this moment approached with the food which Anastasius had ordered.

"Hearken to the lad, now, Gustave, and wish that your black soul were as fresh and free from the taint of Mammon as his. Here am I showing him a case of a mere tradesman—and a draper at that—transferring at one stroke of his pen two hundred and fifty thousand golden sovereigns from the pockets of his customers to his own—and he doesn't turn a hair! He doesn't realize what it means, Gustave. Tell him what you would do if you were suddenly to become possessed of a quarter of a million in hard cash!"

"Dere was time enough to think about that when it was likely to happen. M'sieu' would like an omelet? No?" replied the waiter. He drifted away and O'Shaughnessy turned again to Anastasius.

"I know Jeremiah Loftus," he said. "He even claims to be a countryman of my own—as if any creature born and bred in the black North has a right to be called an Irishman. Drapers they are, every one of 'em; and when we get Home Rule, so far from dying in that last ditch they are so fond of talking about, it's measuring it with a yardstick every mother's son of them will be at."

"Draper or no draper, he seems to have built up a successful business," remarked Anastasius as O'Shaughnessy paused. Already the germ of an idea was floating in his brain. If O'Shaughnessy really knew Jeremiah Loftus there was a possibility that the acquaintance could be made to prove productive.

"Of course he has built up a successful business," replied O'Shaughnessy. "When a man's born with the soul of a draper what else is there left for him to do? He can't help himself! The profit on a dozen reels of cotton he spends on more reels of cotton—when he doesn't buy silk with it; and so he goes on until he owns all the reels of cotton in the world and can make the public pay just what price he likes for them. That's the draper's soul, me boy; and if you and I had a bit of wood inside us all wound round with miles of tiny thread, d'ye think we'd be sitting here swallowing Russian hen and drinking red ink and water? Not a bit of it. We'd be at this blessed moment handing our fur-lined overcoats to the gentlemen in livery at the Carlton, with the thought that at sight of us the waiter had put a magnum of champagne on the ice."

Anastasius laughed. "So your friend's threadbound soul is capable of appreciating the Carlton?" he asked.

"I'll not deny that, for a draper, he has his qualities," said O'Shaughnessy. "Don't I know he has a nice taste in wines, and that there's only one man I ever met—and he was a native of Petersburg—who is better able to order a dinner? As for his cigars, I can always forget his trade when I have the end of one of 'em between my teeth; but that's not the point. I'm not grudging Jeremiah the fruits of his success; it's the fact that it is only to the man with a miserable little threadbound wooden soul that such rewards are attainable! They come my way and yours only just sufficiently often to tantalize us with the thought that we are the people who would really appreciate them."

"You old humbug!" said Anastasius. "I am quite sure if you dined for a fortnight regularly at the Carlton you would hunger for the fleshpots of Grevé's."

O'Shaughnessy laughed aloud—a good, robust roar that filled the room. "You're a more observant mortal than I thought ye, me little play-actor," he observed, "and it's the truth I'm telling ye when I say that sooner or later ye'll be finding out that better is the dinner of herbs in Soho than with the stalled ox of the Savoy. And now that I've relieved my mind on the subject of Jeremiah Loftus' company, perhaps ye can start a more soothing subject of conversation."

Anastasius, however, had no intention of allowing the topic to be altered. He wanted to discover exactly how much his companion knew of the big draper and he set himself to find out.

The task was not a difficult one. O'Shaughnessy had no objection to share his knowledge of any of his acquaintances, least of all of those who were perched on the golden pinnacles of prosperity.

Anastasius learned that the artist possessed more than a nodding acquaintance with Jeremiah Loftus.

"Ye see, me lad," he explained, "at the bottom of the draper's soul of him there's just a spark of the vital flame that tells him there's something else worth living for besides selling reels of cotton; and now and again, when the spark flickers up, he'll be cavorting round where men with real souls in their bodies are picking the scented blossoms of life. Sure he's been to my studio and listened to me talk till he's felt the call in him to let the drapery go to blazes and live the life of a rational man, with no more occupation than existence demands of him. But it's never more than a flicker of sense he shows; and, for certain, Loftus Limited is the result. Selling himself for a quarter of a million to earn a ten per cent dividend for all the little drapers that haven't even cotton-reels of souls to bid 'em go into business for themselves!

"'Tis a fate I'd not have anticipated for him when first I met him at the Savage, Saturday night; for, with the champagne inside him, he swore that it was fame and not money that he was after—and the life of a free man. 'Tis full of vanity he was even in those days and already wondering what the world was thinking of him—as if the world cared a three-farthing damn for the proprietor of the little shops with Loftus over the door which he was opening all over the town of London! Greedy he was then to see his name in print, and never so happy as when he was filling a pressman's stomach with champagne and his ears with tiresome stories of the struggles he had to stock his first establishment; and, faith, in that respect the creature hasn't altered. Ye can see it in the big print used for his name in the prospectus; for, sure, if Jeremiah Loftus had his heart's desire 'twould be to make it a capital offense for any newspaper to appear without his name appearing in every column—at least once—and always printed in capital letters!"

It was at this point in O'Shaughnessy's discursive account of Jeremiah Loftus that the ideas of Anastasius crystallized. Somewhere in his book of maxims it was written: "Knowledge of a man's vanity is the key to his cashbox." O'Shaughnessy had presented him with a key and it only remained to find an opportunity to insert it.

"You have made me very curious to see your superdraper," he said.

"'Tis very easy for you to gratify your desires," said O'Shaughnessy, "for there's never a day passes but ye will find him lunching at the Savoy. Suppose ye come with me tomorrow ——" He paused. "Faith! I was forgetting that to the end of the week I'm condemned to dine *chez* Grevé, owing to the lack of the same tokens of which Jeremiah has such a superfluity; but if ye can curb your impatience till Monday ——"

"Impossible!" said Anastasius. "If you have no other engagement tomorrow there is no reason why you should not lunch with me there and point him out to me."

"Sure, ye'd better wait," replied the Irishman; "for, since ye've been resting so long a time, I take it ye have more use for your spare cash than buying luncheons for artists with appetites."

Anastasius laughed. "You need not be afraid," he said. "I'll guarantee you will neither be able to eat nor drink your way to the bottom of my pocket. Mr. O'Shaughnessy," he continued solemnly, "let me take you into my confidence—I am not an actor. I never was one. I have no intention of ever going on the stage. I am in a humble way a sort of journalist and I am even thinking of becoming a newspaper proprietor. I think if you will lunch with me at the Savoy tomorrow I may be able to make a proposition to you that will prove mutually advantageous."

They shook hands upon it.

II

MR. JEREMIAH LOFTUS sat alone in his accustomed seat at the Savoy; and, six tables away, near the door, Anastasius Yorke and Michal Devlin O'Shaughnessy, with a bottle of wine in the pail beside them, pitied his solitude. At least O'Shaughnessy did. "See what

it is to be rich!" he remarked. "Sure the little draper there dare not ask one of his city friends to share a bottle with him, lest he should let drop some secret of the drapery trade when his tongue's a trifle loosened."

Herein he did Jeremiah Loftus an injustice. His head was hard enough to defy far more champagne than the modest half-bottle which the Irishman imagined might lead him to disclose the business secrets hidden away in his brain. If he lunched alone it was for quite another reason. In his life of business he allowed himself recreation three hours a day. Lunch was one of his recreations, dinner was the other; and he found that if the former was to provide the complete change he needed it must not be pursued in company with business associates. The hour devoted to lunch was not sufficient to allow of his entertaining friends; the two hours which were set aside for dinner did, and he was rarely to be seen dining alone. Mr. Jeremiah Loftus, it will be gathered, was exceedingly methodical in his habits. So much might also be gathered from his appearance, which was hardly what Anastasius had been led to expect. He neither bore the sign manual of his recreations in the form of superabundant flesh nor exceeded his wealth in superfluous jewelry; in fact, the only otiose sign of prosperity about him was the black pearl in his tie, which was just two sizes too large for anybody but a millionaire to wear. Otherwise he might have been a military man in mufti; for his reddish mustache was carefully curled, his grayish hair carefully brushed and he would have done credit to a guardsman. He bore himself, too, with the consciousness that he was somebody.

"What was I telling ye about the vanity of the draper's soul of him?" remarked O'Shaughnessy. "Can't ye see it written all over him? Come and admire the great Jeremiah Loftus, who in twenty years has built up the biggest drapery business in the world and has sold it this blessed day for a million pounds sterling—£250,000 in hard cash and the rest in shares!"

"Well, to tell you the truth," replied Anastasius, "if I had been asked to pick out the man in the room likeliest to be your friend he is about the last I should have selected. He is absolutely commonplace."

"And what would ye have expected?" retorted O'Shaughnessy with heat. "Isn't it the commonplace which always comes to the front in this blessed age? Did ye ever hear of a man being successful who was not commonplace through and through?"

"Anyhow, I'm no longer curious and I am hungry," replied Anastasius; and for the next half-hour Jeremiah's existence was apparently forgotten while Anastasius unfolded a project for a new weekly journal that unlocked the Irishman's tongue even more readily than the wine.

"It's a wonderful scheme," he declared at last; "but, though I'd not be damping your enthusiasm, me boy, I must warn ye that to make a success of it ye'll want to plank down a wonderful deal of money."

"The money is of no consequence," remarked Anastasius. "That will be forthcoming when it is needed."

"There's another thing ye've forgotten to mention," said O'Shaughnessy. "Ye haven't said whether your paper is to have a name or not. It would be a trifle unusual to publish a journal without one, and most of the titles of any use have been bespoken beforehand."

"A number have occurred to me," replied Anastasius, "and that is one of the points upon which I should like your opinion."

It was at this moment that Mr. Jeremiah Loftus, on his way to the door, recognized O'Shaughnessy and stopped to greet him. "Mr. O'Shaughnessy! Upon my word I am delighted to see you looking so well! It is long since I have had time to look you up and you have equally failed to remember my existence. I really think we both have cause to be ashamed of ourselves."

"Devil a bit am I!" replied O'Shaughnessy. "For what would a painter man like meself be doing in your city of London but contracting bad habits of speculation and the like? But, all the same, I'm glad to see ye faring so bravely, Mr. Loftus. Success seems to agree with ye; and if you'll join me and my brilliant young journalist friend, Mr. Yorke here, we'll be glad to drink to a further debauch of it."

Mr. Loftus extended a hand to Anastasius and was pleased to make his acquaintance; but he pleaded that a score of important engagements awaited him and passed on.

"See what it is to have a reel of cotton for a soul when a business engagement prevents ye cracking a bottle with a friend! Take warning, me boy, and never go in for business."

His advice fell on deaf ears. Anastasius was in a brown study and he did not emerge from it until the coffee and liqueurs were placed before them. Then he turned to O'Shaughnessy. "I have it," he said.

"Mine's brandy," replied O'Shaughnessy.

"The title of my journal," said Anastasius. "What do you think of The Hour?"

"The Houri would be more likely to sell if the d——d ignorant public knew what the word meant," commented O'Shaughnessy.

"Cigars!" Anastasius ordered of the waiter. "And quickly; for we must go." The waiter hurried away.

"Go?" asked the Irishman.

"I have an idea which needs instant execution and I can explain it better in the taxi as we go along," said Anastasius.

"There's nothing like ideas for spoiling the digestion," remarked O'Shaughnessy. Nevertheless his eyes glistened, for with him also ideas were born alive. He lit his cigar and followed Anastasius out of the restaurant. He felt warmed for action, whatever form it might take. He was, however, startled to hear Anastasius give the address of Jeremiah Loftus' city office to the taxi driver as their destination.

"What's the little draper man to do with The Hour anyway?" he demanded.

"He is the Man," replied Anastasius; and as the cab joined the stream of traffic in the Strand he turned to his companion. "Where could we find a better subject for the first cartoon of our new paper? Isn't Jeremiah Loftus—the successful business man, the head of a universal emporium employing a million of capital and an army of twenty thousand people—more or less the Man of the Hour? O'Shaughnessy, you shall make a sketch of him while I obtain from him the particulars of his life; and you will find that The Hour will turn out to be a golden hour for both of us."

O'Shaughnessy accepted the proposition with glee.

"Sure, I wonder the idea never occurred to me ownself, for 'tis an elegant proposition."

"The only difficulty is to see how Mr. Loftus will take it," remarked Anastasius. "These business men have such demands on their time ——"

"You may trust me to make that all right," interrupted the artist confidently. "Didn't ye hear himself ask why I had never been to look him up? And if that's not as good as an appointment I should never have been the most successful war correspondent in two hemispheres. If ye're truly wanting the little draper for the new venture ye may trust Michal O'Shaughnessy to salt his tail for ye."

The genial Irishman was correct in the appreciation of his own powers. He walked into the offices of Mr. Jeremiah Loftus as if the establishment belonged to him. He strode unchallenged through a maze of desks, regardless of the questioning glances directed at him; and finally, capturing a gentleman whom, from his dignified appearance, he judged to be head of the department, he demanded to be shown to Mr. Loftus' room immediately. "I and me friend," he said, "have a most important appointment; and as I'm a little behind time I'd not like to keep Mr. Loftus waiting."

Ushered by their guide into a waiting room after giving his name, O'Shaughnessy, merely glancing round, followed the guide down the corridor and thus managed to time his entrance to Mr. Loftus' presence before that worthy gentleman had time to intimate whether or no it was his desire to accord an interview; but if he was displeased he had no opportunity to express his displeasure. O'Shaughnessy plunged into an explanation of the object of his visit.

"Ye'll be wondering why I and me young friend should have called upon ye instead of saying anything we had to say at the Savoy, half an hour ago, Loftus, me boy; but 'twas not at the moment in either of our heads that you were the man we were looking for to give the send-off to a new journal of the highest class which is to see the light of day next week. And, even if it had been in our heads, a public restaurant would hardly be the place to discuss the matter. Now listen a moment." He interrupted a half-uttered objection. "'Tis like this: The Hour is to be the name of the paper and the principal feature"—his brogue broadened under the combined effect of the champagne he had taken and his enthusiasm, and he really pronounced the last word "fayture"—"the principal fayture is to be a portrait sketch of the most important man in the public eye at the moment; and who else occupies that prominent position but Jeremiah Loftus, Esquire, the prince of the drapers? So it's to yourself we've come for the necessary material to give The Hour a good start by including in the first number a biography and portrait of yourself as the first Man of the Hour! And, since I never knew ye to fail to do a good turn for your friends, I'm thinking ye'll not be disposed to refuse us the honor we're asking."

Jeremiah Loftus smiled good-naturedly.

"Full of ideas as ever, O'Shaughnessy!" he remarked. "What a salesman you would have made with that ready gift of speech of yours! But surely you must be mistaken in thinking that the public is interested in my humble personality."

"Devil a bit!" replied O'Shaughnessy promptly. "Ask me friend, Mr. Yorke, and he'll tell ye the public is simply dying with curiosity to know all about ye; and if ye're so kind as to gratify our wishes we'll be truly grateful."

Loftus was obviously flattered. "Well, well," he said, "if you'll tell me what I can do ——"

Here Anastasius chimed in: "If you can spare me half an hour's interview while Mr. O'Shaughnessy makes the necessary sketch, it will be all we shall ask."

Loftus looked at his watch and looked at his clock. Then he rang his electric bell and told the messenger that he was not to be disturbed for half an hour. "But please remember," he said, "that thirty minutes is the utmost I can spare you."

O'Shaughnessy had not noticed until that moment that Anastasius was carrying a neatly tied parcel in his hand; and he saw with amazement, as the brown paper was removed, that it inclosed a drawing block. He gave no voice, however, to his surprise at the prevision which produced this essential article at the critical time. He took the block and chalks which Anastasius handed to him, pulled a table from one side of the room to the other, made a temporary easel with a pile of reference books and ledgers, and set to work. And while he worked Anastasius, with notebook in hand, was listening to the account of Jeremiah Loftus' life and struggles, pretending to take notes of his likes and dislikes, all the time wearing the air of a hero-worshiper, which was infinitely comforting to the Man of the Hour.

Twenty-three minutes had elapsed when Jeremiah Loftus concluded his story with the remark:

"And the net result is this: So great a belief has the public in me and in my methods of doing business that when, yesterday, I offered them a half-share in my business for five hundred thousand pounds, ten times the amount was forthcoming within twenty-four hours. This morning, when the subscription list was closed—two days before the appointed time—applications for over five million pounds' worth of shares had been received."

"It is a magnificent tribute to the Man of the Hour! I shall not fail to notice it," remarked Anastasius.

"I had never expected such an overwhelming mark of public confidence," said Loftus; "but my time is limited. There is one thing more. You will excuse my mentioning the topic, but we public men know that newspapers are not run on philanthropic principles. It's a question of you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours; and for this little advertisement you are giving me in The Hour I suppose you will expect some little *quid pro quo*—eh? An order for a few thousand copies perhaps?"

Anastasius lifted his hands in a gesture of deprecation.

"My dear sir," he said, "you have already done for us far more than we had a right to expect from a man in your commanding position. If, when you approve of the joint work of Mr. O'Shaughnessy and myself, you like to give our publishers an order for copies of the paper we shall indeed be deeply gratified; but please do not think that

(Continued on Page 38)

"Devil a Shopkeeper Have I Ever Found Who Would Trust Me Even With a Chop for Me Breakfast"

SILVERSIDE

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

IV

"Mark My Vords—It Vas Silverside Killed Vairvax"

WHEN Von Bulow had left the ship Connor returned to where I was sitting and flung himself into his own chair.

"Yon haythen Chink knows a lot," he growled. "In the first place, he says that he has heard nothing of Silverside, and the Christian translation of that is that he has a good idea of where the felly is this very minute. In the second place, he says that in his opinion Fairfax's widda and daughter have left the Pacific, which means he thinks that they are still here. And in the third place, he made no answer to my remark about Berdou knowin' something about thim, which is to say that his own mind is not made up sufficient on that p'int to warrant an answer, pro or con. We have much to learn from the haythen Chinee."

"Why should he want to be so secretive—or deceive us?" I asked.

"A Chinaman never gives something for nothing, docthor. More than that, it may be in his mind that by waitin' a bit a reward may be offered for the missin' pair. All is fish that comes to Von Bulow's net. Now Fairfax did not offer a reward because he felt that if he did 'twould be Silverside who would earn it, and hatin' the man he cud not bear to profit him. I am not sure but 'twould be wise to tell the Chink our object and take him into partnership. But let us wait a bit. I hate to squandher money on the rich, especially when he is a Chinaman. Lave us go ashore to Paul's place and read about this murdher. And there's another lie. I'll bet that Von Bulow has peroosed all that was written on the painful subject."

It was then about half past four. I went below to shift into some fresh clothes preparatory to going ashore, and had just completed the change when I heard an impatient exclamation from Connor, who was waiting for me on deck. A moment later he leaned down to the opening of the skylight and said:

"There's what comes of bein' a jude, docthor. Now we are thrapped. Here comes a visitin' party from the shore; Jim Forsyth, of the Kilahni, over beyond, and ould Sartoris and that dhrunken little fule Maginnis, who is agent at Puné for the Bambergers. There is still another. The boat is loaded and so are the passengers, from the noise they do be makin'. It is disgustin'."

"Come below and leave word that you are not at home," said I.

"They have seen me. A man can be blind dhrunk and yet see a chance of gettin' blinder. Besides, they would come aboard anyhow and gut the ship of rum. 'Tis cheaper to stand by our guns. Also you will have a chance of studyin' some Pacific types. They are now so rare that a man has to go into a barroom to find one. But Forsyth and Maginnis are old-timers and might hilp us on our quest." He raised his voice. "Cooky?"

There was no response. Connor called again, and a moment later a weak voice answered from forward: "Yes, sir?"

"What ails ye?" I heard Connor demand brusquely. "Are ye ill?"

He strode away forward and I did not hear what followed, but presently as I went on deck I caught a glimpse of Jones in pajamas with a towel round his head backing down through the hatch. From close aboard came a tumult of cheerful hails, and here came a shore boat pulled by two Kanaka rowers, the stern sheets filled with a noisy party. Connor, who was striding toward the head of the ladder to welcome our jubilant guests, looked at me with a wry grin and a shrug.

"Here's the cook got a chill and fayver just when I need him to lend a hand," said he, "and this scrub, Sammy, cannot carry a glass without spillin' the contents—often down the outside of your neck and often down the inside of his own. 'Tis revoltin'. I fear the cook has not good health. By the looks of him he is green in the gills."

"I'll take a look at him," said I, and went forward to where Jones berthed, leaving Connor to welcome the visitors. I found Jones in his bunk, his face and head wrapped up in a wet towel.

"It's neuralgia, doctor," said he in an unsteady voice. "Once a month or so I get an attack like this and while it lasts I'm no good for anything. It will pass in a few hours."

"I'll get you something to ease the pain," said I, and started aft. The guests were scrambling aboard and I was obliged to stop and be introduced. As Connor had said, they had apparently been celebrating, which was the result, as I soon learned, of Captain Forsyth's departure for Apia that same night en route for England where, it appeared, he had fallen heir to a title and some estates.

"Dis is yust a little goodby to Sir Chames," said Captain Muller, the fourth man, whom Connor had failed to recognize and who proved to be the genial skipper of a small trading schooner that he himself owned. Incidentally he was the only one who appeared to be sober.

I excused myself, saying that the cook was sick and I would return as soon as I had given him some medicine. When I rejoined the group our mess-boy was serving gin and whisky and the quarterdeck looked as if the schooner were afire. I sat down between Sir James Forsyth, a lean, hard-looking Englishman, and Maginnis, who was an Australian from Palmerston and, unlike most of the breed, small and ratty and ferret-faced.

"Connor tells me that you're the son of my old friend, John Ames—or Reverend Cap'n Jack, as we used to call him," said Forsyth, drawing down his long chin a trifle and speaking in that high-palated voice that Americans are apt to associate with the English nobility. Just then it was a trifle exaggerated, perhaps, and his tone was one of excessive dignity, such as a man is apt to use when he feels that he is drunk but declines to admit it. "Your father gave us all a new idea in regard to missionaries. I doubt if ever a man possessed so many friends in the islands."

"Right," said little Maginnis; "but 'e 'ad 'is enemies tu."

"Oh, no, Teddy," Sir James expostulated.

"Yes, 'e 'ad," said Maginnis stubbornly, "and that's sayin' nothin' against 'is memory. No man could do wot 'e done and not myke enemies. I could nyme some nymes." And he took a sip of his gin.

"Who, for instance?" I asked.

"Well, for one, there was Sandy Cullom. A 'ard nut, Sandy. Your father 'ad 'im jacked up right over 'ere in Apia, and only for Von Bulow ——"

"Shut up, Teddy," said Sir James pleasantly; "no scandals. Cullom's quite a friend of mine."

"Well, then," retorted Maginnis, "you must know what a rotter 'e is, Jim. Seal poachin', which is all right, o' course, and nigger stealin', and the like. But wot I can't stand is a white man that turns against 'is own ryce. 'E got the chiefs to put a taboo on young Wilkins, and they do say that 'e armed the niggers on Ulap and ——"

"Dere, dere!" interrupted Muller, who was listening to the conversation. "You haf no proof. I do not like Cullom, but I don't t'ink he vould arm dose Melanesian cannibals to murder vite volks. You should not trink, 'Teddy, or hold your gin mitout spillin' bad t'inks."

The conversation grew confused for a few minutes, Maginnis spatting with Müller and Sir James stroking his long red mustache with an occasional gulp. Then, said Connor, who had been expressing his sorrow that owing to the sudden illness of his cook he could not ask all hands to stop for dinner: "By-the-by, speakin' of cooks, did any of you boys ever run foul of a certain Silverside that used to cook aboard poor Fairfax's ould Kanulani?"

It was like throwing down a challenge to fight at an Irish fair. Yes, all four of them had known Silverside, and not one but scored him. Yet when I asked what the man had ever done, nobody could find an answer. Sartoris said that the man was not canny; Sir James admitted that he affected him as did a cat, and he hated cats. Maginnis merely shrugged and said, "'E was a rum 'un"; but old Müller raised the ridges where his eyebrows should have been, for he hadn't a hair on his head above his upper lip, and said oracularly:

"Mark my vords—it vas Silverside killed Vairvax."

This provoked another storm of argument, Maginnis being inclined to side with Muller, and the others maintaining that such a man as Silverside had not the nerve to strangle a cat. They held that Fairfax had not been murdered at all and that the blue marks on his throat had been made by his own hands during the death agony.

"That might be so," Maginnis assented. "I was with old Pop Ashwell when 'e cashed in and I mind 'ow 'e gripped at 'is throat, tryin' to get air. When I come to recollect, Silverside 'adn't the 'eart of a 'are. If there was a pig to be killed 'e'd give one of the Kanakas a plug o' tobacco to do the stickin'. No 'eart, 'e 'adn't!"

"He vas not afraid to swim mit sharks," said Muller.

"That was 'cause of 'is hamulet," said Maginnis.

"His what?" I asked.

"'Is hamulet. Silverside 'ad a charm 'e wore round 'is neck. I dunno what was in it; but 'e told me once that so long as 'e wore it no shark would try to do 'im 'arm."

The conversation soon switched from Silverside to the wife and daughter of Fairfax, and the conjectures concerning them were numerous and often absurd. It was generally admitted that Berdou might know something about them, and the personality of the Frenchman coming under the guns of the party he was voted a very mysterious individual and almost criminally unsociable.

"A chawming fellow to meet," said Sir James, "but deuced elusive. Never knew him to ask a soul aboard his vessel, and just what he does with her I never could find out. He's always going after a cargo or has just taken a cargo somewhere, but I never did see her when she was deep. I know that he does carry a little copra now and then, but nothing to speak of."

"Know what I think?" cried the garrulous Maginnis. "It's pearls. Gaston Berdou 'as found a pearl island somewheres. And I'll bet you what you like that Von Bulow could throw some light on the subject tu."

This brought the talk round to pearls and from that to trade in general, until the shadows began to lengthen and Connor, getting up, declared that it was time to think of dinner, and that as our cook was out of action there was nothing for it but to go ashore. Then Sir James, speaking rather thickly, invited the whole party to dine with him at the hotel, so off we went in our whaleboat and spent a rather hilarious evening.

Connor and I managed to get away from the others at about ten, declining to make a night of it. We went out under the low brilliant stars, and Connor, taking me by the elbow, turned our steps down toward the beach.

"We will look into Paul's place," said he, "and see what the papers have to say of Fairfax's death. Several thoughts have been rattlin' round in my head, but I will say nothing until we have learned more in regard to the matther."

Turning down a side street—or lane, rather—we came presently to a large ramshackle building, from the inside of which there issued the sound of talk and laughter and the singsong whine of a gramophone intoning nasally:

"Is London like it used to be?
Is the Strand still there?"

Connor led the way in and we found a gathering composed of whites, half-breeds and Kanakas, and a few rather pretty half-caste girls, all of whom seemed to be fraternizing most sociably. At the end of the big room there was a bar, behind which there bustled about a middle-aged man with a red, bloated face, burly shoulders and a white scar across his left cheek. He looked up as we entered.

"Hello, Paul!" said Connor.

"Strike me blind if it ain't Billy Connor! 'Ello, Billy!" He lurched out from behind the bar and thrust out a hand like a bunch of overripe bananas. "'Ow's things, Billy?"

"'Tis little they change, matey-o. There's still wather in the say and rum ashore. You're lookin' fine, Paul."

This last was a flagrant untruth, for it struck me that Paul must be well along with Bright's and liver complications. But his eyes were bright and hard and shone with that false good-humor that often masks cruelty and deceit and gives the owner an undeserved reputation for bluff and hearty good-nature.

"My friend, Doctor Ames, Paul," said Connor.

I shook hands with Paul, when he and Connor exchanged a few words which were interrupted by the entrance of some new arrivals. Connor and I sat down at a table and ordered some beer, which was served by a good-looking half-caste woman who was, as Connor told me, Paul's wife. The place was rather decently fitted out, with an English billiard table and in the corner a file of newspapers—British, Australian, French and American. Connor got up presently and strolled over to look at them, I following.

"There's the Honolulu paper just come in today, Billy," Paul sung out from the bar. "All the latest developments of the Fairfax case. You knew Divil Fairfax, didn't ye?"

"Sure," said Connor; "I knew him well. A sthrong man."

He brought the paper back to our table and we glanced at it together. In big headlines was printed:

POLICE SAY FAIRFAX WAS MURDERED

CLEW PREVIOUSLY WITHHELD NOW MADE PUBLIC

But I scarcely noticed the leaders, for in the middle of the column was the reproduction of the impression of a thumb, with the following startling inscription beneath:

LOOK FOR A MAN WITH A THUMBMARK LIKE THIS

I leaned back with a gasp, for in the middle of the mark was a crescent-shaped space, the arc of the crescent about the same length as half the circumference of a lead pencil. Connor noticed my movement and looked at me inquiringly.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Captain," said I, "did you notice the thumbmark on the store list which you gave to Von Bulow?"

"No," he answered, and his bushy brows came lower.

"It is identical with this," I went on, tapping the print.

Connor laid down the paper and stared straight in front of him.

"I am not surprised," said he presently. "To tell the truth, docthor, I was beginnin' to have me doubts of Jones. Then he is Silverside."

"And the murderer of Daniel Fairfax," said I.

Connor's face hardened. "I am not surprised," he repeated more slowly.

For a moment neither of us spoke. Then said Connor:

"Was the mark on the list plain? I did not see it. I am gettin' long-sighted 'tis a habit of advancin' age."

"It was the faintest smear," I answered. "I would not have seen it myself but for the way the light struck on the paper. There must have been a little grease on his thumb."

"And Von Bulow has it," said Connor.

"Do you think that he will discover it?" I asked.

"Trust him. A Chinese business man has an eye for a thumbmark like a bank cashier for a signature. More than that, he saw it at once. 'Twas for that he wanted the list. Now he has Silverside's life undher his own thumb. At this minute he is studyin' how it may profit him. You will see. When the stores come aboard the list will have been mislaid. From this hour Silverside is his slave."

"He belongs to the law," said I.

Faint Lines of a Man's Thumb Appeared on the Margin of the Paper

"Thrue, but we nade the felly. There is also, of course, the off chance that Von Bulow has not seen it. Will ye wait for me here, docthor?"

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"To look up Von Bulow. I will ask for the list, sayin' I wish to see if something was not overlooked. If it is not too late we must kape this thing in our own hands. Wait for me here, docthor; I will not be long."

"All right," I answered.

Connor got up and went out and I turned to the paper and read the account carefully through. It stated that a revelation made by the police department within the last hour had completely changed the aspect of the case as previously determined. In a résumé of the tragedy it was narrated how Fairfax had arrived at the hotel in a very precarious state of health and had immediately sent for a lawyer and made his will, which testament, although given to the police, was not yet to be made public. Nothing in this will, it was admitted, offered any motive for the crime or threw any light upon the identity of the possible assassin. At about nine o'clock of the night of the crime Captain Fairfax had received a visit in his room from the doctor of the Australia, the liner on which he had that morning arrived, and a Doctor Eames—they had misspelled the name—a passenger bound for Samoa. About half an hour after his visitors had departed the nurse had arrived to find the patient comfortable and in good spirits. The nurse went down to the kitchen at midnight to warm some milk for the patient, and on returning about twenty minutes later found the patient dead. The bed showed indications of a slight death struggle.

The police were at once notified and the coroner took the case in charge. An examination of the corpse showed the prints of fingers on the throat of the corpse and a slight hemorrhage from the mouth and nose. First theories pointed to murder, but these finally gave way to the supposition that in the final struggle for air the patient had gripped at his throat, losing his hold with waning consciousness. This idea seemed to be substantiated by the fact that the hands of the defunct were slightly bloodstained.

This night, however, the chief of police had sent for the representatives of the press and announced that, failing to find the slightest clew as the result of certain knowledge withheld, he had decided to make this information public, and to state that in the opinion of the police department Captain Fairfax had met his death through foul play. An astute inspector, named Bigby, had discovered a bloody thumbmark on the rim of the French shutters. This mark had been photographed the following day by the official police photographer, and was reproduced below, and there followed the usual surmise and conjecture and the attention of the reader called to the peculiar, crescent-shaped blank in the imprint, which must have been the result of a cicatrix on the ball of the assassin's thumb.

I finished the article and was deep in thought when Connor came in, his small gray eyes fairly snapping.

"Did you get it?" I asked.

"I did. It is here." And he drew out the list and laid it on the table. "Now lave me put on me specs and show me the thumbmark."

I picked up the paper and held it to the light, slanting it back and forth in the effort to catch the greasy imprint. Connor, breathing hard, was staring over my shoulder. Suddenly at a certain angle the faint lines of a man's thumb appeared on the margin of the paper. I looked closer and Connor, whose eyes with the aid of his spectacles were keen at close range, gave a grunt.

"I see it," said he in a hoarse whisper; "but where is the crescent? And look close, docthor; the lines are not the same. D'ye mark that little whirlpool in the center where the scar shud be? And the lines do not run together above as they do in the picthure."

He was right; the two prints were certainly not the same. Not only that, but the outline of the mark was different, the one on the newspaper having a wavy curve on one side which the faint grease print on the store list lacked.

Connor gave me a reproachful look.

"Come, now, docthor," said he.

I shrugged, then looked at him with a smile.

"Von Bulow is clever," said I. "He has been just one think ahead of us."

"Oh!"

"Yes," I answered; "he banked on the off chance of just what has happened. Perhaps he saw me slant the list to the light and afterward, when he discovered the imprint, guessed that when I saw the newspaper I would be struck by the facsimile. Now Von Bulow does not know for sure that we suspect Silverside, but he does not want to put any proof in our hands, so he wiped off the mark with a little benzine and made another. He needs Silverside."

"But what's to prevent our clappin' the felly in irons?" Connor demanded.

I rose to my feet. "Simply that while we are sitting here," I answered, "Von Bulow will probably send a boat after him and Silverside will be afraid to refuse to go. He's alone on the schooner."

Connor jumped up with an oath. "I believe y'are right," he exclaimed. "Ye have the raysoning of a diplomat. 'Tis admirable!"

We said good night to Paul and hurried out. Our boat was waiting, so we jumped aboard and presently the schooner loomed darkly ahead of us. As we drew close aboard we saw a boat lying to the ladder and the cook in the act of coming over the side.

"What boat is that?" gasped Connor.

A guttural voice answered in pidgin English:

"One piecy man go longshore."

"One piecy man stops here," answered Connor harshly. "Be off, ye scuts!" And he reached down for an oak stretcher. The boat shoved clear, and as she came out of the shadow I noticed that she was of a peculiar design with a long, overhanging bow and an almost flat bottom. The men at the oars looked like Chinese coolies. They shoved clear without a word and headed in for the shore.

"You were right, docthor," said Connor under his breath. "That is a sampan from this chunk of a pearlin' yawl belongin' to Von Bulow, which is lyin' outside of us a bit. Tomorrow morning early we will put to sea, and Silverside can have his choice of takin' us to the widdy Fairfax or we takin' him to jail."

We clambered aboard and saw the cook walking forward.

"Jones," called Connor sharply, "what is the maning of this? Why were ye thryin' to go ashore without permission?"

"I couldn't stand the pain in my head, sir," answered the cook in his hollow, toneless voice, "so I hailed the sampan to go ashore after some laudanum."

"Docthor," said Connor, "can ye give Jones a dose of laudanum?"

"Yes," I answered. "There's some in my medicine case."

"Then give him a slug if ye will be so kind. He is in pain."

"All right," I answered, and went below. Connor followed me.

"Give the felly a dose that will keep him quiet for a few hours, and mind that he takes it," said Connor. "You were right, lad. Ye have a toppiece like a hammerhead shark, 'tis that long."

I measured out the dose and carried it forward. Silverside took it with a toneless expression of thanks.

"Thank you, sir," said he. "I hope that the captain is not angry."

"Oh, no," I answered. "I told him that a man suffering from neuralgia was scarcely to be blamed for seeking relief. Now go to sleep. That ought to quiet the pain."

"I hope so, sir," answered the cook.

When I went aft Connor, cigar in mouth, was pacing the quarterdeck.

"Did ye give him a good slug, docthor?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered. "Sammy will have to get our breakfast tomorrow morning."

"Good," he grunted. "'Tis little breakfast we'll be wantin' afther all the stuff we have fed our insides this night. Lave us tur-rn in. I am too old to dhrink."

THE ship's clock in the cabin struck two bells and I awoke gasping, with a dry mouth and throat and a thumping head. Although I had drunk very little, it was still a lot too much for a man not accustomed to drink at all. It was unbearably hot below. Opposite me Connor was puffing and blowing like a grampus, and muttering in his sleep. I swung my legs out of my bunk and sat up, holding my head with both hands and swearing that this would be the last time that I would ever burn my comfort on the altar of good fellowship. Then I thought of the water-monkey swung under the cabin skylight, and groping round in the dark I found it and drank about a gallon of the cool, sweet water.

A little refreshed I decided to go on deck and sit there until I had cooled off and my pulses eased their hammering a bit. So up I stole barefooted and in pajamas, and dropping on the quarter bitts folded my arms on the rail and rested my forehead on them. There was a faint land breeze, sweet with the odor of shrubs and flowers and spicy with the smoke of balsamic wood. It was like a bath in its soft freshness, and after the stuffiness of the cabin it proved so soothing that presently I dropped into a doze, a foolish thing to do there in the tropic dampness.

I do not know how long I slept, but presently I roused with the impression that something was moving about in the water alongside. I listened for a moment, but as the noise was not repeated I came to the drowsy conclusion that it must have been a fish, and dozed off again, presently to wake with a slight shiver.

There came a rustle behind me, and I looked round to see Connor standing at the head of the companionway, his arms in the air, yawning prodigiously. The yawn finished with a muttered curse, at which I gave a sleepy chuckle.

"Ho!" growled Connor; "so y'are takin' the dew cure for a head also. Ye shu'd know betther. 'Tis dangerous."

"Not with your blood full of booze," I answered. "A fever microbe would curl up, pickled, if he got into my system."

"We are two fules," said Connor. "What if we were to make sail and work it off—there is a bit of air comin' off the land."

"That suits me," I answered.

"Lave us see if we can wake the cook to make us coffee," said Connor. "'Twill clear our heads—and his own. I take no stock in the felly's neuralgy; 'twas a bluff to kape from fronting thim drunken visitors—bad cess to thim!"

This had already occurred to me, so I made no objection, but said that I doubted the man would be of much use with the drug that was in him.

"You cannot tell," said Connor. "Like as not he is used to it."

So we started forward, Connor pausing to kick the Kanaka watchman, who was sleeping peacefully with his back against the foot of the foremast. I made my way to the cook's berth and groped about for a minute. The bunk was empty.

"He's not here!" I cried.

"What is that?"

"He's gone."

"Gone, is it?" Connor turned furiously to the watchman. "Where's the cook, ye limb o' Satan?" he bawled. "Fetch me a lantern—and quick!"

The frightened boy bolted off and got a lantern and we made a thorough search. Not a sign of the cook could we find. Moreover, the white clothes which the man had worn on coming aboard were missing also. Connor and I stared at each other in dismay.

What immediately followed was chiefly of interest to the watchman, and when the sharp reproof was over Connor turned to me, panting.

"He has swum for it," said he. "The divil has bundled his duds on his head and swum for it. Now what d'ye think o' that?"

I thought of the ripple in the water alongside, which I had heard, but did not see fit to mention it. Connor was undoubtedly right.

"And him full o' dope," growled Connor. "Come, docthor, this will not do. 'Tis bad enough to have had the felly aboard all this time without iver guessin' it was Silverside, but to let him give us the slip like this will never do. 'Tis childish."

"What's to be done?" I asked.

Connor scratched his curly head. "There is a little steamer leavin' for Apia at daybreak," said he. "Belike he will try to stow away aboard her. Or he may try to ship on the windjammer yonder. I will search thim both while you do a senthry go on the beach. He has not been long gone and cannot be far."

"Perhaps he has gone to Von Bulow," I suggested.

"And run his head into a slave yoke? I think not. 'Tis Von Bulow he fears, not us. Von Bulow may or may not have sent the sampan to fetch him, I do not know; and there is no way of findin' out, for two of the boys are ashore on liberty and the other two were waitin' for us in the boat, and the cook alone aboard. Perhaps 'tis as you say. Von Bulow may have sent for him, and Silverside afraid to refuse to go. If we do not find him I will thry Von Bulow. But let us go." And he told the watchman to call the other hand and get the dingey ready to go ashore.

We tumbled into our clothes and a moment later were pulling in for the shore. Halfway to the beach Connor muttered:

"We might have ar-rmed ourselves—but no matter. If you should happen on him tell the felly that his best chance lies with us and that if he obeys ordhers we will not bethray him to the police. No doubt he had his raysons for chokin' Big Devil Fairfax. 'Tis a pity he was not choked long ago—he was not nice."

There was nobody in sight on the beach when we landed. Said Connor to me:

"Take a wide beat up and down the beach, docthor, and watch for any boat puttin' off. As soon as it gets light come back to the boat and wait for me. Mind your eye a bit, for there are some bad folk prowlin' round among these shacks and litther. Now I will be off."

Ordering the two Kanakas not to leave the boat under pain of a severe mauling he set off in one direction while I strolled away in the other, keeping under cover of whatever object offered and stopping occasionally to listen and look about. At the end of an hour I found myself a good way down the beach, where a number of boats and canoes were hauled up. Four bells were struck on a ship at anchor some distance out, and the musical tones reached me faintly across the still water. A squad of British sailors belonging to a small gunboat came rollicking down and embarked, in charge of a petty officer. A few flitting natives were prowling about, and from some of the shacks back of the beach came sounds of drunken revelry and once a revolver shot, followed by a clamor of voices. I stole over that way, but the row, whatever it was, appeared to have quieted down, though the babel of voices continued for some time. On a narrow street that ran up diagonally from the beach two native girls, their faces white with powder, and bedecked with cheap jewelry, stopped to speak to me, swaying unsteadily on their feet, but getting no answer they laughed and disappeared.

I turned my steps toward the far end of the beach again and had almost reached the outlying skirts of the town when I heard behind me the padding of many feet. Looking back I saw a number of dark figures blocking the narrow way, and as they passed a lighted window I saw the glare of the lamp reflected from bare bronze bodies. The little procession was coming rapidly, and as it approached I made it out to be composed of Chinese coolies, six or eight in number, and saw that four of them were carrying some white object that looked like the body of a man.

Right here the place seemed absolutely deserted and the few straggling huts were dark and silent. It was a sort of lane that ran parallel to the beach and not more than fifty yards from the water's edge. I stood stockstill in the middle of the way, and as the group approached I saw that the leader was a tall, square-shouldered man in white trousers and a pajama coat open in the front, showing his dark, naked body. He came up with an imperious gesture of his hand as if to wave me aside, and in the paling starlight his fierce Mongolian features looked savage and sinister. I passed him with a glance, for my eyes were examining the inert figure in the hands of the coolies. It was a big-framed man, limp and inanimate, for his arms hung down, his hands trailing on the ground. With every step the head lolled from one side to the other, and as the white, glistening face was flung toward me I saw that it was Silverside.

"Stop there!" said I sharply, and stepped in front of the porters. "Put that man down."

The tall leader turned, his head dropping a little between his shoulders.

"Nev' mind," said he in a fierce, guttural voice. "Him one piecy captain. Velly dlunk. Take him on board. All light."

He gave an order in Chinese, and the coolies attempted to crowd past. Alone and unarmed as I was, no doubt I did a foolish thing to interfere. But I was not going to see the man of all men whom I needed most carried off under my very eyes.

"Put him down," said I, and planted myself in the way. "The man is my cook; I am looking for him."

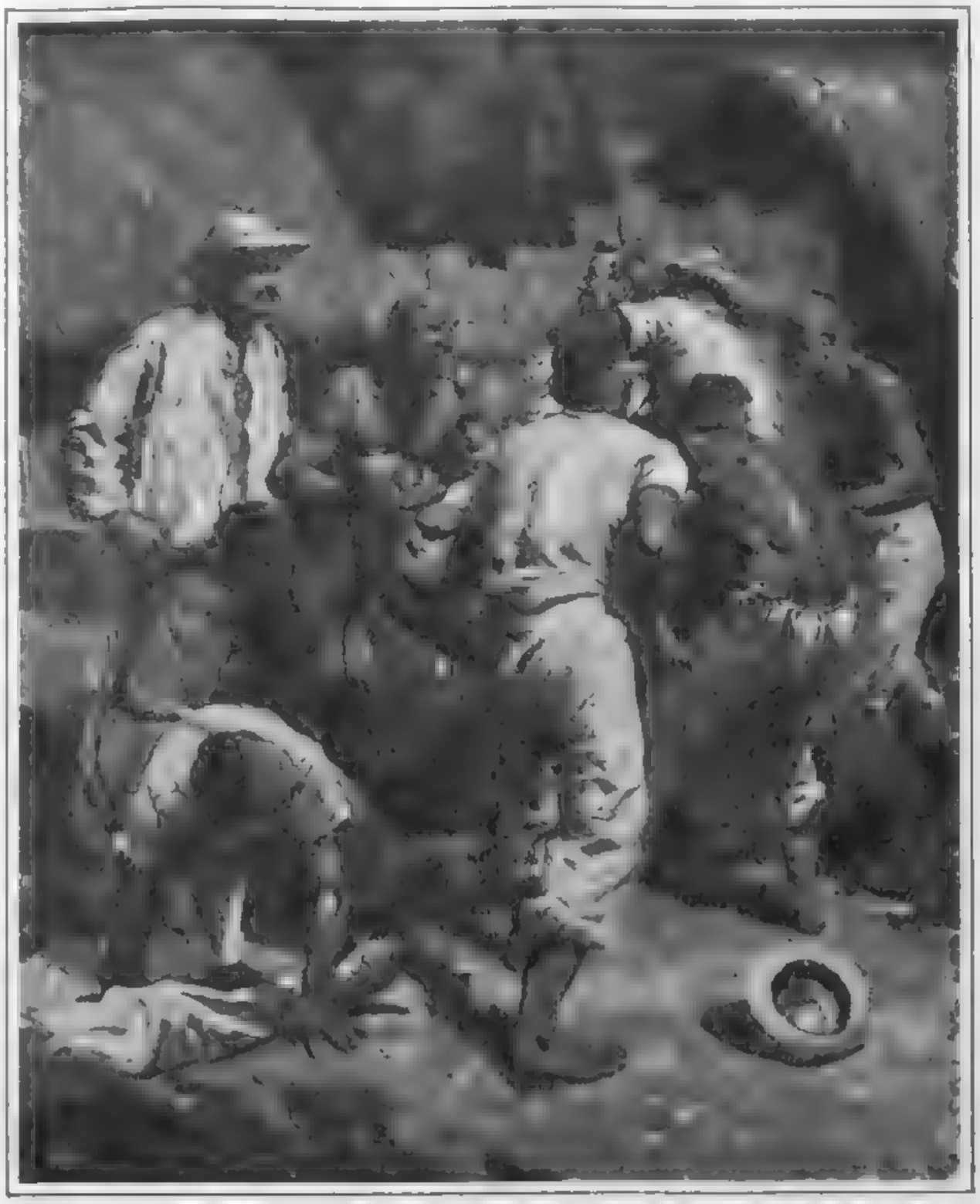
The leader swung on his heel and faced me, his savage face thrust almost against mine.

"You plenty fool—plenty dam' fool," he snarled. "Him piecy man my boss. He dam' dlunk. S'pose you vamoose. No get hurt savvy?"

Another order and the coolies surged ahead. Not stopping to figure out the result I gripped the naked shoulder of the first, who had Silverside's feet, and flung him across the lane so that he rolled into the ditch.

There was a swift, snarling order and the next second they were on me like a band of furious apes. The leader sprang at me with wide arms, and I met him with a straight drive in the chest that sent him staggering back. Two others rushed in, clawing at me with wide fingers and writhing arms, one to get an upper cut under the chin, which rolled him over and over, and the other a swing on the side of the head, which although it glanced from his greasy skull was enough to put him out of the fight. Then, from behind, a pair of arms went round my waist and I felt a hot breath in my face. It reeked of onions or garlic or something of the sort and drove me wild, but I managed to writhe round and

(Continued on Page 41)



The Next Second They Were on Me Like a Band of Furious Apes

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 17, 1912

The Ultimate Wage Problem

"TWO thousand dollars a year and six working hours a day is what Socialism offers in return for your vote," observes one of the most hopeful and least mathematical of our revolutionary contemporaries. That is nearly four times as much as the average wage-earner in manufactures now receives. We do not think it is too much. On the contrary, considering the rise in price of gasoline and the frequency with which tires blow out, it may be hardly enough; but to attain it a vast reconstruction is necessary. The total yearly output of our manufactories sells for twenty and a half billion dollars. The raw materials consumed cost twelve billions, and miscellaneous expenses, such as power, light, selling, take nearly two billions more. That leaves six and a half billions to be divided among landlords, capitalists, managers, clerical force and wage-earners. To give the wage-earners two thousand dollars each would take over thirteen billions, or more than twice the total wealth created by the manufactories.

Ultimately the problem of higher wages does not depend upon collective bargaining, nor even upon eliminating capitalist and landlord. By all those means a few dollars may be added to the weekly pay envelope. If the total share of landlords and capitalists now went to wage-earners the average pay envelope would be only sixteen dollars a week. The ultimate problem is to eliminate waste, increase efficiency and make industry create more wealth to be divided.

Prison Contract Labor

"THE contract-labor system in state prisons," says a commission appointed by the governor of Iowa, "tends to undermine discipline; impairs reformation and destroys hope on the part of the prisoner; is injurious to manufacturers employing free labor; is unfair competition with free labor, because it tends to destroy the living wage." Among specific evils of the system that were discovered by the commission are: Secret introduction of drugs by representatives of the contractors; acts of injustice by contract foremen; frequent disagreement as to counts between the prisoners and the contractors; detention of efficient workers by the contractors when they had a right to parole; subordination of the warden to the contractors.

These evils would seem to be quite sufficient to condemn any system. When state prisons in which the labor of convicts is farmed out to contractors are investigated anywhere in the United States, about nine times out of ten, as our recollection goes, shocking abuses are disclosed, and they are invariably traceable to the contract system. Many opinions are held upon many phases of penology; but there should be universal agreement that locking a man up to bully, cheat and dope him for the profit of a contractor is a poor way of reforming him.

In the County Jail

IOWA has been investigating not only state prisons, but jails, and finds them generally bad. Almost always the prisoners are idle; frequently the buildings are insanitary and there is no proper segregation of inmates. In some cases an indulgent sheriff admits liquors and drugs. Iowa's jails, of course, are typical of those in a majority of states. When the sheriff's income is wholly or partly derived from fees an interest really hostile to that of the prisoner and the state is created, just as by the contract system in penitentiaries. The subject is not without importance, since nearly five hundred thousand persons yearly are committed to penal institutions in the United States, mostly to jails on short sentences.

We have, in fact, a cheerful habit of locking people up on exceedingly small provocation; and the Iowa report condemns it. No jail sentence shorter than thirty days should ever be imposed, it urges. If a man's offense is not sufficiently serious to warrant a thirty-day sentence he should either be paroled or given an opportunity to pay his fine in installments. The recommendation strikes us as sound. Putting people in even the best of jails ought to be a matter of some seriousness. For persons of any sensibility the epithet "jailbird" is not a pleasant suffix to carry through life. By a free and easy imposition of short jail sentences, which are regarded as a sort of rough practical joke, we rob the penal code of some of its terrors.

The Vanished Merchant Marine

WHEN American shipping flourished it was due to no subsidies or preferential tolls, but to cheap shipbuilding materials. At the time of the Revolution Great Britain, as now, was the chief maritime power; but more than one-third of the tonnage sailing under her flag was built in American dockyards, and we had an important ocean-carrying trade of our own. At that time an oak ship could be built at Gloucester or Salem for twenty-four dollars a ton—a ship of live-oak or American cedar cost not more than thirty-eight dollars a ton; but fir vessels built on the Baltic cost thirty-five dollars a ton, and the cost of building an oak ship in England, France or Holland ran from fifty to sixty dollars a ton. That was the whole secret of our colonial success at shipbuilding.

Our natural advantages for building modern vessels are almost as great as were our advantages for building wooden ships when the North Atlantic Coast was fringed with forests. We have the greatest iron mines and steel mills in the world; but for forty years every rib and plate used by an American shipbuilder has been charged with a high-tariff price, and volumes of testimony have shown that on this account Western Europe can build metal ships cheaper than we can. Naturally we have been almost driven from the field.

No scheme of governmental bonus to native shipping should be considered until this basic handicap is removed.

The Tempest's Speed

IN 1832 Old Sarum, without a solitary inhabitant, duly elected two members of the House of Commons, though Leeds and Birmingham were unrepresented. The reform bill of that year disfranchised sixty rotten boroughs, which sent one hundred and twenty members to Parliament though possessing altogether less than two thousand inhabitants, the representation being transferred to populous cities that had grown up since Henry the Eighth's time. When the bill was passed the Duke of Wellington observed: "Reform, my lords, has triumphed; the barriers of the constitution are broken down; the waters of destruction have burst the gates of the temple, and the tempest begins to howl. Who can stay its speed?" That was eighty years ago—and universal manhood suffrage is not yet established in Great Britain.

We recall the episode merely because a great deal of doom is going to impend over this fair land from now until the first Tuesday in November. The barriers of the Constitution will be broken down on every hand, and it will be a rare crossroads in which waters of destruction do not burst the gates of the temple while the tempest begins to howl—every howl being good at headquarters for twenty miles of railroad fare and a meal ticket; but let nobody be alarmed. It is the same identical tempest that has howled from time immemorial over every effort in the direction of popular government, and its actual speed is two miles a year.

The Secret of Long Life

A LEARNED Russian has discovered how to stave off hardening of the arteries and thus prolong life indefinitely. The discovery appears to have no practical value, however, because to receive its benefits one must begin the treatment long before old age sets in—and at forty nobody is interested in living beyond seventy. Every parent knows how lightly a child of ten receives the statement that boiling food and overindulgence in pastry will surely result in chronic indigestion at twenty. The child persists in taking pie now and letting twenty take care of itself. Probably the average healthy person of twenty, by consistently following a scientifically prescribed regimen, could reasonably hope to live to be a hundred, but the normal person of twenty does not care at all to live beyond fifty. No doubt a majority of normal persons aged twenty would say that somewhere from forty to forty-five was the most desirable time to die. At fifty, threescore and ten seems a very adequate measure of mundane existence. One must grow bald, rheumatic and dim-eyed before he can see anything attractive in life beyond eighty. The only popular discovery for prolonging life will be the one sought by Ponce de Leon—whereby, after living your threescore and ten with agreeable freedom, you can take one gulp and begin all over again.

Any scientific secret of long life must be, inevitably, not an Aladdin's lamp but a savings bank. You must start the account comparatively early and consistently build it up. Tolerably common carelessness about tuberculosis and typhoid, in spite of the enormous effort of the last decade to combat conditions that propagate those diseases, indicates that the secret will be well kept—for all practical purposes—for a long while to come.

Continuation Schools

IN HIS admirable report to the Commercial Club of Chicago on vocational education in Europe, Edwin G. Cooley points out that Prussia contains roughly three million youths between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, of whom two millions are at work. They go to work for the same reasons that an overwhelming majority of our own youths quit public school at fourteen or under. Our census of 1900 shows a million seven hundred thousand children under fifteen employed as breadwinners; but a child in the United States who leaves public school gets no further educational aid from the state, though usually he is then in the most formative period of his life. Prussia manages it differently, and about three-fifths of her working boys under eighteen years of age attend continuation schools.

By arrangement with employers working youths attend these schools a few hours each week—not at night, when they are tired from a day's work in the shop, but in the daytime. At Munich, for example, they attend one whole day or two half days a week. They receive vocational training in the craft or calling that employs them, and cultural training that takes its cue from the pupil's breadwinning occupation.

A boy working in a cooper shop is taught cooper-shop arithmetic. The idea is to blend education and work—to link the school with the youth's actual daily breadwinning experiences. Munich maintains fifty-two continuation schools, and the yearly cost to the city is only sixteen dollars a pupil.

Naturally, employers objected to surrendering half a day of the youth's time twice a week—that would disorganize the shop and interfere with the production of tubs; but from a national point of view producing good tubs is less important than producing good citizens. The arrangement now works satisfactorily all over Germany. A state educational scheme like our own, which stops short at the threshold of industry—when an overwhelming majority of youths enter industry before they are eighteen—is obviously a good deal of a failure.

Campaign Expenses

FROM now to November we shall have a little super-Dreadnought contest at home. Taft headquarters will be excited by a report that Roosevelt headquarters proposes to mail each voter a copy of the Declaration of Independence, with an American flag and The Colonel's portrait on the front cover. Instantly Taft headquarters must mail copies of the Declaration, with an American flag and the President's portrait on the front cover. Roosevelt headquarters will learn with alarm that Wilson is going to send a calliope, a moving-picture show and three speakers into Posey County, Indiana. Posey County must not be surrendered to the enemy. The Colonel's cause there must be upheld by calliope, moving-picture show and three speakers.

In the national and local campaigns somewhere from a dozen to twenty million dollars will be spent, and two-thirds of the expenditure will be waste. The amount is not large, but the example is regrettable. The great expenditures in the Republican primaries cheapened both sides.

No states were bought by the three and a half million dollars that Mark Hanna collected for the Republican National Committee in 1896, nor were any states won by it. The money was simply an item of political vulgarity. The number of voters who are persuaded by brass bands, street banners and campaign buttons is surely negligible. We doubt whether the number persuaded by four-fifths of the stump-speaking is much more important. Naturally, we believe in good advertising, but a great part of the campaign money goes into a poor article. Clamor might be effective if one party had a monopoly of it. Since that is impossible, the less of it the better. For the sake of the example, we hope honorable poverty will prevail in all three headquarters.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Cherub From Massachusetts

IF THE highly esteemed old master, Peter Paul Rubens, were alive at the present time he certainly would take a hack at Jimmie Reynolds by way of making an old master of Jimmie, to be bought by some future billionaire against the protests of England and France and Germany, artistic countries that are long on protests but short on cash for preserving for themselves the art owned in them.

P. P., as will be remembered, specialized in nice, fat cherubs; and where, I ask you, is there to be found a nicer, fatter cherub than Jimmie? He is not only cherubic, but he is cherubical and also cherubimitic. To be sure, few of the cherubs that hover fatly, in the canvases Mr. Rubens was wont to paint, over still fatter ladies—few of these cherubs wore mustaches; but that addition to their cheruby qualities may be put down to the advancement of civilization and the fact that Jimmie has a very short upper lip. Nor would it make any particular difference, for, mustache or no, Jimmie looks like a cherub and is a cherub, up to a certain point. Beyond that point Jimmie is somewhat of a politician, a good deal of an economist, and at this moment secretary of the Republican national committee, where he will supply the horse-power and Mr. Hilles will give daily exhibitions of thinking, to the accompaniment of the regular clicking noise that is always observed when Mr. Hilles plunges into thought—one click to each thought, the same coming about three minutes apart on an average.

It all goes to show how impossible it is to keep a good cherub down. There were those who held that when the unfeeling—the coarse, rude and unfeeling—Democratic majority in the House of Representatives deprived Mr. Taft's Tariff Board of its proud place on the payroll by the simple but brutal expedient of stopping its pay, and thus left the country in total ignorance as to whether Schedule K is a new religion or a system to beat roulette, there were those who held on this melancholy occasion that that would be about all of Mr. J. Reynolds for a time in a public capacity. But lo and behold—in fact, two short los and one long behold—and here bobs up J. B. Reynolds, Esquire, as secretary of the Republican national committee, about six days after he ceased being a tariff sharp because of the abrupt stoppage of supplies.

Inasmuch as a neat salary goes with this job no precedents appear to have been broken, and the Republican national committee gets what it has considerable use for, an efficient secretary, and Mr. Reynolds remains in semi—or, at the very least, quasi—public life. Nor, I unhesitatingly assert, has there ever been any other motion before Mr. Reynolds' personal meeting for many years. It is utterly impossible—and all may as well resign themselves to the fact—to keep a good cherub, and especially a good Massachusetts cherub, down. It cannot be done, as has frequently been proved.

The Things That James Has Done

TRACING the career of the new secretary of the Republican national committee, what do we find? We find, first off, a life of singular devotion to the service of his fellowman; we find, furthermore, no single occasion when Mr. Reynolds has not been on the payroll; and we find, thirdly, that whatever he may have received in emoluments for his devotion and services, he hasn't received half enough. Although the acquaintance of the writer with cherubs has been somewhat limited, I make bold to say there never was a cherub who combined more all-round intelligence with his other rotundities than Cherub Reynolds combines within himself.

Colonel Rubens would have done himself proud to have made an old masterpiece of Jimmie, and Jimmie would have voted the Colonel promptly into one of the Back Bay wards in Boston while he was working on that particular picture.

We hear a lot of talk about people being efficient, but we rarely run across an efficient person. They are mostly conversational characters, to be held up as examples, like maxims in the copybooks, and not really of any use either as models or as precepts. Now it is different with James. He comes about as close to being efficient in his various lines of endeavor as any one you ever knew. You'd think, to take a quick look at him, his principal use and vocation was to be merry and gay—cheruby; but it isn't. He can be merry and gay, of course, but he doesn't work at that all the time. Instead, he has intervals when he does things along lines of selected endeavor, and he has also the saving grace of humor, which will maintain the *status quo* of the executive end of that Republican national committee, for Chairman Hilles hasn't smiled since he assumed those great responsibilities which have been his ever since he came in from Dobbs Ferry, New York, to keep the Republic off the rocks.

I give you this: If a man can work for two years finding out how many threads of one kind and how many threads of another kind, weight and fineness there are in a rag carpet as per the intricacies of Schedule K, and what is the proportionate cost of the labor used in the production of said threads at home and abroad, and how the beneficences of the sacred policy of protection can be conserved and a report made to a Democratic House of Representatives that shall meet with the approval of all concerned—if a man can work for two years on these little details and many others, can become a human adding machine, a flesh-and-blood comptometer, a sieve for statistics, a tabulator, a table and a tab, and retain a sense of perspective on himself and on others, he deserves a medal. Rise, James B. Reynolds, and receive your medal! It is a fine large radium one, duty ninety-eight per cent ad valorem.

Well, Jimmie did it. Starting back at the beginning, we find this is not strange. Very few people born in Massachusetts have a sense of perspective. Jimmie has, and he early demonstrated it by the discovery that a proper application of that sense of perspective would bring its reward. All he had to do with those Massachusetts people was to take them as seriously as they take themselves, and the trick was turned. The early years of his life—after he had spent four terms singing about that celebrated Dartmouth College notable who started that seat of learning, as will be remembered, with five hundred gallons of fine New England rum—were devoted to the newspaper business.

An Expert on Desiccated Eggs

EVENTUALLY he reached Washington as the correspondent of a Boston paper, consorted with Louis A. Coolidge, Thomas B. Reed and other shining lights, and sent pieces back home relating to the proud place New England occupied in the affairs of the nation. That sense of perspective was working again, you observe. He knew what the New England people just ate up in the way of dispatches from Washington. Then he wrote a book, or rather, he and Louis A. Coolidge heard a book—listened one, to be concise about it. They gathered into a neat little volume all the anecdotes they heard the famous wits and bon-vivants and raconteurs of the period tell, put them into English, added the requisite wit, humor, repartee and tang to them, denatured them and sent the book forth to the world. The book never came back, but the stories have been coming back ever since.

Not a Rube, But a Rubens

This was our hero's first, but not his most important, literary venture, as will be shown. There came a call for him to return to Massachusetts and take over the destinies of the Massachusetts Republican committee as its secretary. He went back and took over said destinies, and so great was his success that at the 1904 Republican national convention he was the unanimous choice of the alternates from Massachusetts for vice-president—a noteworthy tribute showing that the hearts of the alternates were in the right place, even if they lacked the slight essential of having votes in the convention.

Later he was sent to Washington to become an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. He was given the customs division, and began the study of the tariff that made him so successful. Here he found an authoritative vent for his literary abilities. Treasured in the files of the public-document rooms in Washington are remarkable essays of his on various subjects. Reynolds on Dried Fish is a classic, and Reynolds on Doilies is held to be the last word on the subject, while Reynolds on Desiccated Eggs is the leader in that line.

The Tariff Board was formed. Its object was to investigate the tariff. Naturally Reynolds was made a member, for Reynolds knew as much about the tariff as any person in the service, if not more. He went into the Tariff Board work backed by that efficiency that marked his other work. And it was work—hard, exhausting, confining, exasperating work. Through it all he preserved his equilibrium, his perspective, his sense of distinction between what is and what isn't, and he came out of that work with a reputation as a most capable citizen—most capable and efficient citizen.

All this time he kept in touch with politics, and he has no small skill at that game. So when the new Taft committee needed a secretary to take over the executive work of that body, and Reynolds was adjacent and available, the new Taft committee hawked on to Reynolds, thereby showing a large measure of human intelligence, for James B. Reynolds is one of the brightest and most capable young men developed by the present administration or its predecessor, likewise one of the sanest of the flock. Apparently the Taft committee wanted a good secretary, and undoubtedly they secured one.

First Aid to the Injured

HOOSIERS have a habit of dropping in at George Ade's farm in Brook, Indiana, and stopping overnight with George.

On the Saturday night before the Republican convention opened at Chicago a big delegation appeared. Along about ten o'clock Ade began putting them to bed. He schemed and contrived until he thought he had them all placed. At one o'clock he went out on the porch and found a man he had overlooked. There was nothing for it but to put this man in the bed Ade had reserved for himself, and that left Ade with no place to sleep. However, being a resourceful young person, he found an old cot and had a fine night's rest in the toolhouse!

A Nice Little School

EDDIE ALLEN, of Chicago and elsewhere, went to Purdue University contemporaneously with George Ade, John T. McCutcheon, and others.

One night Eddie strayed into the Chicago University Club. A number of college men were there, telling of the glories of their respective classes. They all had been to Yale, dear old Yale.

They told Allen about it, told him with a wealth of detail and airs of superiority that annoyed him.

"By-the-way, Allen," said one, "what is your university?"

"Purdue," said Allen.

"Ah—Purdue—— Oh, yes—Purdue—nice little school. We are all from Yale, you know."

"Sure," replied Allen affably; "I know all about Yale. I've got half a dozen Yale men working for me."

Awaiting Peter

JOHN McKENNA, one of the Chicago characters utilized by Peter Dunne in his Dooley articles, sat in the lobby of a Chicago hotel one afternoon a few days before the Chicago convention met.

"Waitin' to see Colonel Roosevelt, John?" asked a friend.

"Naw!" snorted McKenna with much disgust. "I'm waitin' to see Pete Dunne."

Overland 1913

Model 69
Completely Equipped
F. O. B. Toledo

$98

Some of the Features

Self Starter
30 Horsepower
5 Passenger Touring Car
110-inch Wheel Base
Timken Bearings
$50 Remy Magneto

THIS car, at this price, smashes all previous records. It even totally eclipses our 1912 values, which a year ago baffled the world. 40,000 Overlands will be made in 1913. This enormous jump in production makes possible this new car at this new price. As our production goes up, prices come down, as has been shown in each preceding year.

In this age of rapid progress it is sometimes difficult to grasp the full significance of an important, progressive manufacturing step, such as this car exemplifies. But when you sum up the extraordinary, cold dollar for dollar value which this car offers, as compared to any and all competing motor car values, the giant economical manufacturing strength of the huge Overland plants is realized and recognized. It only proves the ability of this most powerful and efficient automobile factory.

MOTOR—Four-cylinder, cast separately. Bore, 4 in. Stroke, 4½ in Horsepower, 30

IGNITION—Remy Model R. D Battery and Magneto—two sources of current

COOLING—Water cooled. Thermo-Syphon Cellular Radiator

OILING—Splash system for crank and cam shaft bearings. Cylinder and timing gears oiled with Kinwood force feed oiler

CAM SHAFT—Carbon Steel drop forged, three bearings.

CRANK SHAFT—Carbon Steel drop forged, five bearings

CONNECTING ROD—Carbon Steel drop forged.

MAGNETO SHAFT—Drop forging

PUSH ROD—Crescent drill rod steel

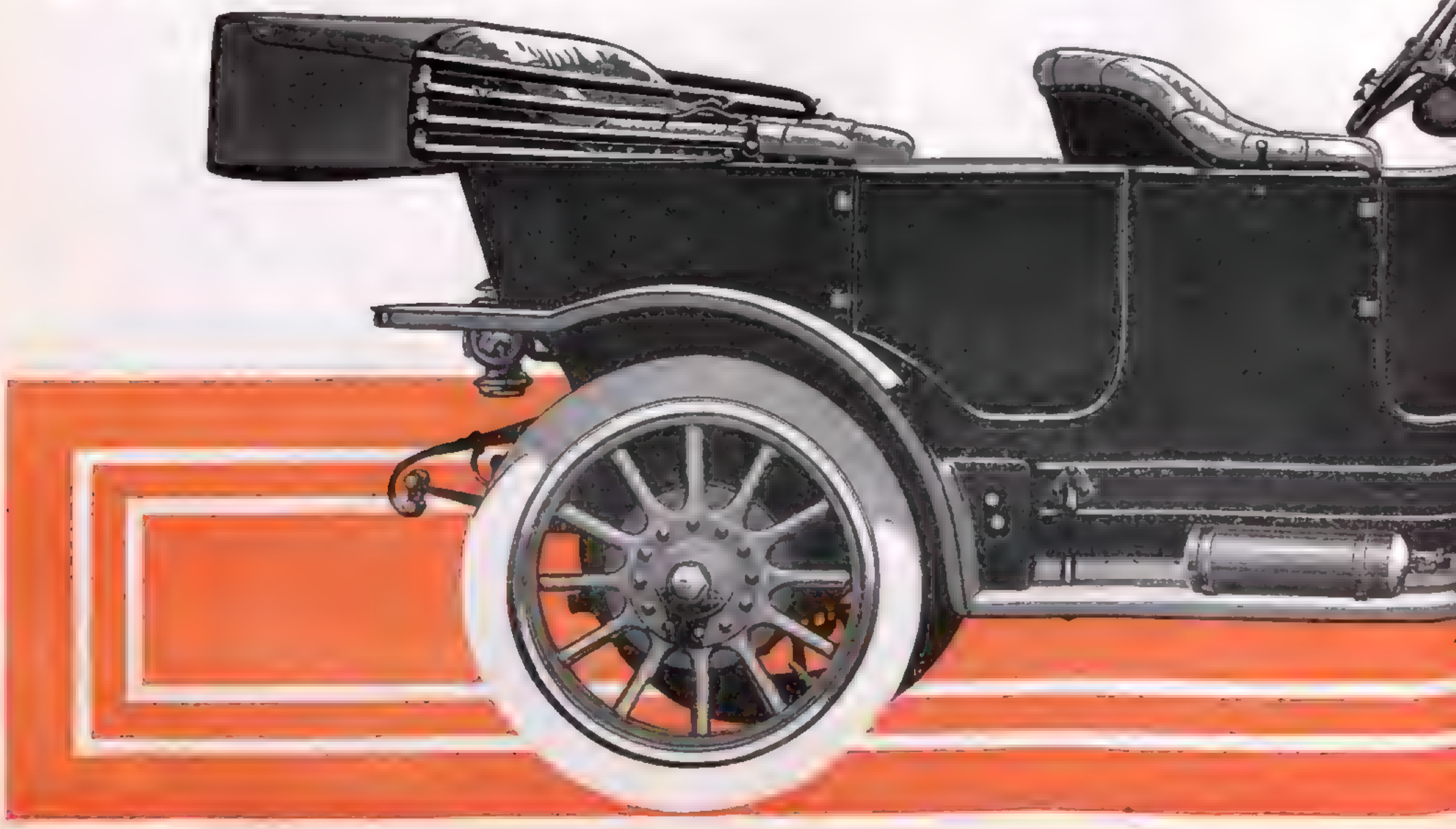
CARBURETOR—Model L Schebler

CENTER CONTROL.

FRAME—Channel Section—Cold rolled steel, No. 9 Depth Side Rail, Flange Face, 1⅛ in

SPRINGS—Fro Length, 36 in. W Three-quarter ellipt Width, 1¾ in. All s steel bushing eyes.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



35

Overland 1913

Model 69
Completely Equipped
F. O. B. Toledo

Here we can but call your attention to the bare facts. This is the car—a big, powerful, beautiful, spacious, comfortable, self-starting, thirty horse-power, five-passenger touring car—fully equipped—all ready for night or day, rain or shine, service. Made of the best materials on the market, by the most skilled men known to the trade, and in the most efficient automobile shops in America. And the price is but $985.

We can make the positive statement, without any kind of a condition, that this is the automobile industry's record value.

This car can now be seen in any city in America. Over 2000 Overland dealers are waiting to give you your demonstration. Look up the one in your vicinity.

Write us at once for full information and a 1913 catalogue.

Some of the Features

- $50 Warner Speedometer
- $50 Mohair Top and Boot
- $25 Clear Vision Wind-Shield
- $25 Prestolite Tank

...U. S. Ga. (.156), ...3/4 in. Width of ...

...at; Semi-elliptic, ...dth, 1¾ in. Rear; ...ic. Length, 42 in. ...prings have 6 leaves.

TRANSMISSION—Selective. Three speeds forward and reverse. Annular Bearings.

REAR AXLE—Three-quarter floating; Bearings, Hyatt; Axle Shaft, Carpenter Samson Steel. Propeller Shaft, Cold Rolled Steel. Main Driving Shaft, Calumet Steel

BRAKES—Contracting and expanding on rear wheels. Inside diameter Brake Drum 13 in. Width of brake shoe 2¼ in. Outside diameter Brake Drum, 13⅜ in. Width Brake Band, 2¼ in.

FRONT WHEEL BEARINGS—Timken Roller Bearings.

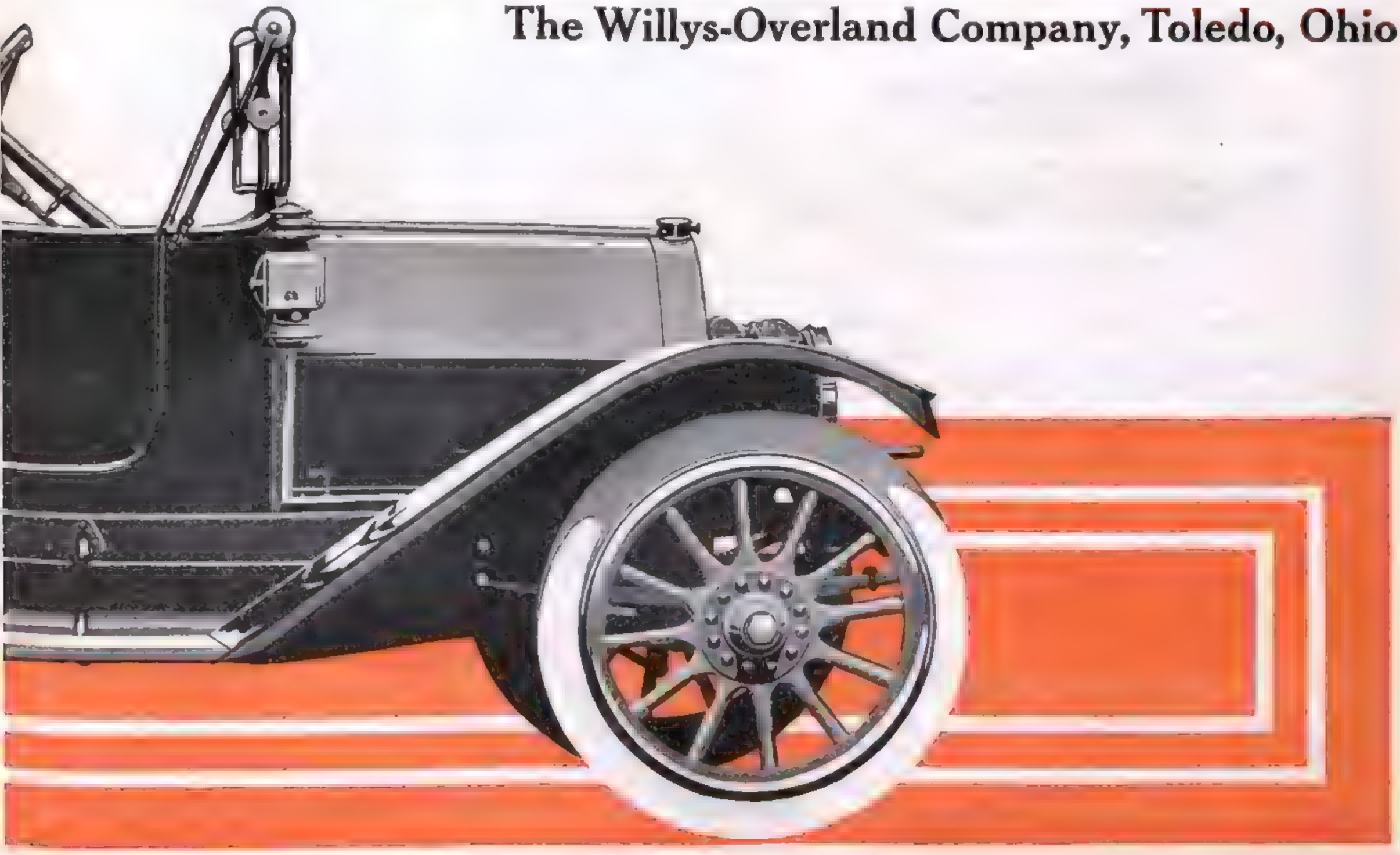
FRONT AXLE—Drop forged, clearance 10½ in.

TIRES—32 x 3½ Q. D

FINISH—All bright parts nickel plated, with black trim.

EQUIPMENT—Mohair top and boot; Warner Speedometer, Windshield, Prestolite Tank, Self Starter, Five black and nickel Lamps, Tire-Irons, Robe Rail, Foot Rest, Tool Kit and Jack

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



THOSE who have been brought up to its use know they can look forward to a future of perfectly preserved teeth.

Those who begin its use with the present will have every reason through the years to come to thank

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder

Prepared for almost half a century
by a Doctor of Dental Surgery

Three successive generations, by *lifetime* use, have proved that Dr. Lyon's is a safe preparation. It is a pure, gritless powder of velvet smoothness. It does not produce chemical action, or injure the enamel. It preserves the teeth by keeping them beautifully polished and thoroughly clean and free from tartar. *The safest way.*

Dr. Lyon's induces the thorough brushing necessary to massage the gums and keep them hard and healthy. It is highly pleasant to use and imparts a natural fragrance to the breath.

Use Dr. Lyon's night and morning—*above all at night.* Teach its regular use to your children. It will prove of lifetime benefit.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do only your dentist is competent to do.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

How's Business and Why

BEFORE sailing for Europe this summer Daniel G. Reid, one of the noted financiers of Wall Street, was credited with this observation: "By September I believe general business will be in full swing. Advices from the West convince me that up to this time crop conditions are excellent and that we are going to have one of the most satisfactory harvests in years, unless some unforeseen disaster takes place. Fundamentals of the country are of the soundest, and there are a number of signs of reviving activity in business. Good crops are all the country needs for a broad business expansion. Business men may return to their affairs with confidence. Politics is no longer a disturbing factor."

Mr. Reid's theory is probably the popular one today, at least with the class of men he represents, which is an influential and exceptionally well-posted class. Nor need it be stated that there is evidence of reviving activity in business, or at least that there has been such evidence. For the moment, in a conspicuous instance—that of the iron and steel business—it is said that the signs of a moderate reaction are clearly manifest, and that operations which for a brief time approached the limit of production capacity have receded close to ninety per cent, which is adjudged as great a degree of effectiveness as the largest of the corporations can continuously maintain. The United States Steel Corporation is nevertheless in so dire need of workmen that it not only is advertising for them but is sending out solicitors to secure them. Its requirements are said to amount to at least five thousand men.

Furthermore, other steel mills and industries are said to be in a similar position and almost clamoring for additional workers. This is held to apply not alone to Pittsburgh, but to Detroit and Cleveland and other places. In many localities the want columns of the newspapers suggest a considerable demand for help of most sorts, while it is of course commonly known that the requirements of the farming regions of the West are always large at this season, when the crops must be hurriedly harvested to prevent rapid deterioration. There is, then, occasion to place emphasis on the part of Mr. Reid's remarks that make the crops the basis for his optimism. Before looking more closely at the crop situation it will be interesting to turn to a field not commonly visited for testimony regarding business conditions—a field stretching to several parts of the country. Correspondence with widely scattered concerns should reveal the true business pulse, especially when the only aim is to make a true test.

The Commercial Weather Vane

Here is a banking commission house in an Eastern city. Being interested chiefly in the shares of lighting companies unaffected by politics, the concern had nothing to complain of, but said that it found the average business man and investor conservative. Here is a chemical manufacturing concern in the Middle States, reporting business seasonably good for four months, looking for dullness in late summer and for normal conditions in the autumn. Sales have been made at a reduced margin of profit. Here is a paper concern in another part of the same geographical section which has been selling more this year than last, with competition very great and prices lower than last season. The outlook is considered uncertain. "Our political system seems a constant menace to big business," the writer concludes.

An instructor in a high-priced boarding school in New England remarks, as possibly significant of business conditions, the fact that last year his school had the smallest enrollment for some years, which he understands to have been the case with other similar schools. For next year he has an enrollment never before equaled at this time of the year. The theory is that when times are really hard, parents select public rather than private schools for the education of their sons.

A person identified with the electrical manufacturing business says the volume of business is considerable, but profits are reduced. A man in the wool trade declares that the world, viewed at large, has no surplus of wool, the late severe winter having so decimated flocks in this country that the supply of wool is very small. Speculation in the article is reviving among wool buyers, and prices are being paid in excess of those for the same grades a year ago; indeed, prices are being paid for new clips in excess of those asked for the same wools bought last season. The argument is that unless a tariff bill should pass wool should still rise; and the margin is so large for tariff reduction that speculators in wool think their position on the long side pretty strong.

A firm in the Central West, manufacturing builders' supplies, reports a business about ten per cent less than normal, with an extremely small margin of profit—due, it is claimed, to competition. Jobbers complain bitterly, some admitting that they are not doing over sixty per cent of normal business. These people are brought in direct competition with the manufacturers. A manufacturer of pipe and fittings reports larger demand than can promptly be filled by the foundries, though most of the salesmen for the concern complain of the poor demand for goods in general. A manufacturer of boots and shoes in the Northwest looks for a large fall business based on the excellent crop outlook. A motor concern tells of a larger business than was ever done before and predicts as large business in 1913. It is not expected that politics will have any effect upon the industry.

Chances for Easy Money

A city in the Southwest has felt the quickening impulse of money let loose there through the purchase by Easterners of public-service corporations. In Canada retail trade was unfavorably affected by the cold, wet spring; corporations are to an alarming extent being combined on the basis of inflated capital, and serious trouble must, it is feared, eventually result. The cost of living is rising rapidly, and much property is being carried at high figures on slender margins. Still, wholesale trade is believed to be good.

Immigration is very extensive, and money is being expended freely for railroad construction and other betterments—borrowed money, a good deal of it. Business in the South is reported quite even—at times and in places fair; at other times and places slow, but on the whole as good as or better than a year ago. Omaha reports a very large number of day laborers out of employment. A mercantile concern on the Pacific Coast speaks of the exceedingly brisk state of business, especially in Southern California. Money is easy, building active, and every one is looking for a prosperous balance of the year and for important developments on the opening of the Panama Canal.

Testimony of the foregoing sort could be given at great length from every section of the country, the whole indicating the mixed state of business frequently referred to in these articles, business more distinguished for volume than for profitableness. If reference were had to certain industries, such as Standard Oil and American Tobacco—industries practically controlled at a single center—it would doubtless be found that volume and profits were present together. It is reasonable for men like Mr. Reid to infer that the successful industries would carry the rest with them, if the normal impulse of a satisfactory harvest should make itself felt, and that by autumn the forward movement would be pronounced.

It should be remembered that Mr. Reid's argument was hypothetical; that he stated that testimony pointed to excellent crops, barring "unforeseen disaster." Climatic vagaries abound in most if not in all lands, and perfect agricultural crops are becoming the exception, even where great pains are taken with soil treatment. It will, perhaps, come to be understood that the erstwhile arid regions, where nothing could be grown on account of lack of moisture and ignorance regarding soil cultivation, are really the most dependable for farming purposes.

It is said, for example, that the irrigated districts in Colorado gave the largest crop of wheat this season of any districts in the state. Nature appears to be too liberal with rainfall in one section and too sparing in dispensing it in other sections. In such regions either it is too cold and wet or too hot and dry, whereas in the irrigated territory, where heat usually abounds, it is possible, by regulating moisture, to provide a

condition most favorable to the growth and maturity of crops. Man may some day learn how to deal with an excess of rainfall as well as how to overcome the excess of high temperature. As yet he is at a loss to do this thing, and there are agricultural localities in the states where farmers are uncertain whether the harvest will repay the effort of sowing and cultivating.

The cotton crop is considered three weeks late—a handicap of large dimensions. The corn crop is late in sundry districts, and grave doubts are felt regarding the maturity of the crop. It would, therefore, be possible to review the crops generally and point out great inequality in condition and prospect. Should the average for the crops of past years be realized the country's production would fail to keep pace with its growth in population and the development of its manufactures. That country is doubtfully prosperous which is unable to feed and clothe and house its people except at increasing expense.

It is being appreciated more and more that low-priced cattle cannot be raised on high-priced land and feed. Today land is steadily rising in price and the outlook for cheap feed is none too good; therefore it is calculated that prices of cattle must continue high. Moreover, consumption of meat has increased faster than supply. Census figures covering a period from 1850 to 1910 show remarkable changes in the number of cattle per thousand people in the United States. In 1850 the number was 766.6; in 1860 the number had risen to 814.8; in 1890—thirty years later—the number was 915.8; after that came a decline until 1910. The number then stood at 665.7. From 1900 to 1910 the cattle supply increased 16.8 per cent, or 8,736,000, while the population increased 21.3 per cent, or 15,978,000. There was a decrease of 4,876,000 in hog supplies for the same period. A tabulation showing detail of changes in the sixty-year period is appended:

	POPULATION	CATTLE NO.	HOGS NO.
1910	91,972,266	61,225,791	58,000,632
1900	75,994,575	52,489,237	62,876,108
1890	62,947,714	57,648,792	57,426,859
1880	50,155,783	39,675,533	49,772,670
1870	38,558,371	23,820,608	25,134,569
1860	31,443,321	25,620,019	33,512,867
1850	23,191,876	17,778,907	34,354,213

Conditions That Bring Prosperity

The manager of one of the Chicago packing houses, lately in Montana investigating livestock conditions, declares himself much impressed by the comparative shortage of cattle grazing in those regions in preparation for the fall markets. It is commonly believed that the supply of cattle will be shorter this coming fall than at any time in late years. Whether the United States is steadily to run behind in agriculture and in the provision of food animals for its ever-increasing population is a problem of large dimensions and import. And whether it would not be better to maintain a more even relationship between the growth of agriculture and manufacture is a question worthy of study by statesmen and economists. Prosperity should be balanced and harmonious if it is to prove reliable.

Yes, and crops should be large and the supply of beef ample at fair and reasonable prices if there is to be prosperity. It is pounds of beef and bushels of grain, not high prices, that make for the prosperity of both producers and consumers. It is the habit of people near to Wall Street to argue that a small crop at a high price is the equivalent of a bountiful crop at less price, if the total value is the same, an argument altogether fallacious, as has been shown many times. It is the prosperous state of the largest number of the inhabitants that is to be coveted, and this is attained when there is a plentiful supply of food and clothing to be had without exchanging the last dollar that can be earned to obtain the same. This is what may be called a balanced condition, and it is a condition seldom encountered.

At present the people who measure the true worth of crops by their gross market price are telling how much more this year's principal crops will be worth, upon the assumption that there will be increased bushels and that the prices bid for future delivery will be maintained. For example, it is figured that 280,000,000 additional bushels of corn at a price 1½ cents higher a bushel than last year will be worth $212,960,000 more than the 1911 crop. Eight millions of bushels of wheat at 12⅝ cents more a bushel will add about $85,260,000 to the worth of the crop this year compared with the year before. The increased oats crop will—even though this grain brings 6¼ cents less a bushel—add $57,880,000, while the barley crop will add $51,400,000 on a price 13 cents higher than last year. The potato crop, with 59,000,000 more bushels grown and a price 14 cents higher, will add $105,920,000; and, lastly, the hay crop will be enough larger than that of 1911 to add $250,430,000 to its value for that year, and probably more.

These increases combined amount to over $750,000,000, a tidy sum, but based very largely upon assumption, since, when the calculation was made, it was impossible for any one to guess even approximately what the harvest would be in case of corn, spring wheat, potatoes and hay. But suppose that the assumption prove correct and that an increased crop will sell for more than an inferior crop, which is illogical, how are the consumers of the crops benefited? The producers may get more for what they sell, whether in the form of grain or beef or pork, but the producers are likewise consumers and will have to pay more for what they buy. True, the producers will be better able to pay an advance for what they purchase, but the legion of other consumers will be less able to pay, and it is largely on the condition of this legion that real and lasting prosperity depends. The United States has need of larger crops—of an increase in excess of the increase in population if anything like a full measure of prosperity is to be realized.

The Savings of the People

The New York banks found themselves short of reserve at the beginning of the second half-year, and yet the rise in money was but ¼ of 1 per cent. The understanding was that the condition was an incident rather than a symptom of poverty of credit or permanent shortage of cash resources. What with heavy payments of corporation taxes to the Government, the exportation of $8,000,000 gold to Europe, and the financing of some quarter of a million of interest and dividend payments at the turn of the fiscal year of many corporations, there was an extraordinary draft upon the banks. It was calculated, however, that funds would soon return to the banks and that there would be accommodation for all worthy borrowers.

The demand of the corporations for funds this year promises to be extraordinary. However it may appear by comparison with the past, this country is developing very rapidly in construction lines, and its needs for this use are to be mentioned in terms of billions annually. Nor is all the money put to income-bearing uses. That the price of capital for commercial enterprise is rising is plain to every one, the price of fixed income bonds falling at the same time. It is not improbable that the non-productive character of certain bond investments has to do with these matters, and likewise with the high cost of living.

A compilation shows that a considerable percentage of the total bond investment in the country is for municipal uses. On the basis of the municipal bond sales already met the present year in the United States, it is estimated that total sales of the same class of bonds will amount to over $717,000,000 for the year, compared with $627,500,000 in 1911 and smaller sums for many years prior to that. This same compilation estimates that the relation of municipal bonds sold to the total bond sale for the year will be 40.9 per cent, against 38.8 per cent in 1911 and smaller percentages in previous years, down to 25.7 per cent in 1903.

As a matter of fact, funds devoted to municipal purposes are largely non-productive of income. Judging from the last census report on municipal finances, less than 30 per cent of aggregate city debts represents capital devoted to productive uses, such as water works, light-and-power plants and municipal-service corporations. The average ratio of municipal bond issues to all bond issues for the past three years has been a little over 40 per cent, compared with a general average of 30½ per cent prior to 1907. The ratio of a little less than 30 per cent of municipal issues devoted to non-productive uses at the present time compares with about 21.6 per cent a few years ago. The point it is desired to make is that the increasing application of the savings of the people to non-productive service has a direct effect upon the cost of money and the income of investors, and is an economic factor that should be taken into account.

Here's the best part of a "shore-dinner"

A perfect clam chowder.
Clams shipped right from their beds every winter night except Saturdays and Sundays; washed and opened the next morning *by hand*; every clam separately examined; then made immediately into

Campbells'
CLAM CHOWDER

No wonder it is deliciously pure and fresh. No wonder it is hearty and satisfying. The clams are cut small and plentifully included with salt pork, cubed potatoes, tomatoes, onions and fine herbs.

Some people add hot milk instead of water to make it even richer. This is a matter of taste. Either way, you'll declare you never ate a finer chowder. Be wise beforehand and order at least half-a-dozen.

"The prize of my flight
Is achieved when I light
A plate of fine soup
From that can"

21 kinds—10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail
Beef	Clam Chowder	Pea
Bouillon	Consomme	Pepper Pot
Celery	Julienne	Printanier
Chicken	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato	

Look for the red-and-white label

Car Owners—Car Dealers—Car Makers—all want the Grade Indicator

and they want it in combination with the

Splendid New Stewart Speedometer-Model B

Model B $50
Model B-1 $85
(Clock Combination)

Temperature Compensated

The Grade Indicator, an exclusive Stewart feature

The perfected product of the world's greatest speedometer factories

The technical press, engineers, trade and user, all agree that the *Grade Indicator* is the most important and most needed feature that has been combined with a speedometer. Just as essential as the odometer.

The Grade Indicator teaches a driver just what to expect and what not to expect from his car.

It tells him when to shift gears in climbing hills or steep grades.

It tells him what to reasonably expect from his car in the way of power and speed when ascending grades.

It tells him the proper spark position.

It tells him when he is straining and misusing his motor.

It tells him when he is really on a grade and prevents him blaming the car for want of power and speed.

It saves many an unjustified complaint and the need of many an ignition or carburetor adjustment.

Car makers agree that the grade indicator is very necessary for the intelligent operation of an automobile. For years many of them have, in their instruction books, recommended the purchase and use of such a device. They realize it will insure to the car owner better service from his car, more satisfaction and pleasure.

Many of them have now contracted to use Model B on their entire output for 1913. Dealers tell us that our big advertising campaign pointing out the advantages of a grade indicator will make it easy to sell cars equipped with the New Stewart Combination Speedometer and Grade Indicator, against competitive cars equipped with an ordinary speedometer.

It has been prophesied for this new instrument the greatest ***vogue*** ever attained by any speedometer. We are already convinced that in the very near future a speedometer without a grade indicator will be considered obsolete.

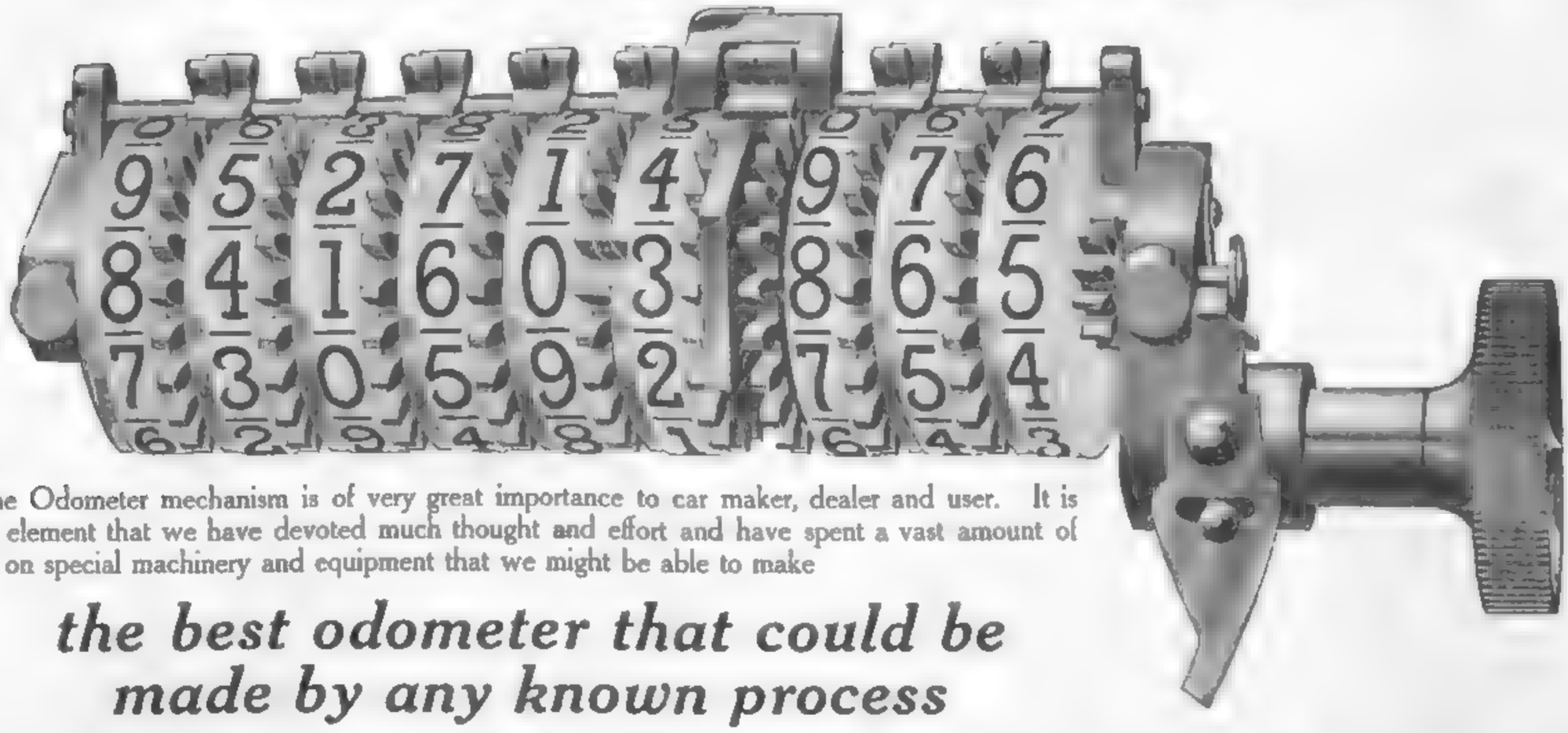
You can get one of these instruments with your 1913 car if you insist. Accept no other

Stewart & Clark Manufacturing Company

1910 Diversey Boulevard, Chicago

Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco, New York, Boston, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, London, Paris

The Stewart Odometer



The Odometer mechanism is of very great importance to car maker, dealer and user. It is on this element that we have devoted much thought and effort and have spent a vast amount of money on special machinery and equipment that we might be able to make

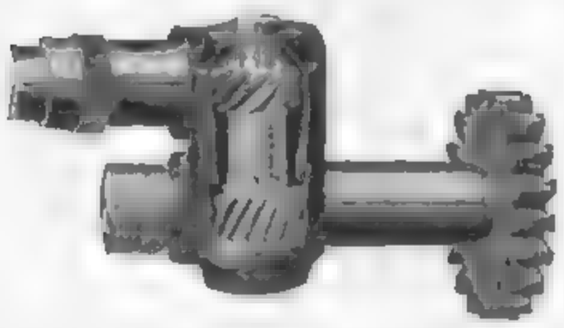
the best odometer that could be made by any known process

This new Odometer can be driven 2,000 miles per minute, for hours, days or weeks without noticeable wear. Not a spring or pawl in the entire mechanism, just a plain, hard bronze gear train, positively driven, each wheel positively locked into its proper position; no slipping of the dials, no failing to register the correct mileage, no lubrication required, no packing with lubricant, no grease to get out and discolor or make the dials unreadable. ***Not an ordinary cheap bicycle odometer or counter of soft metal with very small wheels, with very fine teeth and small figures, but a big, sturdy, costly mechanism that will run 10,000,000 miles and still be serviceable.***

The season odometer registers 100,000 miles and repeats. The trip odometer registers 100 miles and can be rapidly reset at any time to any tenth of a mile.

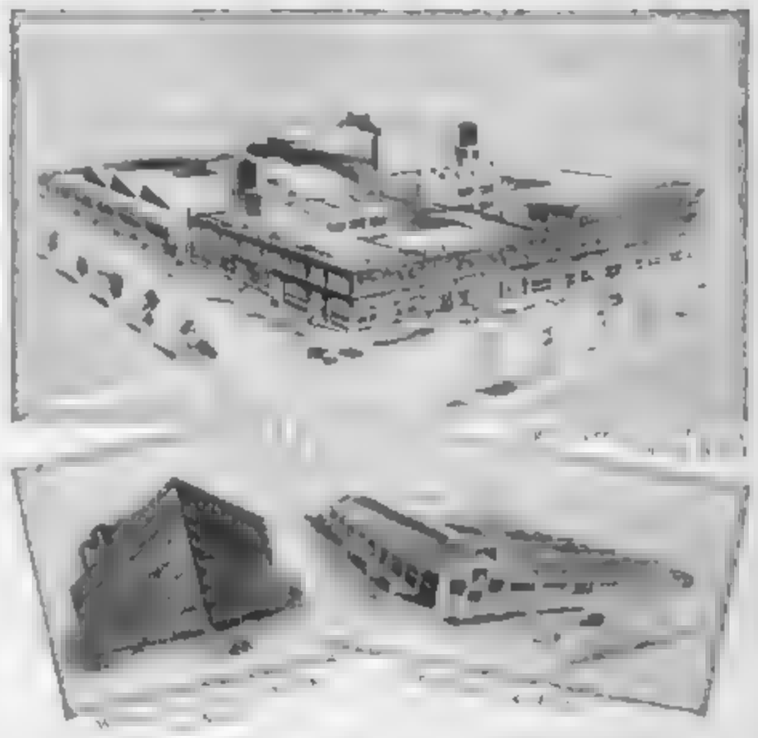
Of almost equal importance is

The Improved Stewart Drop Forged Swivel Joint—an exclusive feature



that can not be purchased with any other speedometer.

The swivel joint is called upon to bear a burden not imposed on any other part of the equipment. It should be the strongest part. Our experience has proven that the cast joint could not be expected to stand up under severe service. To get exactly right on this important matter, we built a new and modern drop forge plant, equipped with the latest and best machinery that money can buy. We now ***forge the swivel joint,*** machine them all over on automatic machines, harden and heat treat them.



They will outwear any car to which they are attached

The entire driving equipment is the best it is possible to produce.

The Flexible Shaft is unbreakable, made of three-quarter round steel wire, housed in a handsome brass casing. The steering arm fittings are of steel; once properly attached will hold rigidly in position during the life of the car. The road wheel gear is of heavy cast steel, teeth of broad profile that will not cut the driving pinion. ***This gear is positively noiseless.***

Nothing has been omitted, no expense has been spared that would enhance the value, utility, finish or appearance of this truly beautiful instrument.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

Stewart & Clark Manufacturing Company

1910 Diversey Boulevard, Chicago

Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco, New York, Boston, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, London, Paris

What Are You Doing With Your Spare Time?

"LOST—Yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, as they are gone forever."
—Horace Mann.

THIS is not a sermon; it's a *business proposition.* An opportunity to turn your spare time into cash. To prove to yourself that hours and minutes are really gold and diamonds.

The Oliver Typewriter, as you are aware, is sold through a vast Local Agency System which reaches even the smallest towns and villages throughout the United States and Canada.

Thousands of these Local Agents, part of the time, are engaged in other lines of activity. They devote an extra hour, now and then, to selling

The OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

And their annual earnings from sales thus made reach a total of huge proportions.

These alert, ambitious men know the secret of transmuting *spare time into gold.*

New Local Agencies Now Available

The Oliver Typewriter Local Agency System is being extended very rapidly.

New territory is being opened, and suitable men are found to take charge of it.

There are several hundred splendid openings. Many in small towns and villages.

At each of these points we are ready to turn over the *exclusive control* of all sales of new Oliver Typewriters to a responsible Local Agent.

Our Liberal Contract

Our Local Agency Contract is liberal in its terms. Protects your profits on sales.

Leaves you master of your own time.

Places before you strong inducements to do your level best. Pays you in proportion to *results.*

Oliver "$5 Offer" Aids Local Agents

Local Agents for The Oliver Typewriter are permitted to sell machines for an initial payment of $5—the balance payable at the rate of 17 cents a day.

This liberal Sales Plan applies to the very newest model—The Oliver Typewriter No. 5, the standard $100 machine, equipped with the famous Oliver Printype or with any other type desired.

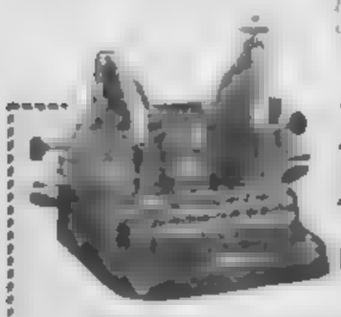
With this matchless machine, this "$5 offer," this superb new Printype type and the active co-operation of our direct expert Sales Force, do you wonder that Oliver Local Agents are making such wonderful records?

We know of no business opportunity which offers more *certainty of success* than The Oliver Typewriter Local Agency.

What do you think about it? If you want to make *more money,* write us.

We show the way.

Your request, on the Inquiry Coupon or by letter, will bring full details of our Local Agency Proposition.



Inquiry Coupon

The Oliver Typewriter Company
391 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago
Please send full particulars of
Local Agency Proposition

Name .....
Address .....

"FARMS" IN THE NATIONAL FORESTS

(Continued from Page 7)

the hands of three companies and two individuals, in holdings ranging from fifteen thousand to eighty-one thousand acres. The following is a list of the principal owners of this land ten years after its elimination:

	Acres
Milwaukee Land Company	81,630
James D. Lacey & Company	46,370
Edward Bradley	16,360
James W. Bradley	16,360
Weyerhaeuser Timber Company	15,560
Henry & Larson Land Company	[illegible]
Simpson Logging Company	[illegible]
E. K. Wood Lumber Company	10,670
Polson Logging Company	10,080
George F. Stone	[illegible]
Ruddock & McCarthy	[illegible]
Olean Land Company	[illegible]
Puget Mill and Timber Company	[illegible]
W. H. White Company	[illegible]
O'Neil Timber Company	[illegible]
Edward and Susan Lowe	[illegible]
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
Merrill & Ring Company	[illegible]
Union Lumber Company	[illegible]
C. C. Bloomfield et al.	[illegible]
Goodyear Land Company	[illegible]
George M. Burr	[illegible]
C. H. Davis	[illegible]
C. S. Burrows & Company	[illegible]
James Campbell	[illegible]
Mason County Logging Company	[illegible]
V. H. May	[illegible]
James McNaught	[illegible]
Lincoln Timber Company	[illegible]
Carsten & Earle	[illegible]
Total	[illegible]

The same result has followed eliminations from the Cabinet National Forest, Montana, in the valley of the Kootenai River, made under local pressure on the ground of agricultural value in 1906 and 1907. The Kootenai Valley, traversed by the main line of the Great Northern Railroad, is exceptionally accessible to the settler. Its soil and climate adapt its arable lands peculiarly to intensive and profitable agriculture and horticulture. An examination of these eliminations in 1909, however, showed that a very large percentage of the land opened to entry had been acquired by various concerns that were engaged in building up timber holdings for speculation.

Heavily timbered lands opened to entry under these conditions not only are taken up by speculators and acquired by timber corporations, but their use for agricultural purposes is effectively blocked for an indefinite period. Such lands, consolidated in large holdings, are held by lumber companies for the future supply of their mills. No settlement is possible until the timber is cut, which may be twenty-five years hence, and then only by the payment of such prices as the owner may require. If retained in the national forests, subject to the Forest Homestead Act, these lands might be secured without charge as rapidly as it was possible for the Forest Service to dispose of the timber.

Lumber Companies on the Lookout

The demand for agricultural land for bona-fide settlement and cultivation has probably been more intense in the Kootenai Valley, Montana, within the last three years than in any other national forest. The condition that is blocking the agricultural development of this remarkably fertile district is not the presence of the national forest; it is the presence of enormous holdings in the hands of lumber companies and of the Northern Pacific Railroad. These heavily timbered holdings are being reserved indefinitely for a rise in the price of timber or for future lumbering operations, as the business policy of the owners may dictate. In the mean time the settler cannot secure an acre of them. On the other hand, all the lands in the national forest that are chiefly valuable for agriculture are being cut off and opened to entry just as rapidly as this can be done.

This condition, which is typical of many portions of the Northwest, led the residents of the Kootenai Valley to petition, in 1909, that these lands be not eliminated from the national forest, as had been proposed previously, but that they be retained in the forest and opened to entry under the terms of the Forest Homestead Act. A similar position was taken by local residents and various commercial bodies in the vicinity of the Flathead and Blackfeet National Forests, Montana, who held "that the general opening to entry of the agricultural portions of those forests would retard the substantial, permanent development of that region by inviting locations for timber speculation rather than bona-fide settlers."

It is probable that two per cent of the net acreage of the national forests is heavily timbered land of arable soil. The standing timber on this land averages at least ten thousand feet an acre, with an average value of not less than two dollars a thousand feet. The minimum value of these lands today for their timber may thus be roughly put at sixty-seven million dollars. The opening of such areas to entry in their present condition would be nothing more or less than the grant of public timber worth sixty-seven million dollars to private corporations. Though made under the guise of homestead settlement, this action would be the most effective step the Government could take to retard the settling of these lands by people desiring homes and the actual use of the land for agriculture.

Too Big a Bonus

It is repeatedly urged that the settler needs the money represented by the timber standing on his claim to assist him in improving and developing the land. Even assuming that the individual homesteader rather than the lumber company would be the chief beneficiary of such a policy, it cannot be justified as a basis for administering public property. The Government offers the settler an unimproved farm of one hundred and sixty acres. The greater part of the lands entered under the Forest Homestead Act are worth, as the settler gets them, from five to fifteen dollars an acre. Should the Government add to a farm worth from twelve hundred to three thousand dollars in its raw state a bonus of ten thousand or twenty thousand dollars' worth of timber to aid in its development? Such a bonus represents a gift of public property that is practically equivalent to hard cash taken from the Federal Treasury through loss of the receipts which the timber on such lands would otherwise yield. Twenty-five per cent of it is money that otherwise would be paid into the county school and road funds, under the present law governing the disposition of revenues from the national forests.

Such a policy would carry the subsidizing of particular individuals and classes beyond the limits imposed by common-sense and by proper regard for the interests of all the people who must pay these amounts out of the general funds. Furthermore, it is against the spirit and intent of our entire homestead legislation. The homestead laws are based upon the principle that the Government will furnish the raw land, while the citizen will furnish the labor required to make it productive. It is not intended that the homesteader shall receive an endowed farm more valuable than the average farm in the Middle West today that represents the cumulative industry of two or three generations.

But—and this is the kernel of the whole question—the assumption that the timber patented to the entryman with the land will be used to develop it for agriculture is not true of the vast majority of claims. To accept it is blindly to ignore the one fact most convincingly established by the entire history of the public lands. Again, as in innumerable times in the past, the homesteader becomes under these conditions the man of straw set up by interests which seek public resources for speculation and monopoly. The forces that formerly sought to abolish the national forests outright now seek to break them up and parcel them out in the name of agricultural settlement.

The Forest Service constantly receives applications to enter lands that control valuable water-powers. Such tracts are located on reservoir and dam sites, at points required for the construction of power houses and on the routes of conduit lines. Some of these applications are made in good faith by persons ignorant of the

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value of the land for controlling the development of water-power or irrigation. In the usual case, however, the value of the site is fully known to the entryman, who wants the land for speculation, not for agriculture.

The Forest Service provides for the use of national forest water-power resources by a system of permits that allows development while retaining title to the Government, but it has declined to release lands wanted for water-power use on the ground that they are of agricultural character. Such lands are not chiefly valuable for agriculture. In comparison with their commercial value for power development they have but insignificant value for farming. A statement was recently made to the Forest Service by one of the water-power companies in California that it would be glad to pay for certain lands required in developing its plant five times as much as they were worth to anybody else for any other purpose. When the power market justifies the development of these sites it is not unreasonable to anticipate that they will be worth not less than one hundred dollars for each available horse-power. Many of the sites within the national forests control from one thousand to five thousand horse-power, giving a single site a prospective value of from one hundred thousand to five hundred thousand dollars.

Though many of these tracts are unquestionably suitable for agriculture, their opening to settlement could have but one result, namely, speculative entries for their future value for the development of hydro-electric power. As soon as legal title to such entries could be transferred they would be acquired by power companies. This has been done in the past in many parts of the West through homestead and preemption entries and mineral locations.

A homestead claim on a certain river in one of the national forests of Idaho, patented upon questionable compliance with the homestead laws, was sold to a power company immediately upon the issuance of final certificate. This is a typical instance of the efforts made by hydro-electric companies to acquire power sites and of the methods employed when such sites are opened to entry. There is no reason to assume that any different result would follow the segregation from the national forests of agricultural lands that control valuable sites of this character.

Such claims, furthermore, are not necessarily acquired by power companies for immediate development and use. In many instances the sole purpose is to control undeveloped power and prevent its passing into the hands of possible competitors. These sites will be held until the market permits the development and sale of the electric energy which they are capable of producing without affecting the prices paid by consumers. This is the avowed policy of many of the larger companies which control the sale of electric power in particular regions. The entry of such lands, therefore, in a majority of cases would result not only in checking agricultural development, but also in checking development of any kind for an indefinite period. It would simply strengthen monopolistic control of power resources in the hands of a few corporations.

A Monopoly of Water Rights

The monopolistic tendencies of the hydro-electric power companies through interlocking directorates and associated or subsidiary companies have been made evident in recent years. This monopoly will be extended and strengthened to the extent to which the control of additional power sites can be secured by acquiring national forest lands under the guise of homestead settlement, in many instances very small tracts of arable land along mountain streams being sufficient.

There are, roughly, twelve million horse-power capable of hydro-electric development in the national forests. Probably half of this amount is now under the complete control of the United States. That [illegible] half will have a minimum value, when marketable, of at least six hundred million dollars. The net result of legislation like that proposed by the Senate, as to agricultural lands which control these water powers, would be virtually an absolute grant of such powers to corporate ownership. To the extent to which the public ownership of water powers in the national forests is impaired by such grants, private monopoly of power will be strengthened. The ability of the Government to regulate or control such monopoly by ownership of the natural resources used will be correspondingly reduced. In many instances the wholesale segregation of agricultural lands now proposed would accomplish indirectly what the House of Representatives refused by a decisive vote to permit directly, when it rejected a bill to grant national forest lands to the Hydro-Electric Company of California last winter (H. R. 12572).

Strong pressure is brought upon the Forest Service to permit the private acquisition of other areas whose ownership would result in monopolistic control of other resources of great value. An excellent illustration is the effort to obtain control of watering holes in the semi-arid regions of the Southwest. The control of single water holes on many of the national forests carries with it the control of large adjacent areas of dry range, often twenty-five thousand or fifty thousand acres, which cannot be used unless the stock has access to the water. The practical effect would be to deprive all stock growers, except the entryman who acquires the water, of the use of the range. Many grazing monopolies have been developed in this manner on the public lands of the West, by the location of homestead and preëmption entries and even of mineral claims. This effort to monopolize range has continued since the creation of the national forests, by attempts to secure, under the Forest Homestead Act and by mineral locations, water holes as chiefly valuable for agriculture. A recent instance on the Kaibab National Forest, Arizona, has been brought to my attention, where mining claims were systematically located so as to control all of the stock-watering places in an enormous area of dry range. These have been patented and are now owned by a large cattle company. Little patches of land surrounding seeps and lakes in these regions are usually arable. The Nelson Amendment adopted by the Senate would require them to be opened to entry. Such entries would not be made for agricultural purposes, but for the monopolistic control of grazing lands.

Lakeside Entries

Many areas in the national forests possess great value to the public for summer camping-grounds and recreation. They may or may not be capable of cultivation. Their special value lies in the control of the use and enjoyment of natural features of the forests.

Four hundred thousand people annually resort to these mountain regions for recreation. Many areas on the shores of lakes and large streams, in sections of exceptional scenic beauty and in mountain meadows that afford the only pasturage for pack and saddle horses, serve their highest usefulness as camping-grounds for the public. The private control of such lands, permitting the collection of fees or tolls for uses now secured free from the Government, would be of no small value to entrymen. Many efforts have been made to secure tracts of this character under the Forest Homestead Act. Some are entirely unsuited by soil and climate for farming purposes; others are, in whole or in part, susceptible of cultivation. Powerful pressure has been used upon the Forest Service to throw open tracts on the shores of many of the principal lakes in the national forests, which include the best camping-grounds in the vicinity and largely control the use of the lakes themselves.

Fortunately there is no law that permits the private acquisition of lands of this sort that are not suited for agriculture. But even if their tillage is possible, the Forest Service has declined to open them to entry, when the result would be monopoly of camping and recreation grounds and the prevention of free enjoyment of these privileges by the public. Such lands are not wanted for agriculture. They are not chiefly valuable for agriculture, as the present law requires, because of the far greater service they are rendering to increasing numbers every year for recreation and health.

The amendment adopted by the Senate made the opening of such lands mandatory wherever cultivation is possible. The net result would be, not settlement, but the [illegible] monopoly by shrewd entrymen of valuable [illegible] now shared by the people at large. [illegible] tracts here and there must be used by the Forest Service in protecting and administering the national forests. These areas consist in part of stations where the field force is housed and forage produced as far as practicable for the horses, which must

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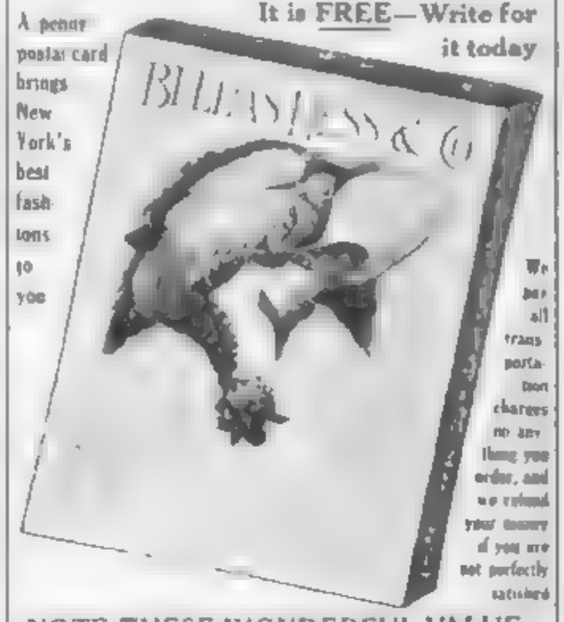

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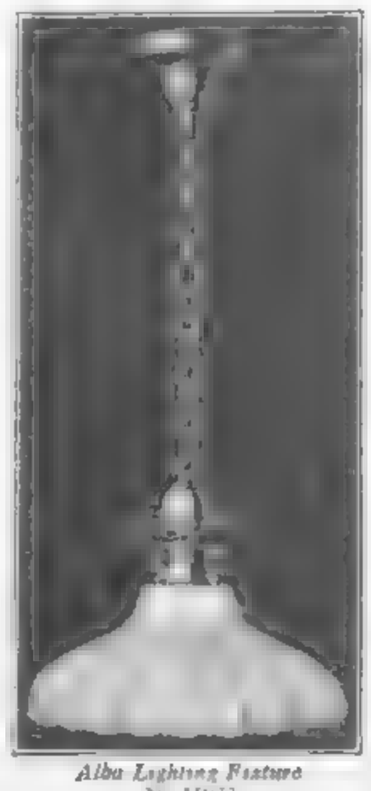

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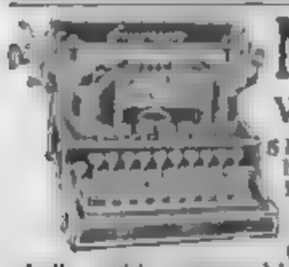

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be maintained by the Government for the protection of the forests and by rangers for their official duties. It is essential that the rangers be stationed on the forests directly where their work is to be done. The forests cannot be protected without placing rangers on them at strategic points. Over and over again fires that would have caused enormous damage have been extinguished promptly, because of the proximity of a well-located ranger's headquarters. Pastures and facilities for storing fire-fighting supplies are equally essential.

To administer the forests, rights of way for roads, trails and telephone lines must be retained. National forest timber cannot be utilized without sites for sawmills and banking-grounds. Land for all of these purposes is not only needed by the Government in protecting and administering the forests, but needed by the public in using them. Nurseries where young trees are grown for reforestation must be had. Thirty-one are now maintained, aside from a number of stations for collecting, extracting and storing forest tree seed. Without these facilities little or nothing can be done toward the reforestation of denuded lands. The areas now set aside for all administrative purposes average but one to each thirty-three thousand acres of national forest land. There is serious danger that the more intensive administration of the forests which the future will demand will find the Government inadequately equipped with sites for these essential needs. If any error has been committed, it is the release to settlers of too many tracts that will ultimately be required for public use.

Possibly fifty per cent of the ranger stations contain some arable land. Some twenty-five hundred of them have been improved—the headquarter stations with barns, cabins and fencing, and by clearing and cropping the land; the nurseries with water systems, intensive cultivation, fertilizing and suitable buildings; the patrol stations with lookout towers, cabins for storing fire-fighting tools and small pastures. Over two hundred and seventy thousand dollars have been expended for this equipment, which is absolutely essential to the maintenance and usefulness of the national forests.

What the Senate Proposed

Frequent efforts have been made to force the opening to entry of tracts selected and even improved by the Government for these purposes. Certain homesteaders not only want land but stipulate in the order that it shall be provided with a substantial house and barn, and that the rough work of clearing, fencing and raising the first unremunerative crops shall be done in advance. It has remained for the Senate to propose a law which if enacted would require that this entire equipment of land and improvements be given out of hand to the first applicants, wherever arable land is involved. More than this, the United States would be forever prohibited from reserving for its own use an acre of agricultural land within the national forests. Such action would paralyze the administration of the forests in practically every particular. It would be as reasonable to expect the city of New York to furnish efficient fire protection, while forbidding the use of a square foot of land within its borders for housing fire-fighting apparatus.

Nothing could indicate more clearly the purpose of the forces massed behind this latest attack upon the national forests. Men who thus propose to cripple their protection and administration have but one object in view—the breaking up of the forests altogether and the end of conservation as applied to these national resources.

The Forest Service is providing for the settlement of all land in the national forests that is more valuable for agriculture than for other uses and that is not required by the Government in administration. The systematic classification of such areas was begun in some of the northwestern forests two years ago. Such a classification, under the provisions of the Forest Homestead Act, has subsequently been extended into each of the six national forest districts. It is being prosecuted at the present time as rapidly as the funds made available by Congress will permit.

Under this classification areas that are essential for public purposes in the administration and protection of the national forests, areas that are chiefly valuable for the control of water powers and areas that are required for the general use of the public will be reserved. All other lands having value for agriculture will be opened to the homesteader. If their present value for timber greatly exceeds their value for farming and would invite speculation rather than bona-fide settlement and cultivation, the timber will be removed under sale at the earliest possible time and the land then opened for entry. This method has been followed on a number of national forests during the past two years. It has eliminated timber speculation and promoted substantial and permanent agricultural development.

Localities where homesteads have been entered under this plan stand out today in sharp contrast to regions where heavily timbered lands were entered by speculators prior to the creation of the national forests, and subsequently acquired and held by lumber interests.

This is the wisest and most logical method of segregating agricultural lands from the national forests. It is the only method that will insure the acquisition of such lands by settlers in good faith for agricultural use, and that will protect the public from monopoly of timber and power. It is my strong conviction that legislation on this subject should be in harmony with this policy and with the provisions of the Forest Homestead Act, which authorizes the Secretary of Agriculture to deal with the question in exactly this way.

Fallacies About Forest Lands

Legislation like that adopted by the Senate, on the other hand, would require the opening to homestead entry of lands primarily more valuable for other purposes than for agriculture. Such legislation would not help agricultural settlement in the West or American citizens who are seeking homes. However disguised under the alleged interests of the homebuilder, it is in effect a direct attack upon the fundamental policy of reserving national resources like timber and water power under public control, to be administered for the general welfare. It would throw these resources open to private speculation and monopoly. It would aid, not the homesteader, but the lumber company, the water-power company, the live-stock company, and many other large interests.

The enactment of such legislation will begin the breaking up of our remaining publicly owned national resources. The entire conservation policy is at stake. This should be thoroughly understood now by Congress and by the people.

Such a step should be taken deliberately and with full knowledge of its consequences. It should be for the people of the United States to choose whether they wish this backward step taken in the policy hitherto followed.

There are now three distinct and well-defined lines of attack on that policy. One is the demand that all the national holdings be parceled out as gifts to the several states. Another is the charge that the national forests are largely made up of lands that do not grow and cannot be made to grow a forest cover.

The third is the charge that they are largely agricultural. In 1911 dismemberment of the national forests was threatened by the Heyburn amendment to the Agricultural Appropriation Bill, which would have required all land not actually bearing at the present time four thousand feet of merchantable timber to the acre to be thrown out. In the present year, besides the agricultural lands amendment, legislation was proposed to hand over national forests to state ownership.

The net result of a long campaign of misrepresentations has been to create a belief not only that the forests are largely agricultural lands, but also that they are largely lands on which forestry cannot be practiced. This belief is now sufficiently general to make sudden legislation likely at any session of Congress.

In this way an amendment of far-reaching results could easily be passed, with little discussion and no real appreciation on the part of many voting for it of its true character and disastrous effects. The national forests are not blocking development. They are blocking speculation, short-sighted exploitation and spoliation of the people at large.

Planks looking to the overthrow of the national forest policy have been introduced into the platform of one of the great political parties. It is time for the public to recognize the facts in the situation.

MARY SMITH

(Continued from Page 5)

room—from a conference at which he had consolidated the haberdashery trade of the world—and sinking noiselessly upon a rich divan, while a beautiful woman in a dress of brown and tan, her hair slightly silvered, played to him through the twilight upon a grand piano, the only other sound in the great house being the softly murmurous voices of perfectly trained children being put to bed in a distant nursery upstairs.

"I like the stage too," she said. "Don't you?"

"You know! Did you see The Tinkle-Dingle Girl?"

"Yes. I liked it."

"It's a peach show." He spoke with warranted authority. During the university term just finished he had gone eight times to New York, and had enriched his critical perceptions of music and the drama by ten visits to The Tinkle-Dingle Girl, two of his excursions having fallen on matinée days. "Those big birds that played the comedy parts were funny birds, weren't they?"

"The tramp and the brewer? Yes. Awfully funny."

"We'll go lots to the theater!" He spoke eagerly and with superb simplicity, quite without consciousness that he was skipping much that would usually be thought necessarily intermediate. An enchanting vision engrossed his mind's eye. He saw himself night after night at The Tinkle-Dingle Girl, his lovely wife beside him—growing matronly, perhaps, but slenderly matronly—with a grace of years that only added to her beauty, and always wearing tan gloves and a brown veil.

The bewilderment of her expression was perhaps justified.

"What!"

At this he realized the import of what he had said and what, in a measure, it did assume. He became pinkish, then pink, then more pink; and so did she. Paralyzed, the blushing pair looked at each other throughout this duet in color, something like a glint of alarm beginning to show through the wide astonishment in her eyes; and with the perception of this he was assailed by an acute perturbation. He had spoken thoughtlessly, even hastily, he feared; he should have given her more time. Would she rise now with chilling dignity and leave him, it might be forever? Was he to lose her just when he had found her? He shuddered at the ghastly abyss of loneliness disclosed by the possibility. But this was only the darkest moment before a radiance that shot heavenward like the flaming javelins of an equatorial sunrise.

Her eyes lowered slowly till the long, brown lashes shadowed the rose-colored cheek and the fall of her glance came to rest upon the arms of their two chairs, where the edge of her coat sleeve just touched the knuckle of his little finger. Two people were passing in front of them; there was no one who could see; and with a lightning-swift impulse she turned her wrist and for a half second, while his heart stopped beating, touched all his fingers with her own, then as quickly withdrew her hand and turned as far away from him as the position of her chair permitted.

It was a caress of incredible brevity, and so fleeting, so airy, that it was little more than the touch of light itself, like the faint quick light from a flying star one might just glimpse on one's hand as it passed. But in our pleasant world important things have resulted from touches as evanescent as that. Nature has its uses for the ineffable.

Blazing with glory, dumb with rapture, Henry Millick Chester felt his heart rebound to its work, while his withheld breath upheaved in a gulp that half suffocated him. Thus, blinded by the revelation of the stupefying beauty of life, he sat through a heaven-stricken interval, and time was of no moment. Gradually he began to perceive, in the midst of the effulgence which surrounded the next chair like a bright mist, the adorable contour of a shoulder in a tan coat and the ravishing outline of a rosy cheek that belonged to this divine girl who was his.

By-and-by he became dreamily aware of other objects beyond that cheek and that shoulder, of a fat man and his fat wife on the opposite side of the car near the end. Unmistakably they were man and wife, but it seemed to Henry that they had no reason to be—such people had no right to be married. They had no obvious right to exist at all; certainly they had no right whatever to exist in that car. Their relation to each other had become a sickening commonplace, the bleakness of it as hideously evident as their overfed convexity. It was visible that they looked upon each other as inevitable nuisances that had to be tolerated. They were horrible. Had Love ever known these people? It was unthinkable! For lips such as theirs to have pronounced the name of the god would have been blasphemy; for those fat hands ever to have touched, desecration! Henry hated the despicable pair.

All at once his emotion changed: he did not hate them, he pitied them. From an immense height he looked down with compassion upon their wretched condition. He pitied everybody except himself and the roseate being beside him; they floated together upon a tiny golden cloud, alone in the vast sky at an immeasurable altitude above the squalid universe. A wave of pity for the rest of mankind flooded over him, but most of all he pitied that miserable, sodden, befleshed old married couple.

He was dimly aware of a change that came over these fat people, a strangeness; but he never did realize that at this crisis his eyes, fixed intently upon them and aided by his plastic countenance, had expressed his feelings and sentiments regarding them in the most lively and vivid way. For at the moment when the stout gentleman laid his paper down, preparatory to infuriated inquiry, both he and his wife were expunged from Henry's consciousness forever and were seen of him thenceforth no more than if they had been ether and no solid flesh. The exquisite girl had been pretending to pick a thread out of her left sleeve with her right hand—but now at last she leaned back in her chair and again turned her face partly toward Henry. Her under lip was caught in slightly beneath her upper teeth, as if she had been doing something that possibly she oughtn't to be doing, and though the pause in the conversation had been protracted—it is impossible to calculate how long—her charming features were still becomingly overspread with rose. She looked toward her rapt companion, not at him, and her eyes were preoccupied, tender and faintly embarrassed.

The pause continued.

He leaned a little closer to her. And he looked at her and looked at her and looked at her. At intervals his lips moved as if he were speaking, and yet he was thinking wordlessly. Leaning thus toward her, his gaze and attitude had all the intensity of one who watches a ninth-inning tie in the deciding game of a championship series. And as he looked and looked and looked, the fat man and his wife, quite unaware of their impalpability, also looked and looked and looked in grateful fascination.

"Did you ——" Henry Millick Chester finally spoke these words in a voice he had borrowed, evidently from a stranger, for it did not fit his throat and was so deep that it disappeared—it seemed to fall down a coal-hole and ended in a dusty choke. "Did you ——" he began again, two octaves higher, and immediately squeaked out. He said "Did you" five times before he subjugated the other two words.

"Did you—mean that?"

"What?" Her own voice was so low that he divined rather than heard what she said. He leaned even a little closer—and the fat man nudged his wife, who elbowed his thumb out of her side morbidly: she wasn't missing anything.

"Did you—did you mean that?"

"Mean what?"

"That!"

"I don't know what you mean."

"When you—when you—oh, you know'"

"No, I don't."

"When you—when you took my hand."

"I!"

With sudden, complete self-possession she turned quickly to face him, giving him a look of half-shocked, half-amused astonishment.

"When I took your hand?" she repeated incredulously. "What are you saying?"

"You—you know," he stammered. "A while ago when—when—you—you ——"

"I didn't do anything of the kind!" Impending indignation began to cloud the delicate face ominously. "Why in the world should I?"

"But you ——"

A Little Incident with a World Wide Meaning

Dear Sirs Please send me
some of your saw filing hints
and a catalog showing some
of your products.
P.S.
I sent to Germany for one
of the best saws they could
get and when it came it had
H. Disston Sons on it then
I laughed.
S.O. Wield
Amboy Minn.

THE first impression of this letter is one of amusement. Then its true and tremendous significance seizes upon the mind.

We could as well have quoted a similar letter that went to England and brought back a Disston Saw. There are other countries where saws are manufactured, but in them all the same recognition of the Disston Standard prevails.

Disston Supremacy is not only world-wide, but world-complete. It rests upon 72 years of progressive experience.

The demand for Disston Saws has penetrated by sheer merit, not only through every center of civilization, but to every remote saw-using settlement and camp on the earth's face.

The Disston Standard is everywhere held highest,
[illegible] and all her Colonies—in Canada, Australia, New [illegible] Tasmania, India,
[illegible], Russia, France, Austro-Hungary, and every [illegible], including Turkey and Greece,
[illegible] Egypt, and North, South, East and West Africa;
[illegible] Japan, Siam, Corea [illegible]
[illegible]

And in Brazil, Patagonia, the Argentine Club, Peru, all South and Central America and Mexico.

In these and innumerable smaller saw markets the term "Best" and the term "Disston" mean the same.

And above all is this true in our own United States.

Quality Tells

Disston makes not only saws for every known purpose, from the largest hand and circular saws to the smallest hand saws, but also a long list of tools for innumerable uses, for the shop, the farm, the home and the forest.

Sold by All Progressive Hardware Dealers

Henry Disston & Sons
Incorporated
Keystone Saw, Tool Steel and File Works
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

— DISSTON —
SAWS TOOLS FILES
SOLD BY ALL HARDWARE DEALERS

The Howard Watch

SIX hundred thousand Americans go abroad every year.

Once the American tourist preferred a foreign watch. Now he goes to Europe with a HOWARD bought here—or comes back with a HOWARD bought there.

He has an example in the ship's officer on the dock, who orders up the gang plank on *HOWARD time*.

You find more and more of the responsible men carrying HOWARD Watches.

The great railroads started it. The time inspectors of 180 American railroads have officially certified and adopted the HOWARD.

It is carried by leading technical men—by the heads of great industrial and commercial enterprises by scientists—by army and navy officers and government officials.

Many a man buys a HOWARD for the sheer pleasure of owning the watch that is so well spoken of by men whose opinion he respects.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch is *fixed* at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (*double roller*) in a Crescent *Extra* or Boss *Extra* gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel at $150—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at $350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U. S. Navy. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post-card, Dept. N, and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

Canadian Wholesale Depot: Lumsden Building, Toronto

Kenyon
Ken-reign
WEATHER-PROOFS
Reliable and built on smart lines
Of a quality that gives satisfaction under the most difficult requirements, a Ken-reign, by its every-day appearance often takes the place of two garments
For men and women at $5.00 to $15.00
Sold by reliable dealers everywhere

"I didn't!" She cut him off sharply. "I couldn't. Why, it wouldn't have been nice! What made you dream I would do a thing like that? How dare you imagine such things!"

At first dumfounded, then appalled, he took the long, swift, sickening descent from his golden cloud with his mouth open, but it snapped tight at the bump with which he struck the earth. He lay prone, dismayed, abject. The lovely witch could have made him believe anything; at least it is the fact that for a moment she made him believe he had imagined that angelic little caress; and perhaps it was the sight of his utter subjection that melted her. For she flashed upon him suddenly with a dazing smile, and then, blushing again but more deeply than before, her whole attitude admitting and yielding, she offered full and amazing confession, her delicious laugh rippling tremulously throughout every word of it.

"It must have been an accident—partly!"

"I love you!" he shouted.

The translucent fat man and his wife groped for each other feverishly, and a colored porter touched Henry Millick Chester on the shoulder.

"Be in Richmon' less'n fi' minutes now," said the porter. He tapped the youth's shoulder twice more; it is his office to awaken the rapt dreamer. "Richmon', In'iana, less'n fi' minutes now," he repeated more slowly.

Henry gave him a stunned and disheveled "What?"

"You get off Richmon', don't you?"

"What of it? We haven't passed Dayton yet."

"Yessuh, long 'go. Pass' Dayton eight-fifty. Be in Richmon' mighty quick now."

The porter appeared to be a malicious liar. Henry appealed pitifully to the girl.

"But we haven't passed Dayton?"

"Yes, just after you sat down by me. We stopped several minutes."

"Yessuh. Train don't stop no minutes in Richmon' though," said the porter with a hard laugh, waving his little broom at some outlying freight cars they were passing. "Gittin' in now. I got you' bag on platfawm."

"I don't want to be brushed," Henry said, almost sobbing. "For heaven's sake, get out!"

Porters expect anything. This one went away solemnly without even lifting his eyebrows.

The brakes were going on.

One class of railway tragedies is never recorded, though it is the most numerous of all and fills the longest list of heart-breaks; the statistics ignore it, yet no train ever leaves its shed, or moves, that is not party to it. It is time and overtime that the safety-device inventors should turn their best attention to it, so that the happy day may come at last when we shall see our common carriers equipped with something to prevent these lovers' partings.

The train began to slow down.

Henry Millick Chester got waveringly to his feet; she rose at the same time and stood beside him.

"I am no boy," he began, hardly knowing what he said, but automatically quoting a fragment from his forthcoming address to his father. "I have reached man's estate and I have met the only ——" He stopped short with an exclamation of horror. "You—you haven't even told me your name!"

"My name?" the girl said, a little startled.

"Yes! And your address!"

"I'm not on my way home now," she said. "I've been visiting in New York and I'm going to St. Louis to make another visit."

"But your name!"

She gave him an odd glance of mockery, a little troubled.

"You mightn't like my name!"

"Oh, please, please!"

"Besides, do you think it's quite proper for me to ——"

"Oh, please! To talk of that now! Please!" The train had stopped.

The glint of a sudden decision shone in the lovely eyes. "I'll write it for you so you won't forget."

She went quickly to the writing desk at the end of the compartment, he with her, the eyes of the fat man and his wife following them like two pairs of searchlights swung by the same mechanism.

"And where you live," urged Henry. "I shall write to you every day." He drew a long, deep breath and threw back his head. "Till the day—the day when I come for you."

"Don't look over my shoulder." She laughed shyly, wrote hurriedly upon a loose sheet, placed it in an envelope, sealed the envelope, and then, as he reached to take it, withheld it tantalizingly. "No. It's my name and where I live, but you can't have it yet. Not till you've promised not to open it until the train is clear out of the station."

Outside the window sounded the twice-repeated "Awll aboh-oh," and far ahead a fatal bell was clanging.

"I promise," he gulped.

"Then take it!"

With a strange, new-born masterfulness he made a sudden impetuous gesture and lifted both the precious envelope and the fingers that inclosed it to his lips. Then he turned and dashed to the forward end of the car where a porter remained untipped as Henry leaped from the already rapidly moving steps of the car to the ground. Instantly the wonderful girl was drawn past him, leaning and waving from the railed rear platform whither she had run for this farewell. And in the swift last look that they exchanged there was in her still flushing, lovely face a light of tenderness and of laughter, of kindness and of something like a fleeting regret.

The train gained momentum, skimming onward and away, the end of the observation car dwindling and condensing into itself like a magician's disappearing card, while a white handkerchief, waving from the platform, quickly became an infinitesimal shred of white—and then there was nothing. The girl was gone.

Probably Henry Millick Chester owes his life to the fact that there are no gates between the station building and the tracks at Richmond. For gates and a ticket-clipping official might have delayed Henry's father in the barely successful dash he made to drag from the path of a backing local a boy wholly lost to the outward world in a state of helpless puzzlement which already threatened to become permanent as he stared and stared at a sheet of railway notepaper whereon was written in a charming hand:

MARY SMITH
Chicago
Ill.

Flighty Impressions

EDWARD TILDEN, president of the National Packing Company, was born at Delavan Lake, Wisconsin, and owns a summer home there. A time ago, in celebration of his birthday, Mr. Tilden gave a picnic at his country place and invited every one for miles round to attend. Everybody came too.

Mr. Tilden had various sorts of entertainment for his boyhood friends, and one feature was flights in an airship by Jimmie Ward, the aviator.

An old Irishman who was there asked Mr. Tilden to introduce him to Ward.

"Begorry," he said to Ward, "young man, this is the first time I iver see anybuddy fly."

"Well," laughed Ward, "what do you think of it?"

"Faith," the old man replied, "I'm goin' on eighty year of age, but at that I'll bet I live longer than you do!"

A Treat for Creelman

WHEN James Creelman, the magazine editor, was the star man on the staff of the New York World and the highest salaried newspaper man in the town, he was assigned by Joseph Pulitzer to write a series of articles dealing with the East-Side gangs. Creelman's hunt for material led him into one of the toughest dives on the Bowery. He introduced himself to the proprietor as a reporter and asked a number of questions.

He was going away when the dive owner halted him and made a motion toward the cigar counter at the end of the bar, where two boxes of deadly looking five-cent goods reposed under a glass. Then a more generous impulse came to him and he stuck his hand into his pocket and dug out a quarter.

"'Ere young feller," he said to the astonished Creelman, "you look like a good guy—go buy yourself a couple of good cigars on me."

Feet Bones

Are You Unkind to Yours?

IF you put your feet into narrow, pointed, bone-bending shoes, the result is like that shown in X-ray photo above. Foot-bones treated as unkindly as these retaliate with corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, fallen arch, etc.

Educators are kind shoes. They "let the child's feet grow as they should"; they free the bent bones of grownups, giving kind relief; they banish ill feet. And they "look as good as they feel."

The name Educator is branded on the sole. If your dealer does not keep Educators write us for catalog, and we'll see that you get a pair. Prices from $1.35 for Infants' to $5 for Men's Specials.

We also make the famous *All America* and *Signet* shoes for men, and the *Mayfair* for women.

EDUCATOR SHOE
TRADE MARK REG

Lets the foot grow as it should

"Comfortable As an Old Shoe, Yet Proud to Pass a Mirror"

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It will save you expensive repair bills and the cost of several new sets of tires. Inject it into your tires now, today.

It is used and sold by all bicycle repairmen and dealers

Buffalo Specialty Co.
Buffalo, N.Y.

THE DEAR LITTLE BIRDS

(Continued from Page 10)

"This is Mrs. Dawes, of the Wakoma Court building committee," she stated. "How soon may we see the design for the new entrance gate?"

"I have a sketch now," he told her; "but if you wait until Friday I shall have a number of other drawings ready for you."

"Very well, then, I'll come in Friday," she easily agreed. "By-the-way, how are you coming on with the plans for Mrs. Blossom's and Mrs. Fleecer's bungalows?"

"Not at all," he crisply responded. "Mrs. Blossom and Mrs. Fleecer think that the new wall and roadway destroy the composition we had planned, and I heartily agree with them. They may not build at all, which would be a pity. In fact, I don't think they will, because they have given me peremptory orders to stop."

"That would be a pity," sincerely regretted Mrs. Dawes, and hung up the receiver in deep despair; for she felt that she knew the worst!

VIII

MRS. CLARA PIKYUNE received the name of Joe Adams with a distaste amounting to a menace, and she frowned upon her maid as sternly as if that guilty wretch had been the direct cause of his call.

She heard Mr. Adams take his feet down off something as she descended the stairs, and she found that gentleman with his soft hat crushed under his arm and his half-smoked stogie in his hand. He had put out the light with his heel on the stone steps.

"Good afternoon, ma'am," he greeted her, rising to his full gaunt height. "I couldn't find Bill Clark, and I thought I ought to put you in touch with the latest noise about your Wakoma Bend works."

"That's very kind of you," conceded Mrs. Pikyune, striving to grasp his meaning without asking any questions.

"Well, it isn't just because I'm a good fellow," he generously corrected her; "it's because I'm afraid we can't deliver the goods. Your agent, Clark, handed me a bunch of your money to split up among the county commissioners to pokethrough——"

"Wait just a moment," interrupted Mrs. Pikyune severely. "I do not quite gather what you mean; but if Mr. Clark gave you any money——"

"Ah, let's don't be fussy about that," Joe Adams kindly reassured her. "We got it, and we issued that permit for the change of the road; but you got to work fast."

"I don't understand," puzzled Mrs. Pikyune, deciding, after all, to ignore the impolite reference to money. "Won't your permit last until spring, when the road-making will be better?"

"No, it won't," he seriously advised. "By spring it will be a street, and so will the road round the bend that you want to make private, and the county won't have anything to say about it—that is, if the present frame-up works through."

"I don't see how it can be called a street," protested Mrs. Pikyune; "it's quite outside the city limits."

"They're going to take it in and build a street-car line out there if they get the public recreation park. I know a saloon-keeper that's already planning to put up a roadhouse just below the bend."

"What park do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Pikyune with a tightening feeling.

"A public picnic park where the bird farm used to be," he replied. "They may not land it, because the city council ain't just sure they can get the parties that own it to give it up, but if they do get it you're in good, because the suburbs will move right out in that direction and your Wakoma Bend property values will go straight up perpendicular. If you shove through your road right away and cut off the old one you might be able to make your private driveway stick."

"But if the city annexed that land it could, if it wished to do so, condemn that private drive for a street, even after we had cut it off," she sagely surmised.

"Sure," he acquiesced. "They can do anything they want to. Jim Fleecer is behind the improvement."

Mrs. Pikyune desired to know no more. When Joe Adams went down the walk he heard the two windows of the den open violently; also he heard the telephone bell ringing.

"Don't worry! It won't hurt the table. It's varnished with Valspar—the new varnish that liquids can't turn white!"

"Why, a cup of hot coffee on my table would ruin it."

VALENTINE'S
VALSPAR
"The Varnish That Won't Turn White"

Think what would happen to ordinary varnish on your table top if a cup of boiling coffee or tea were spilled over it.

You know it would be absolutely ruined.

One varnish will stand such a test unmarred. It is Valspar.

You can pour boiling water on a Valspar surface and *leave it there until it cools*—it won't hurt it a bit.

You can wash it freely with soap and water—the only effect will be to make the surface cleaner.

This proves that Valspar is *really waterproof*.

All other varnishes that we have tried, and we have tried hundreds, under such tests turn white and perish. Try the varnish you use.

Valspar is the best varnish for household use on floors, furniture, trim and fixtures of every kind. You can wash it without fear of having the surface turn white.

We guarantee that "on inside work Valspar will give twice the service of any other varnish made for that purpose and that on outside work it will outlast *any* other varnish."

For outdoor use on front doors, piazza floors and furniture, no other varnish is so satisfactory. Valspar dries with great rapidity and is hard over night. Rain and snow have no effect on its lustre and its durability is remarkable.

Valspar costs more than ordinary varnish, but *revarnishing costs more than Valspar.*

PRICES: Gallon Can $4.50; Half-Gallon $2.25; Quart $1.20; Pint 60c.

OUR $1,000.00 TEST

We want to send every reader a free two-ounce can of Valspar with metal testing panel. We want you to prove to your own satisfaction that every claim we make is true. After you have varnished the panel pour boiling water on the Valspar. Wash it with soap and water. Leave it immersed in water for a week, and if it turns white after any one or all of these tests, we will forfeit $1,000. Surely nothing could be fairer. Write to-day for this large sample

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I Want Some of

THE BLACK SHELLS

Here's a smokeless load of common sense about uniformity and driving power.

Our Non-Mercuric Primer contains neither ground glass nor mercury fulminate. Mercury is very heavy and glass very light. When these materials are mixed, the mercury sinks to the bottom, leaving the glass on top. Think of the difficulty of getting *uniform* primers from such a mixture.

Again, sure, hard shooting is impossible without quick and complete explosion of the main charge. This requires a *hot, large* flame from the primer. Glass absorbs 20% of the heat of explosion, thus cooling the flame. The materials used in our primer actually increase heat. Therefore, THE BLACK SHELLS are always uniform, quick, and of maximum driving power. You have to take a very slight "lead" on the bird or target, with no time-allowance between the pulling of the trigger and the discharge.

As to a *large* flame from the primer: In THE BLACK SHELLS, the Flash Passage (the hole in the head through which the flame from the primer reaches the charge) is 100% larger than usual. Practically all of the flame from the primer rushes into the main charge, practically none of it recoils useless and wasted.

Send for our book on the other modernisms in THE BLACK SHELLS—unequaled waterproofing, the hard, smooth crimping and our one-piece brass head.

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Portable Fireproof Garage

In successful use over 5 years

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Delivered anywhere East of Rocky Mountains

For Hot, Cold or Tender Feet, Bunions or Calloused Flesh

Absorbs the Perspiration of the Foot, Preventing Obnoxious Odors Arising from the Shoes

Cool In Summer — Warm In Winter

Can be Frequently Washed With Soap and Water Without Injury to the Insole.

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On either the 5 H. P. or 7 H. P. you may now have [illegible] style of drive preferred.

Speed 6 to 60 Miles Per Hour.

Yale Flexibility is based upon exclusive special features that are to be had in this motorcycle alone.

Among these are the original "jolt-killer" seat, 10% oversize tires, the Yale long stroke motor and extra wide fenders.

Write for catalog. Orders shipped same day [illegible]

CONSOLIDATED MFG. CO., 1702 Perrowood Ave., Toledo, Ohio

It was Mrs. Dawes who was on the wire.

"I have the most dreadful news!" exclaimed that lady. "Cordelia Blossom and Georgia Fleecer are going to give the Audubon Reservation to the city for a rowdy picnic ground! They've stopped work on the plans for their bungalows!"

"I know all about it," quietly acknowledged Mrs. Pikyune. "They threaten to take Wakoma Bend into the city and run a street-car line out there. I am told that Jim Fleecer is behind the movement, but his wife is behind him."

"What are we to do about it?" wailed Mrs. Dawes. "We can't give up the entire project without acknowledging a shameful defeat!"

"Certainly not," admitted Mrs. Pikyune, who possessed the almost extinct virtue of knowing when to accept a beating. "There is only one thing left to do. I must have a chat with Cordelia and find out where she really means to locate her recreation park. It may not be where we think."

IX

"MY DEAR, I was just coming to call on you," stated Mrs. Pikyune as pleasantly as a basket of roses. "You see I even had my bonnet on when your card was brought up."

"How fortunate that I have been so businesslike with my subscription list!" cooed Cordelia; "otherwise I might have missed you. I'm begging today, Mrs. Pikyune. I want a bandstand."

"A bandstand?" repeated Mrs. Pikyune with innocent surprise.

"It's for my new recreation park," explained Cordelia, scrutinizing Clara Pikyune sharply. Was it possible that Mrs. Dawes had not yet called up, or that Mr. Adams had not been there at three-thirty, as Jim Fleecer had arranged? "The poor people of the city haven't nearly enough places where they can go to enjoy the trees and the grass and the flowers and the fresh air, and I'm going to give them a large tract of woodland—that is, Georgia Fleecer and I are—where they can have picnics and swings and a carrousel and a bandstand and a dancing platform."

"You're a dear, thoughtful child!" enthusiastically complimented Mrs. Pikyune, the three creases in her cheeks deepening as she smiled. "Of course I will furnish a bandstand for such a delightful project, and gladly! If you haven't your committee on management already made up I should be so pleased to assist."

"Oh, will you?" exclaimed Cordelia gratefully, certain now that Mrs. Dawes and Mr. Adams had been punctual. "I have been dying to ask you to do so, but I dreaded to meet with a refusal, for I know you have such an important social program."

"It isn't so very heavy just now," Mrs. Pikyune smilingly assured her. "In fact, I'm just beginning to attend to my normal existence. As part of that I was on my way to see you this afternoon, to congratulate you on being able to secure the land to join our Wakoma Court. You know I sent Mrs. Dawes to you to beg you to do so."

"That was so dear of you!" cooed Cordelia. "Of course I took the suggestion and became immediately active. After all, however, it was only by a fortunate train of coincidences that we were able to secure the beautiful Audubon Reservation. By-the-way, if you are somewhat crowded on the bend we can spare enough ground for a club house in a very commanding position up a little way on a hill facing the inward sweep of the river. It's almost a lake there."

"I knew you wouldn't be selfish," admired Mrs. Pikyune. "We shall have a veritable paradise out there, if only the city does not annex the bend and cut off our liberty."

"I can give you all the comfort you want about that," laughed Cordelia. "The project has been given up entirely. Of course I haven't much influence with the mayor's office, but, so long as I have even the least little bit, I would fight with all my might to preserve our beautiful private driveway. Have you surveyed the route of the main-road cut-off yet?"

Clara Pikyune blinked.

"Oh, no," she nevertheless replied. "We have only secured permission to make one, and we can put it where we like."

"That's what I understood," responded Cordelia. "I've been studying a map, and a beautiful winding public road could be made right from above the former Audubon Reservation and around back of it to the marsh road just below the bend, giving us a private drive along the entire bank of the only attractive portion of the Wakoma."

"Just what we prayed for!" exulted Mrs. Pikyune. "You're making the Wakoma Court Club the most delightfully provided organization of the sort in the country! By-the-way, Cordelia, I just happened to remember that we've all been so busy we haven't enrolled you on the club roster."

"Yes, Georgia Fleecer and I were mentioning that last night," said Cordelia; "but, of course, it's only a mere matter of form. Georgia had a very clever idea about the club. She suggests that it's so ordinary for organizations of this sort to have a president and vice-president, and so on, therefore why not be distinctive and just have a hired secretary and general manager? Don't you think it a stunningly clever idea?"

Mrs. Clara Pikyune swallowed.

"Splendid!" she agreed, and Cordelia was nice enough to ignore her lack of heartiness. "We'll take that up at the next meeting. It will save everybody a lot of bother, I'm sure. By-the-way, dear, don't forget to sign the club roster before you leave. I'll take it right over to Mrs. Fleecer and get her signature, and then the club is filled. I'm so very forgetful."

"Hardly that," denied Cordelia; "you're simply busy. Your entertainments are such thoughtfully planned affairs that you are a marvel to me in the number of things you do not forget."

For a moment Mrs. Pikyune looked at her dubiously, and then she smiled.

"I have a way of systematizing things," she replied. "For instance, my reception and dinner for Lord and Lady Barncastle, a week from tomorrow, will be attended only by the members of the Wakoma Court Club. I do hope you and Mrs. Fleecer will have nothing to interfere."

X

TWO evenings later Colonel Watterson Blossom came home to dinner in a frozen-backed state of indignation.

"Cordelia, I am sick of the rottenness of public affairs!" he said. "It seems to me that every worthy enterprise, especially if it is one intended solely and unselfishly for the public good, is surrounded by greed and graft and finally throttled by them!"

"Why, Watt!" exclaimed the sympathetic Cordelia. "What on earth have they been doing now?"

"It is a personal matter this time," explained the last of the Blossoms, his white goatee sticking stiffly forward. "Whatever you wish, my dear, is my loftiest ambition, and I am determined to discover and call to account the people who have blocked your public recreation park philanthropy!"

"Oh, they can't have done that!" she protested.

"But they have!" he insisted. "I have, of course, been cautiously secret about it, as you so modestly directed; but I have been active, and I find that, in spite of their apparent willingness two days ago, the traction company now positively refuses to run a branch line out to Wakoma Bend! So, of course, that tract will not even be taken into the city."

"I am not surprised," Cordelia calmly returned. "I didn't think they would look on it as a paying investment, so I didn't build up too much hope on it."

"The street-car company had nothing to do with the decision!" responded the Colonel, his chest puffed with protest. "I am informed on excellent authority that Jim Fleecer is back of the whole interference!"

Cordelia repressed a smile.

"I'll wager he was!" she agreed. "How nice of him! Why, Watt, I just know he did that for Georgia and me! We were saying, only the other night, that our Wakoma Bend park wasn't a good plan after all, because it would bring such a noisy crowd right across the river from the birds, which we had done so much to protect. Naturally Georgia told Mr. Fleecer, and he went right out and stopped things for us, just as you would," and she patted the Colonel approvingly on the cheek.

"But the recreation park?" he worried, clasping the hand which had patted him. "That was a noble plan, Cordelia, and quite worthy of you. I sincerely trust that it has not been destroyed!"

"Certainly not!" she laughingly reassured him. "Don't we succeed in everything we set out to do? The public is to have its free recreation park just the same."

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Where?"

"Out at Mimewansett!"

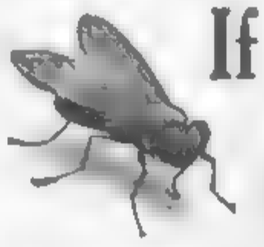
MAGAZINE MEN

Playwrights and Workwrights Off and On Duty

Left to Right: Paul Kester, Vaughan Kester and Paul Wilstach. Paul Kester Dramatized The Cavalier, Dorothy Vernon, et cetera. Vaughan Kester Was the Author of The Prodigal Judge. Paul Wilstach Wrote the Life of Richard Mansfield and the Play Thais

Joseph C. Lincoln, Who Specializes in Cape Cod Fiction

Will Irwin and Samuel Hopkins Adams at Their Bachelor Quarters in Washington Square, New York



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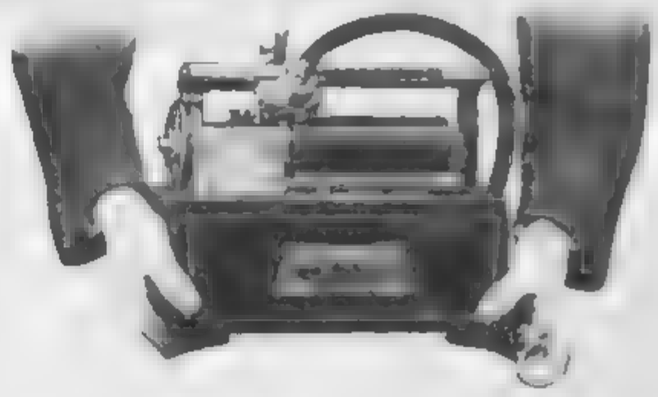

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In ten cent tins; also in twenty-five cent tins.

A Famous Sweet

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THE ADVENTURES OF ANASTASIUS

(Continued from Page 18

either of us had any such object in view in seeking this interview."

"Oh, come," said Loftus, "let me write you a check for fifty pounds now, and you can deliver the copies as soon as they are published. You have done your part—let me do mine."

"Even at the risk of offending you, Mr. Loftus," said Anastasius firmly, "I must decline. No doubt you will think our scruples ridiculous; but both Mr. O'Shaughnessy and myself have decided that merit and merit alone shall be the passport to the eulogiums of The Hour. And we hope to be able to declare, on our honor as journalists, that on no occasion has any consideration ever been given for the appearance of any of our portraits of celebrities."

Taken aback by this expression of journalistic virtue, Jeremiah Loftus looked for a moment or two supremely uncomfortable. Anastasius hastened to relieve the strain.

"There is one thing you might do for which we should be still more grateful: With so large an application for shares in Loftus Limited there is small possibility of O'Shaughnessy and myself obtaining an allotment—and yet there is nothing in which we should so like to invest our little savings. Now, if you would initial an application form ——"

Loftus jumped at the suggestion.

"With pleasure, Mr. Yorke. It is indeed a compliment that you should wish to put your money into a business under my management. May I ask how much you wish to invest?"

"I'm afraid five hundred pounds is the utmost we can scrape together," remarked Anastasius, disregarding the warning pencil which was being waved at him by O'Shaughnessy.

"It is fortunate that you asked me today," said Loftus, "or you would have been too late, for the letters of allotment will be posted tomorrow. As it is, I think I had better give you a note to the secretary of the new company." He turned to his desk and scribbled rapidly, dried the note on his blotting pad and handed it to Anastasius. The note was as follows:

"*Dear Pringle:* A friend of mine, Mr. Yorke, wishes to subscribe for five hundred shares in Loftus Limited. Will you see that he gets a full allotment?

"Yours,

"JEREMIAH LOFTUS."

"Thank you very much indeed," said Anastasius.

"I will send a messenger with you to the secretary's room," said Loftus as, rising from his seat, he made an excursion in the direction of the artist; but if his object had been a glance at the sketch it was taken in vain, for O'Shaughnessy, rapidly reversing the sheet, met him with:

"No ye don't, me boy; until I've put on the finishing touches in me studio ye won't see what an elegant ruffian I've made of ye!"

The messenger made his appearance and, with mutual compliments, the superdraper and his visitors parted. As they followed the messenger, Anastasius said nothing; but as they paused in the anteroom to the secretary's office he took Loftus' note and rapidly made an alteration in the figures; so that when he presented it a few minutes later it read as a recommendation for an allotment of fifteen thousand shares instead of five hundred.

The secretary read the note and wondered; but there seemed no reason to doubt its genuineness, for the person who presented it had come directly from the presence of the head of the firm.

"Of course you know applications ought to have been sent through the bank!" he remarked.

"Really, I have very little knowledge of business," replied Anastasius innocently; "but I suppose if I give you a check for the first installment you will see that I duly get my shares."

"I think I can guarantee that," the secretary replied.

Anastasius took a checkbook from his pocket.

"It's half a crown on application, isn't it?" he asked.

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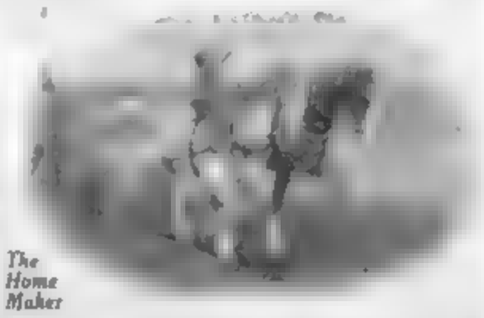

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"And seven shillings sixpence on allotment, the balance in two calls of five shillings—at a month's interval," said the secretary.

Anastasius handed over a check for eighteen hundred and seventy-five pounds and departed. O'Shaughnessy followed him, with bewilderment plainly expressed on his features.

"Sure, ye've taken me out of my depth altogether!" he remarked when he and Anastasius stepped on to the street. "Why did ye refuse Jeremiah's offer to buy fifty pounds' worth of Hours and, instead, pay him a mint of money for shares in his silly drapery business?"

"The answer to that question you shall learn two months hence," replied Anastasius oracularly. "Meanwhile, on second thoughts, I don't think I'll go on with The Hour scheme—at least, not just yet."

"Then why ——" began O'Shaughnessy.

"I'm awfully obliged to you for introducing me to Loftus," interrupted Anastasius. "He is a most interesting study; and, by the way, if you don't want to keep that sketch of him, I think I know somebody who would spring a fiver for it, so that your afternoon will not be wasted."

"Sure, if it's a friend of Jeremiah's I'm not so certain," grunted the artist; and when Anastasius looked at the work he was disposed to agree with him. Nevertheless he took the drawing back to his office.

That picture, neatly framed, is one of Anastasius Yorke's most treasured possessions. It hangs on the wall over his desk, with the cryptic inscription beneath it: The Man of the Hour! The head is the head of Jeremiah Loftus, but not as seen by the ordinary eye. It is swelled out of all proportion to the body and every line expresses smug self-satisfaction. For body, the head is provided with a reel of cotton, fully wound.

It is not the excellence of the caricature, however, that endears the drawing to Anastasius. It is a reminder of one of his most successful coups. The morning following the interview with Jeremiah Loftus there came to him duly an allotment note for fifteen thousand shares in Loftus Limited. An inquiry on the telephone revealed to him that the shares were being dealt in at two and one-eighth buyers. He promptly sold; and it was just two months later, on completion of the special settlement, that he realized the reward of his astuteness and found that by his deal he had, in round figures, realized fifteen thousand pounds clear profit.

The same evening he made his way to Grove's for the first time since O'Shaughnessy had given him the introduction which had turned out so profitably. The artist was in his usual seat, entertaining two companions with a lively invective of things in general. He welcomed Anastasius, however, with cordiality; but he made no mention of their last meeting. Nor did Anastasius until they were alone.

"You have not forgotten our interview with Mr. Jeremiah Loftus?" Anastasius asked when, satiated with rhetoric, O'Shaughnessy's companions departed.

"Faith, I met the gentleman this very day, and he was asking me how it was he had never been able to obtain a copy of The Hour at the bookstalls," replied O'Shaughnessy; "and I told him 'twas the fault of the printers, who wouldn't go to press with the paper until they had their dirty money in advance. Sure, it was a sorrowful hour for all of us, I told him."

Anastasius laughed before he replied:

"I've something here that should serve to dissipate the sorrowful recollection." From a letter-case he took a narrow slip of paper and spread it out before the artist's eyes.

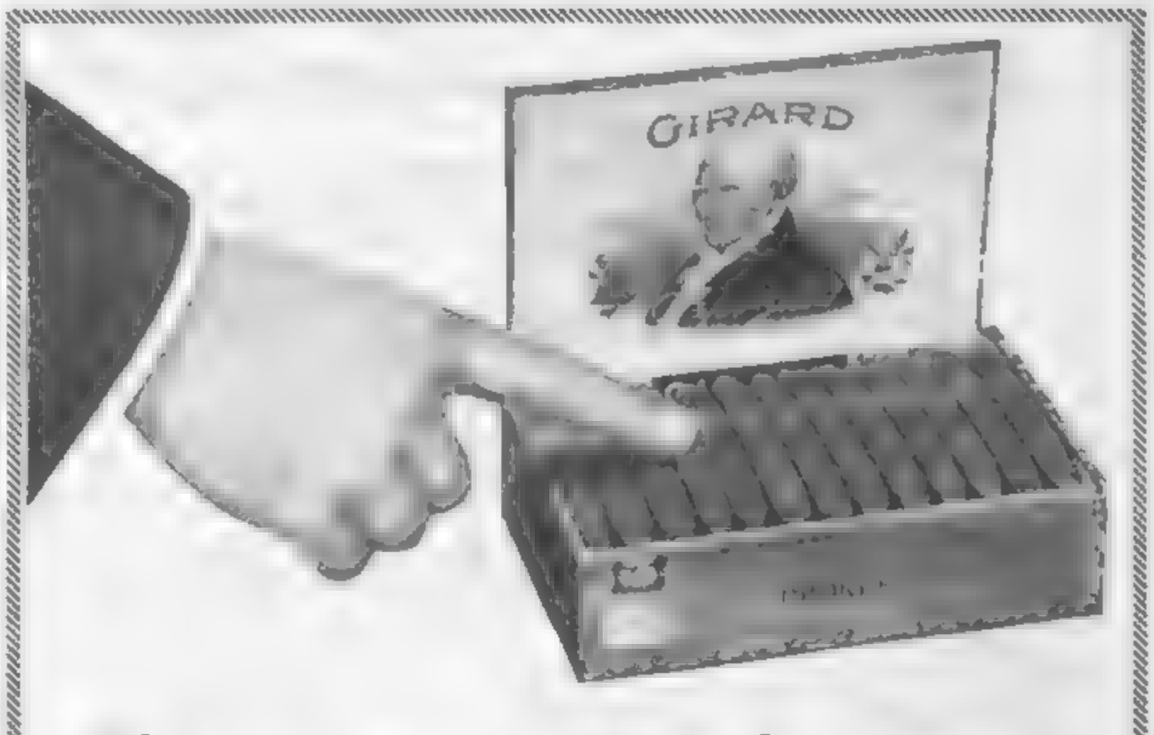
O'Shaughnessy gasped.

"What are ye playing at now, me little actor man?" he asked. "Dazzling me eyes with a check for a thousand pounds!"

"Your share of the profits of our interview with the Man of the Hour," replied Anastasius. "Did I not tell you that it would prove a golden Hour for both of us?"

He did not, however, confide to the Irishman the full extent to which he had himself benefited by his deal in the shares of Loftus Limited. In his book of aphorisms there was one to which he paid great heed. It was this: "Where the honey is, there will the flies be gathered together." Anastasius had no use for flies.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by G. Sidney Paternoster. The fifth will appear in an early issue.



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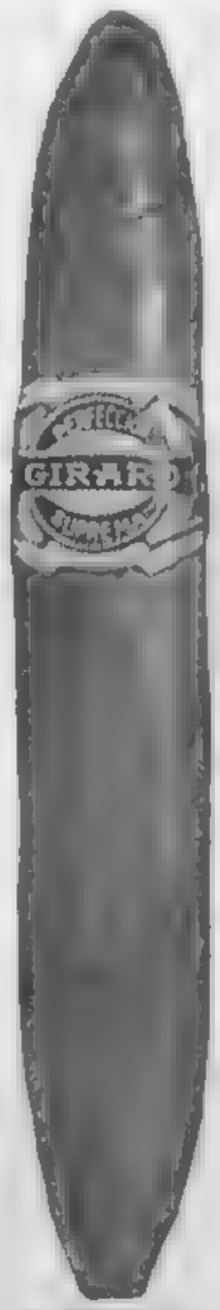

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SILVERSIDE

(Continued from Page 21)

get the fellow by the throat, then tore him off and drove his head against the head of another, who was reaching for my knees.

Looking back, I see that I should have shouted, yelled with all my lungs, for we were surrounded by wattle huts, and the Fiji folk are brave and warlike and hate the Chinese. But in the heat of the fight I never thought of crying out. I needed all my breath to dispose of my assailants, and so fought on in silence, for never a sound came from the coolies.

It was quickly over—too quickly for credit to a man of my bone and sinew and a trained athlete. Afterward I saw that I should have leaped clear and got at them singly or in twos and threes, not *en masse*. But at the time the reek of their sweating, stinking bodies and the persistence of their gripping fingers sent me into a sort of fury, and I stood fast with feet planted and legs braced, tearing them off and slamming them down as they gripped me. If I had worn leather shoes I might have fought my way clear even then, but my feet were in canvas deck sandals, and I did not try to use them. Worst of all, the coolies, after the first rush, were almost too close to strike, and although I got in a few jabs with my fists, they were shoves rather than blows. And then suddenly one of the devils got me by an ankle, jerked my foot from under me, and I was down with the pack on top of me. Before you could count seven they had my ankles bound, arms wrenched back, and I was rolled over with my face ground in the sand, while they got a lashing between my elbows and another round my wrists. A dozen hands, as it seemed, were in my hair, on my ears, and I felt my neck creak as they twisted round my head. Then some foul rag was crammed into my mouth, sand and all, and knotted at the back of my head. The next second they had me up from the ground, swaying off on a swinging trot down the beach.

Now my father was a clergyman and a missionary, and his father was a clergyman and a doctor, and no doubt his father—who was, I believe, a farmer—was also a lay brother or deacon or something of the sort. My mother's family, a good old Puritan stock, were similarly gifted, and all were no doubt intolerant of ungodly neighbors and strong for the poor benighted heathen. If these virtuous ancestors of mine, sleeping peacefully in old New England graveyards, could have heard the curses that were being strangled in my throat as my dear oriental brothers scurried down the beach they might have understood that although you may dam a stream for a long time, the water will one day run over.

The coolies went forward swiftly with that peculiar swinging walk that is almost a run, their bodies working from the hips. Three of them had me, one under the arms, one by the belt and another by the feet. At the end of the lane they struck off diagonally across the beach, and presently we came to a big sampan that was hauled up clear of the wash, with two men guarding it.

Silverside was thrown aboard like a sack of grain, and I heard his head strike a thwart as he fell. My own treatment was more gentle, for they sat me in the stern sheets, then tumbled aboard and grabbed up their jointed oars. Once clear of the beach a lugsail was run up, and as the breeze had freshened just before the dawn we were soon gliding swiftly out with a ripple under the bow.

We were getting well offshore when suddenly I saw a dark blotch against the starlit sky, now beginning to pale, with a smaller mass behind it. A thin cry quavered across the water and was answered by the man who had the steering sweep of the sampan. I made out a black mass on the water, and a moment later discovered it to be a big, heavy yawl-rigged vessel lying at anchor, with main and mizzensails set and her cable hove short. We ran past, then rounded under her stern, and as we did so the sweet land breeze became suddenly tainted with a filthy, putrid odor. I knew the smell and realized that the vessel was a pearl fisher.

The sampan shot alongside and the coolies were up over the rail like so many apes. Silverside, still unconscious—or dead, for all I knew—was passed up swiftly and dropped on deck. Then a couple of jigs came dangling down, were quickly hooked into the beckets in the bow and stern transoms of the sampan and she was

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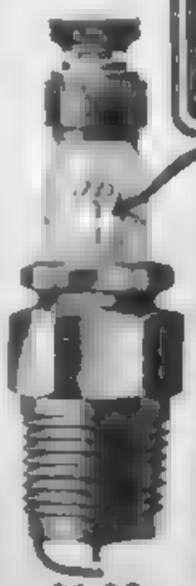

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hoisted aboard with me still lying in the bottom, my shoulders against the stern sheets. As she landed on the deck of the yawl the tall Mongolian, who appeared to be the captain, stepped up and slipped off the gag.

"S'pose you shut up, no get hurt," said he with a mildness of tone that surprised me. "Make lil' noise, get neck cut." And he drew his finger across his throat.

"I keep quiet," I answered. "Suppose you cast off my hands. Not feel very good."

He hesitated, then with a savage grin whipped out his knife, shoved me over by one shoulder and drew the edge of his blade across the lashing. Next he cut the cords that bound my ankles.

"No be dam' fool tly swim asha'," said he. "Plenty shock—shark—here. He veily hungly. Me no care!" And he walked away forward, leaving me still sitting in the sampan. The coolies had jumped from the whips to the windlass and the anchor was already broken out, and while some of the crew hove it home others ran up the jib and forestaysail, when the bows of the heavy, sluggish tub began to fall off and we stood out to sea.

I climbed stiffly out of the sampan and stood for a moment clinging to her gunnel, for my feet had lost all sensation from the tightness of the cords that had bound them. The crew were trooping aft to secure the sampan for sea, and as I stepped out of their way I almost stumbled over the body of Silverside, who was still lying where he had been thrown. Nobody paid the slightest attention to me, so I took Silverside by the shoulders and dragged him amidships clear of the mainsheet, for we were square off before the wind and if the mainsail had jibed the man's body might have been caught in a bight of the sheetrope, when he could easily have been killed or badly mutilated. Nobody appeared to notice the act, so I leaned down and felt for his pulse. At first my numbed fingers were unable to feel the slightest flicker, but on pressing the carotid I got a faint throb. Also on laying my hand on his chest I found that he was breathing.

"He no dead," said a guttural voice over my shoulder. "Got plenty opium. Bimeby I fix 'im."

Looking up, I saw the captain stooping over us. He seemed friendly enough, so I asked him where we were going and why he had taken me.

"S'pose I leave you asha'," said he. "Make plenty fuss, w'at? You plenty fool; no fight no get shanghai. You fight plenty good. Knock um coolie galley west!" And he gave a chuckle. After the blow I had landed on his chest he had himself taken no part in the scuffle, or my treatment might have been different. "We go find 'im piecy pearl. He know," and he gave Silverside a prod with his sandaled foot. "Him plenty bad man. You likee dlink?"

"Yes," I answered.

"All light; hab got," and he went aft and disappeared down the companionway, presently to return with a bottle of lager beer. I had wanted no more than a drink of water, for my throat was parched and my mouth still gritty from sand, with the lingering taste of the foul rag which had been stuffed into it. But here was an apparently friendly act and one not to be despised; so I thanked him, thumbed open the stopper and drank, first rinsing out my mouth.

But if the captain was inclined to be well disposed to me, certainly he had no such sentiment toward the drugged wretch at our feet. Leaning down he first shook Silverside violently, then slapped him several times on either side of the face. Silverside groaned and went limp again.

"It is no use," said I. Then, relapsing into pidgin English, "S'pose he wake up? Too plenty opium. No savvy nothing."

He nodded. "No hully," said he. "Wake up bimeby. You like go below?"

"Yes. Plenty sleepy."

"Come on."

He led me to the companionway and below. The cabin was close, foul-smelling and littered with diving apparatus. There were four bunks, two of them filled with helmets, hose and other paraphernalia. The third had a mattress, over which was a grass sleeping mat, and the fourth was the receptacle for a spare sail.

"I'll sleep here," said I, and, utterly exhausted, tumbled in on the sail and was almost instantly asleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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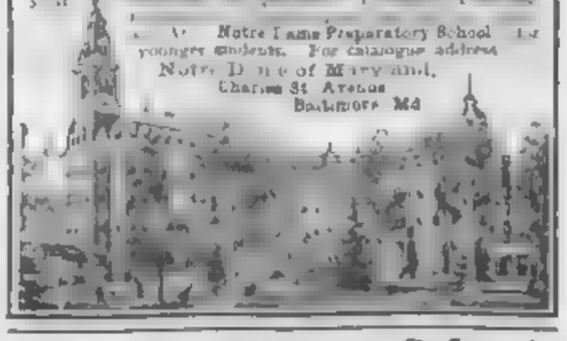

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Look for the name PARIS on every garter

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THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN

(Continued from Page 13)

"A creature I had to dismiss for impertinence," said Miss Evans suavely. "You may be here tomorrow at a quarter to nine, Sheelagh."

When Sheelagh arrived next morning at the Sarah Evans establishment she saw nothing resembling a school. There was a room divided by wooden and burlap screens into various little cubbyholes, some of which were furnished with washbasins and chairs, and others with tables and chairs. There was accommodation for perhaps twelve persons and there were that many practitioners, including Miss Evans. In a room adjoining were two or three women who were busy making the Sarah Evans preparations, which consisted of bath oil, skinfood, cleansing cream, bleach, astringent wash, face powder, rouge, lip salve and eyebrow darkener. Miss Evans refused, thereby somehow conveying a heavy morality, to make or sell hair-dye.

Sheelagh's notion of a school vaguely embraced something connected with desks and copybooks. She certainly supposed that she was going to be taught something in an orderly way. No one seemed to pay the least attention to her suppositions. She was kept busy bringing fresh towels, wiping up washbasins, emptying wastebaskets, answering the telephone and running numerous errands. For the first two or three days she felt no sense of criticism. In the first place, she had annoyed Miss Evans by saying "Hello!" at the telephone instead of "Yes," and the consequent reproach upon her uncouthness subdued her spirit for a time. Then it took a little time for her to become adjusted to her surroundings. It cowed her that she was of so little importance—that none of the girls took any trouble to be kind to her. They would speak to their customers or to Miss Evans in the sweetest of tones and then turn to her a blank, stony face and ask for more melted soap. At noon those who were free to lunch did so, with no word of invitation to her. She ate when she could, certain to be interrupted several times.

Sheelagh bore this for more than a week, and that was longer than she would have stood it if she had not been quietly studying the theoretical side of her business. She would stand behind a girl who was massaging a customer and watch the order in which she put on the preparations, and the motions of her hands. In the same way she would study the processes of manicuring and shampooing. She had to do it all piecemeal, and it took her a week to be sure of herself; but at the end of that time she was letter-perfect. Meantime she had been picking up some of the stock jargon of the girls.

The Tricks of Her Trade

"Oh, no, madam; if you move your fingers this way and not that you will break down the tissues and deepen the wrinkles."

"Your skin is very sensitive; you must use more skinfood."

"Yes, indeed; I take facial massage myself—that is why my skin is so good. Some people improve more quickly than others, madam; but I can see a marked improvement in you already."

"Your hair demands light brushing, madam—not heavy brushing."

She listened to a good deal of that talk and some of it she put down in a notebook. She also practiced saying "Madam." It was difficult for her not to shorten the word into "Ma'am."

Sometimes she was sent to the manufacturing room to help put up the cream or fluids; and she made herself so obliging there that the two women in the department began to treat her like a human being. She saw that they preserved the secret of the recipes from her, but she determined to win their confidence sufficiently to find out how the preparations were made. She had already come to the conclusion that a good deal of the beauty business was bluff; but doubtless some of it was worth while and all of it evidently worth knowing.

Toward the end of the second week, at the close of a busy day, she ventured to follow Miss Evans into her office.

"When am I to be allowed to try on the customers, Miss Evans?" she asked.

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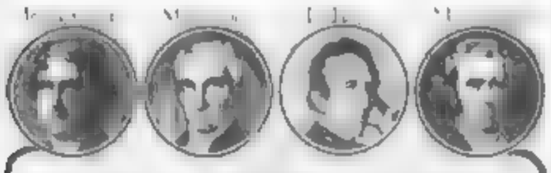

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"What's this?" asked Miss Evans sharply. "How fast do you think an apprentice can go, Sheelagh?"

"Faster than I've gone," said Sheelagh respectfully and with a winning smile. "I've known how to fetch towels this long time."

"Well, we'll see about it," said Miss Evans with a gesture of dismissal.

A little spark rose in Sheelagh's blue eyes and her color flamed like a rose.

"I'm thinking we'd better see about it now, Miss Evans," she said. "It is myself has the contract from you; and if it is thinking you are I am ignorant I can this minute tell you just what to put on the face, and all that—and my fingers are hungry to try."

Miss Evans looked at her thoughtfully. One of her girls had left that evening; another was so sick she was doing her work badly. Perhaps, instead of getting a new girl, she had better try this greenhorn—especially as a fresh apprentice was coming in two or three days.

"You may stay this evening," she said. "Grace will show you how."

Grace was enraged because she had to stay—and, but for Sheelagh's soothing tongue, it might have gone ill with the lesson; but Sheelagh was all regret and sympathy, and soon Grace's anger changed to resignation and her resignation to interest. She lent her face again and again to Sheelagh's efforts, and then she said:

"You'll do—with a little practice. And now Evans will work you like a dog and you'll have nothing to show at the end of your six weeks."

"I'll have a job," said Sheelagh, at which Grace snorted enigmatically.

An Experiment With Customers

For the next four weeks Sheelagh practiced on patrons, for the most part unsuspecting. She made mistakes, of course: sometimes she brushed hair too hard or dried it with too much force—sometimes she clipped nails too short—sometimes she was not gentle enough in her treatment of those difficult lines under the eyes; but she was always so contrite, so quick to assure the injured one that the last lady she had done had liked it that way and she wouldn't offend again, that she soon disarmed discontent. Before her six weeks were up some customers were asking to be waited on by Sheelagh. Meantime some of the girls had unbent toward her and she was using them to obtain all possible information about the work. Grace told her that sometimes a girl got married and then generally managed to get two or three customers away from Miss Evans by offering to go to their houses to give cheaper treatments. In days gone by, Grace had managed to steal the recipes for the preparations, and she gave them to Sheelagh, so that she could make them up herself inexpensively and sell them to her friends. Sheelagh absorbed both the information and the recipes, with the intention of making use of them later on. She knew she had succeeded and she hoped that Miss Evans would keep her, especially because—if she didn't—she would have to get some one in her place.

"Frankly, I'd like to," said Miss Evans; "but I have promised to take on another girl. You might come back in four weeks however."

"But you are going to get me a position," said Sheelagh—"and why would I be leaving it in four weeks?"

Miss Evans bit her lip, but made no reply.

In a few days, however, Sheelagh understood. Miss Evans did get her a position; but at the end of a week she was dismissed. Some such schools have a way of interchanging positions for each other's pupils, such positions being invariably very short-lived. At the end of four weeks Miss Evans, having meantime supplied four girls with work lasting a week each, took Sheelagh back in her old place. She was not, however, getting ten dollars a week. Miss Evans, on the ground that she was a beginner, made her take six, with a promise of an advance when she should be worth it.

Still, Sheelagh was not discouraged. After paying three dollars and a half a week to Nora for board she had very little left out of which to pay her debt to Michael; yet she knew her business and she exulted in the fact that she was in business. It was one of her ambitions to go back one day to the shop where she had bought her first gown from that supercilious clerk and get

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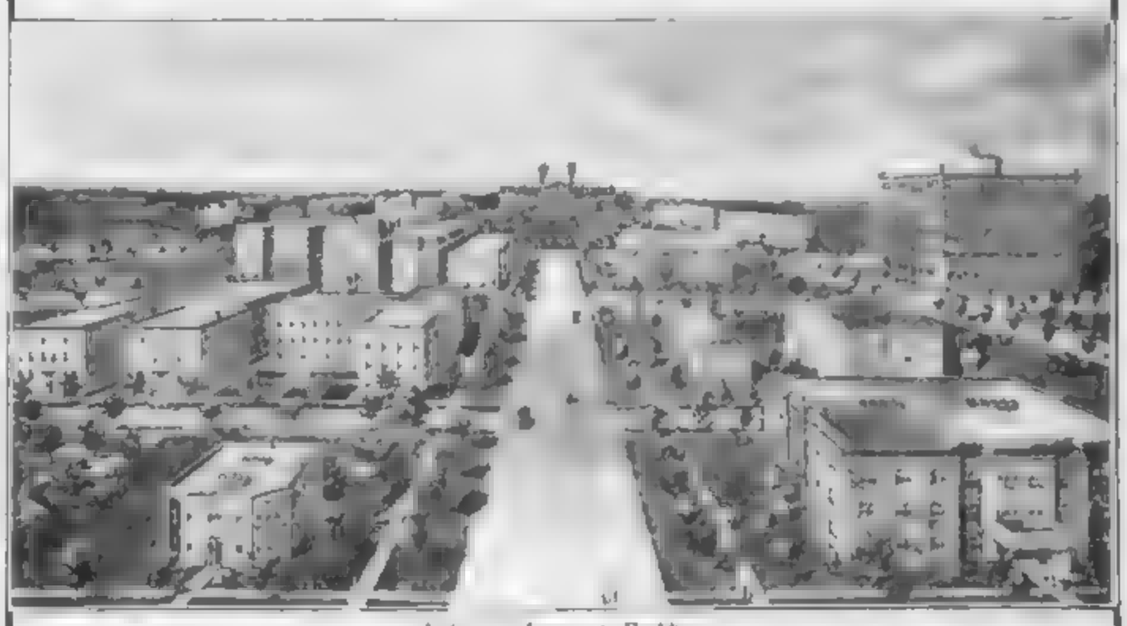

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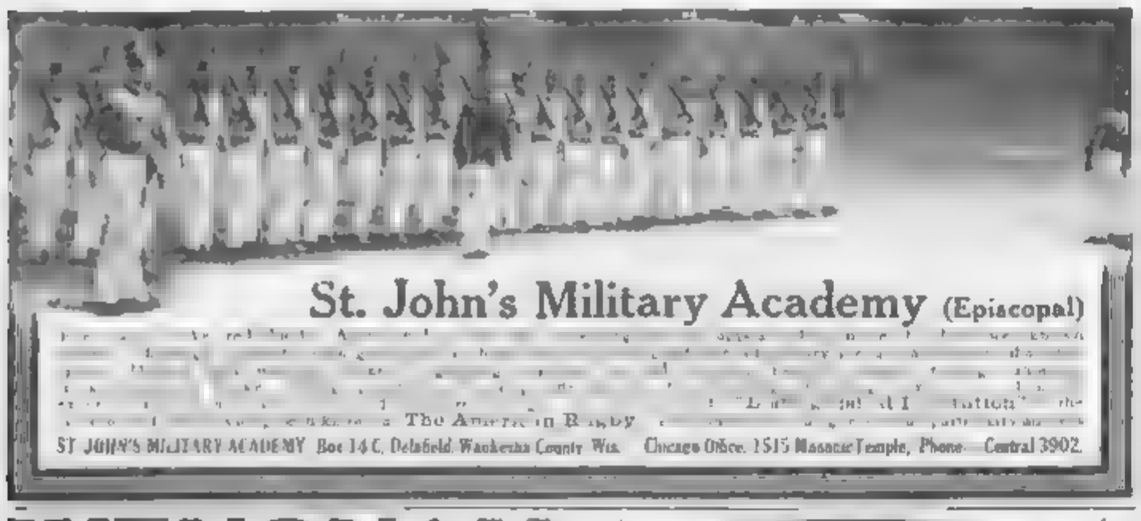

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one costing twice as much—and make that clerk know upon whom she was waiting!

Meantime Sheelagh did her work well and kept her ears open for possible paying positions in the beauty business. She was offered eight dollars in one of these, upon which Miss Evans promptly raised her pay two dollars. One of the customers, who liked her gentle brogue, dropped Miss Evans' establishment and engaged Sheelagh to come—at half price—on Sunday mornings and massage her face. In addition Sheelagh kept at her crocheting; and nearly every evening there was some young man in Nora's little dining room who watched the pretty face bent over the bright needle.

Some of these young men were friends of Michael, who was now on the force. Sheelagh liked them all, for they were all Irish; and one or two of them would have been glad to marry her, but Sheelagh always shook her head.

In the autumn, with the cheap rates, Paidric Kerrigan came over. His father was getting a pension and living with his old sister, and Paidric had managed to save enough to cross. The sight of him at Ellis Island, where she and Michael met him, gave Sheelagh a sudden rush of homesickness and sadness. She was a little tired from her year of hard, confining work; a little more wistful about life than she had been. She had seen failures in the past year—Katie Clancy had broken down and had gone home to die; Annie McInery was doing only half a woman's work. Every week she heard of some loss or sorrow. America was made on a bigger plan than Ireland—not only for gain, but for loss. And here was Paidric Kerrigan now, facing it as she had. For the moment he was the symbol to her of the youth of Ireland coming over to try out his fortune in the wonderful Land of Promise.

A Land of Promise

At the end of her second year, when she was twenty-two, Sheelagh had paid off her debt to Michael and was living in his home, sharing a room with Annie. She was getting ten dollars a week and could not see any reasonable prospect of a raise. She sent her mother a dollar a week and banked a dollar; the rest went for living expenses and clothes. Paidric was a porter by day, and at night he was studying to be on the force. He and Sheelagh were "walking out," but there was no question of marriage yet. At the end of the third year Terence had come over and was looking for work, and Paidric was not yet on the force. At the end of the fifth year Mrs. Fallon arrived, and she and Sheelagh and Terence took a little flat together. Sheelagh's wages were higher, but so were living expenses. At the end of this fifth year, however, the young couple saw their way clear to marry. The night they set the date they were down by the sea, looking across the wide, green waters that separated them from their old home.

"Back there," said Paidric reflectively, "if we'd been able to marry at all we'd have been married long ago."

"I know," she said in her coaxing Irish voice, "but isn't it better as it is? I have a business I can carry on to make a little with, and if anything were to happen to you I could work at it all the time."

"People make a mistake in being poor," sighed Paidric.

"No, but the poor people make a mistake in not having a barricade up between them and hunger. In our case it's my job back of your own."

"In Ireland we didn't think of such things," said Paidric.

"Well, sure, it's ourselves learn to think in this country." She looked at the wide, green waters wistfully.

"Ah, then, what we get in this country, Paidric, we pay for," she added; "but, thanks be to God, that's after giving us something that's fit to pay for and then making us working people big enough to pay the price."

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Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Maude Radford Warren. The third will appear in an early issue.

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

Enthusiasm

DURING the campaign of 1896, when the West, under the hypnotic spell of the Peerless Leader was seeing things in the dark, there was hardly a county-seat but developed its local graduate of Coin's Financial School. Inoculated with the virus of oratory, these apostles of free silver let few opportunities pass unimproved.

It is related that during this period a young graduate of an Eastern theological school was called to a small rural community in Western Kansas. He had barely settled in his pastorate when he was called on to hold funeral services for old Bill Parsons. When the young minister tried to find out something about the deceased as material for his eulogy he found the neighbors strangely uncommunicative. To tell the truth, Bill had been the village scapegrace, and the majority of the community probably held his taking off to be more or less a public benefit.

When the time came to hold the services, however, curiosity brought out nearly every one in the county and the church was crowded. The young minister was plainly embarrassed. After an opening hymn and the reading of the regular service, he stepped to the front and rather huskily began:

"Friends, I have but lately come among you and it has not been my good fortune as yet to become well acquainted with any intimate friend of our departed brother. I know that there are many here who can speak much more feelingly than I can on the life and deeds of our late friend and comrade; so instead of attempting to address you myself I am going to ask those of you who knew him best to speak a few words of reminiscence on the life of Mr. Parsons."

There was a long pause, during which the pink slowly mounted from the minister's neck to his forehead. Then he began again, almost imploringly:

"Friends, will not some one rise and speak to us on this occasion?"

Another pause ensued, and this time the minister's face was not the only one that grew red. At last a tall, spare man in the back of the room rose. A ramp of shaggy hair fell over one side of his face. His thin cheeks and glittering eye betrayed the emotional enthusiast. He spoke and at the first word every one in the room jumped, so great was the tension.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "I am a stranger in this community. As I passed along the road I saw this assemblage gathering and I was moved to join it. I regret to say that I never heard of the deceased before and therefore cannot speak on that subject; but, ladies and gentlemen, as I looked round this crowded chamber I thought to myself that seldom have I beheld so many intelligent and thoughtful faces. Rarely, indeed, at this busy season will so many of this community be gathered together in this way. The occasion is one too valuable to be wasted. Therefore, fellow citizens, since no one appears to care to speak on the subject suggested, I move you that under the chairmanship of your worthy pastor, for the time being, we lay the corpse upon the table, so to speak, and proceed to the consideration of a live subject, a burning issue, a topic that challenges the attention of every thinking man who has the salvation of his country at heart—to wit, the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one."

A Slip of the Tongue

AUNT MANDY had obviously no intention of perverting the truth, but her testimony had been so evidently colored by the excitement of the occasion that at its conclusion the judge requested the court stenographer to read the transcript, so that the witness might correct her statements.

The stenographer began:

"What is your name?"

"Amanda Johnson."

"What is your age?"

"Fifty-eight."

"Foh de land's sakes, jedge!" broke in the excited Amanda. "Did Ah say Ah was fifty-eight yeahs old? Ah mus' have been plumb flustrated—Ah shorely mus'. Why, dat ain't ma aige, jedge—dat's mah bus' measure!"

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

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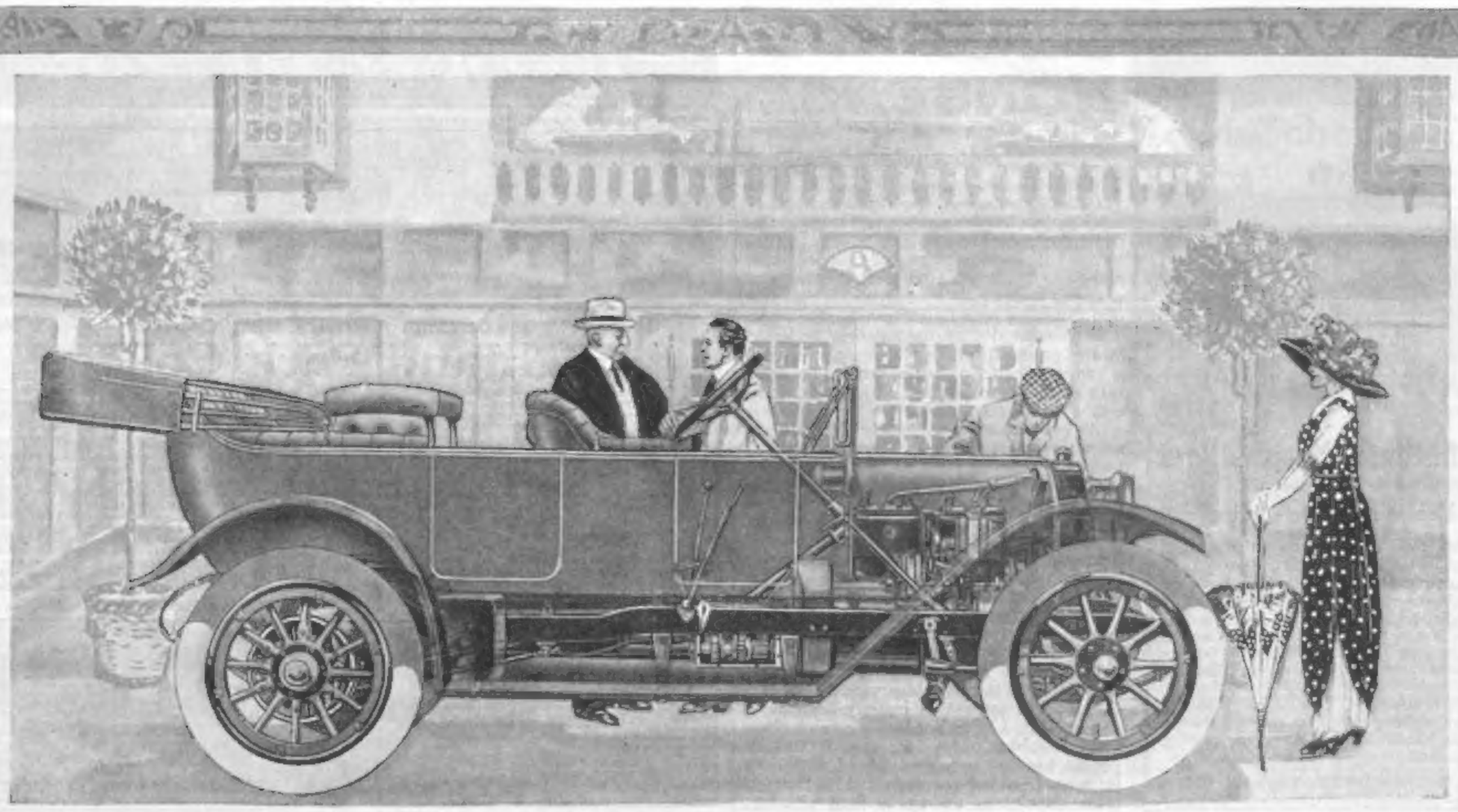
This school gives a *practical training* for Grand Opera in regular professional rehearsals. The conductors, stage managers and repetiteurs are of the staff of the Boston Opera House. Pupils of this Opera School will have the opportunity to obtain a debut in the Boston Opera House when they demonstrate sufficient ability.

Free Examination for Entrance to Grand Opera School

A conductor of this school will visit the cities and towns from whose vicinity a sufficient number of applications are received and will hold free examinations for entrance to the school. Application for examination should be made before September 15th in order to include your city in this tour.

For all information address RALPH L. FLANDERS, Manager.



Chassis Design

UNLIKE many manufacturers, it is our opinion that, in the construction of motor cars, our Engineering and Mechanical Departments should serve the user rather than that the user should be called upon to sacrifice comfort and satisfactory experience in motoring in order to satisfy the inclinations of a sometimes prejudiced Engineering Department.

Abbott-Detroit 1913 models have been planned in such a way as to fully take care of the needs and wishes of Abbott-Detroit owners and dealers, and at the same time comply strictly with the dictates of real, up-to-date engineering and metallurgical practice.

A SIMPLE, STRONG CHASSIS

As will be seen from the illustration (a composite X-ray drawing of the chassis and body) the chassis is free from the large number of rods, wires and numerous other attachments with which many cars, even the highest priced ones, are handicapped—and yet no necessary parts have been left out. Everything needed for the proper operation of the car is there, but **strength** has not been sacrificed to simplicity nor reliability to price.

OIL TEMPERED SPRINGS

Long, semi-elliptic springs in front and three-quarter elliptic scrolls in the rear made of oil tempered steel, give the body a flexible mounting, which makes it ride exceedingly well, even over the roughest roads.

Furthermore, the spring eyes are fitted with bushings and hardened spring bolts of a special design, utilized as grease cups;—this construction reducing wear and insuring perfect lubrication.

RADIUS RODS

Radius rods, which are connected to the rear axle and to a point on the frame, serve to reduce the longitudinal motion at the slip joint in the propeller shaft to a minimum and relieve the springs of a very considerable amount of fore and aft thrust movement which would fall to them otherwise, and provide for the **utmost flexibility** between the body and the chassis, as with this construction we have been **able to shackle the rear springs** at their forward ends. Many manufacturers of cars **fail** to provide radius rods where three-quarter elliptic scroll springs are used and by so doing deprive that system of suspension of a great portion of its flexibility, owing to the fact that the forward ends of the lower springs are in that case, for the purpose of taking the drive of the rear axle, necessarily fastened **rigidly** to the springs instead of being connected with the shackle.

TECHNICAL, BUT VERY IMPORTANT

Although this description is of necessity rather technical, we lay a great deal of emphasis upon it because it shows the **reason why Abbott-Detroit motor cars ride so much easier than others**;—so much so in fact that this feature is always spoken of by all motorists when they ride, for the first time, in our cars.

"The demand of the day is that an organization shall be judged by its product and not by what it claims for itself."

Abbott-Detroit advertising for 1913 will be printed in serial form.

This is the second of the series. The third will appear in The Saturday Evening Post, September 21st; Collier's, September 7th; Life, September 28th; Literary Digest, September 14th. Copies of previous advertisements sent on request.

The freedom with which the three-quarter elliptic scroll springs act in taking up both the side and end movements of the axle **makes this form much more resilient and flexible** than either the half or full elliptic type. When one wheel drops into a rut, or passes over an obstruction, it is of course lowered or elevated with respect to the other wheel. The **three-quarter elliptic scroll spring will absorb** such motions readily, **entirely eliminating** that quick, choppy motion and vibration which invariably accompany the use of the half or full elliptic types.

Abbott-Detroit Electric Self-Starter

All 1913 Abbott-Detroit cars are equipped **with our own specially designed,** ***self-contained electric self-starter.***

Not an experiment—not an attempted combination of ignition, lighting and starting, but a real, dependable one, ***built as a part*** **of the engine, included** ***as regular*** **equipment.**

Visit our Sales rooms and have its operation explained.

UNDERSLUNG SPRING CONSTRUCTION

In Abbott-Detroit cars, both sets of springs have been **hung underneath the axles** so that the center of gravity has been lowered to a point well below that usually found on the average motor car. This of course makes for safety and causes the car to hold the road better; eliminates to a large extent any disagreeable side-swaying; has a tendency to prevent excessive skidding; makes it possible for the car to be driven at a greater speed with safety. It lowers the body without decreasing the road clearance or interfering with the spring action.

TORQUE RODS

Torque rods running from the rear axle to the frame relieve the drive shaft, universal joints, drive pinion, gear and axle housing of strain, and also eliminate the bending movement which is wrongly and unjustly imposed upon the springs of many motor cars.

THE FRONT AXLE

The front axle of an "I" beam section is made of drop forge steel, double-heat-treated, and is equipped with a set of Timken roller bearings in each front wheel hub. The steering connecting rods are mounted in a protected position back and above the front axle. Note this carefully. This advantage will be appreciated by those motorists who have driven in mountainous districts or in the sage brush country. The steering connections on many motor cars are hung in front and below, where they are easily injured or where their operation may be seriously affected by brush or wire picked up in the road.

THE REAR AXLE

The rear axle is of the full floating type with nickel steel gears and shafts, Timken roller bearings throughout, except in the wheels, where Schafer imported annular bearings are used.

The housing of the rear axle, of malleable steel construction, is so designed that a vertical cross section parallel to the drive shaft, forms a **complete double truss of great strength and extreme rigidity,** facilitating the proper alignment of the gears continuously after they are once assembled at our plant. This of course reduces friction and noise to a minimum.

LARGE HICKORY ARTILLERY WHEELS

The wheels are made of the best quality of second growth hickory, finished in natural oil. The front wheels have ten spokes, the rear twelve. Also notice the number of bolts used in the wheel flanges.

The felloes are fitted with **Booth demountable rims** and extra large **Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.** We have tried, in the designing of the wheels as well as in all other such important parts, to secure the strongest construction possible, believing that the extra dollars spent for the safety of the purchaser would be noticed and appreciated. It would be an easy thing to substitute inferior material and give it a coat of paint, but instead we use good hickory and finish it in natural oil so you can see its high grade character.

Abbott-Detroit cars represent the best that can be produced for the price for which they are sold. We guarantee them for life.

Models and Prices

34-40	Fore-Door Roadster, 116-inch wheel base	$1700
34-40	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 116-inch wheel base	$1700
44-50	5-Passenger, Fore-Door Demi-Tonneau, 121-inch wheel base	$1975
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car, 121-inch wheel base	$2000
44-50	Battleship Roadster, 121-inch wheel base	$2150
44-50	7-Passenger, Fore-Door Limousine, 121-inch wheel base	$3050

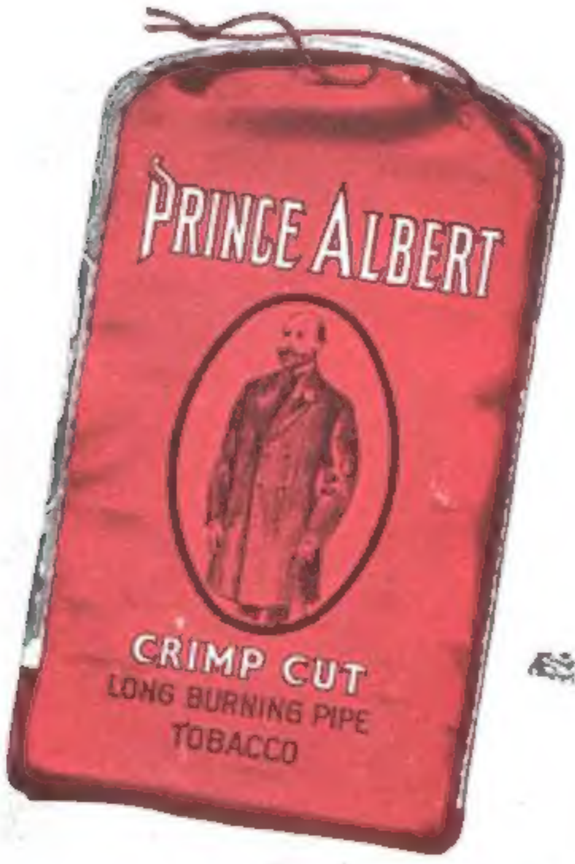
Advance catalog on request.

Abbott-Detroit

Built for Permanence and Guaranteed for Life

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY

601 Waterloo Street **Detroit, Michigan**



5 cents to you!

Meeting home folks in the family album and coming face-to-face with the tidy red Prince Albert portraits is pretty much the same thing—kind of makes you feel like you were in the hands of your friends!

Easiest thing ever for you and P. A. to call each other by your first names, because P. A. *simply won't broil your tongue or parch or singe your throat! Sting's removed* by a patented process! Sure is tobacco in a class by itself!

PRINCE ALBERT

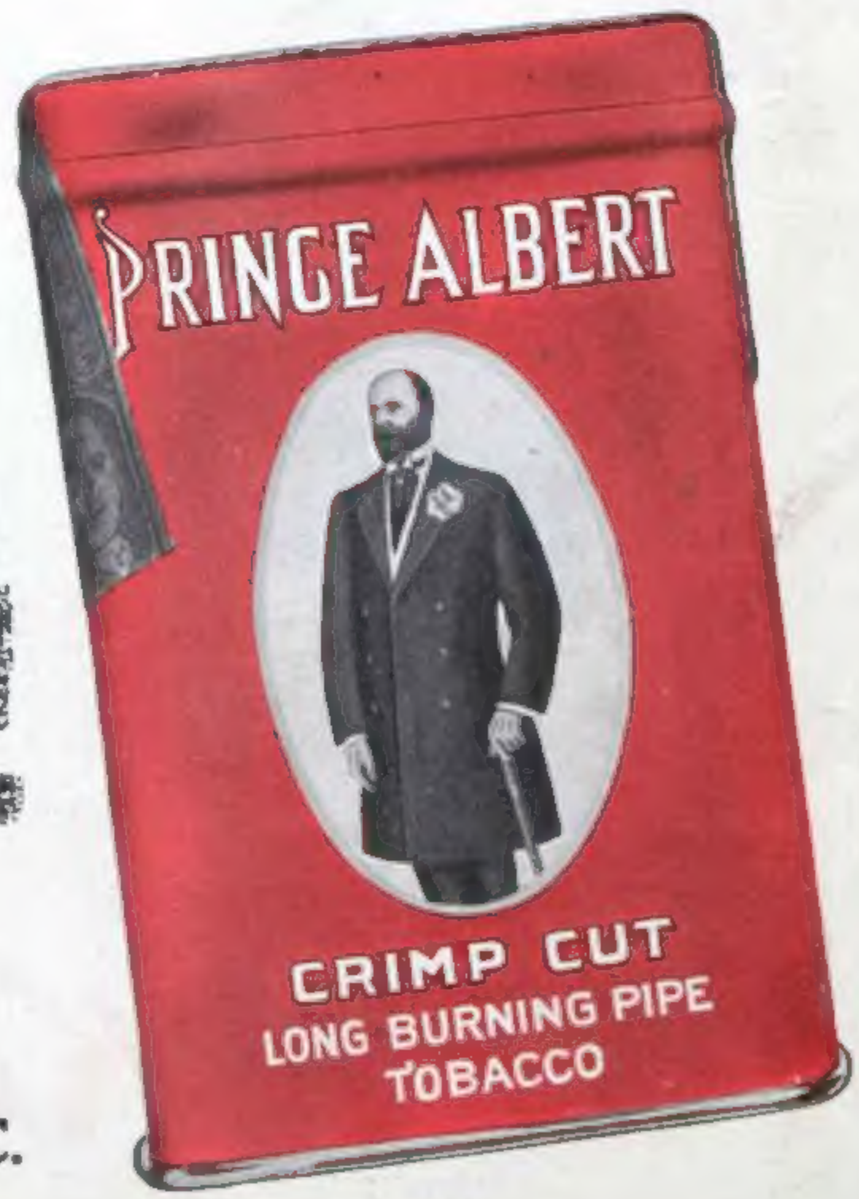
the national joy smoke

is the pick of most men of America who smoke, because it's regular human, man-tobacco with the good *all left in* and the bite *left out!*

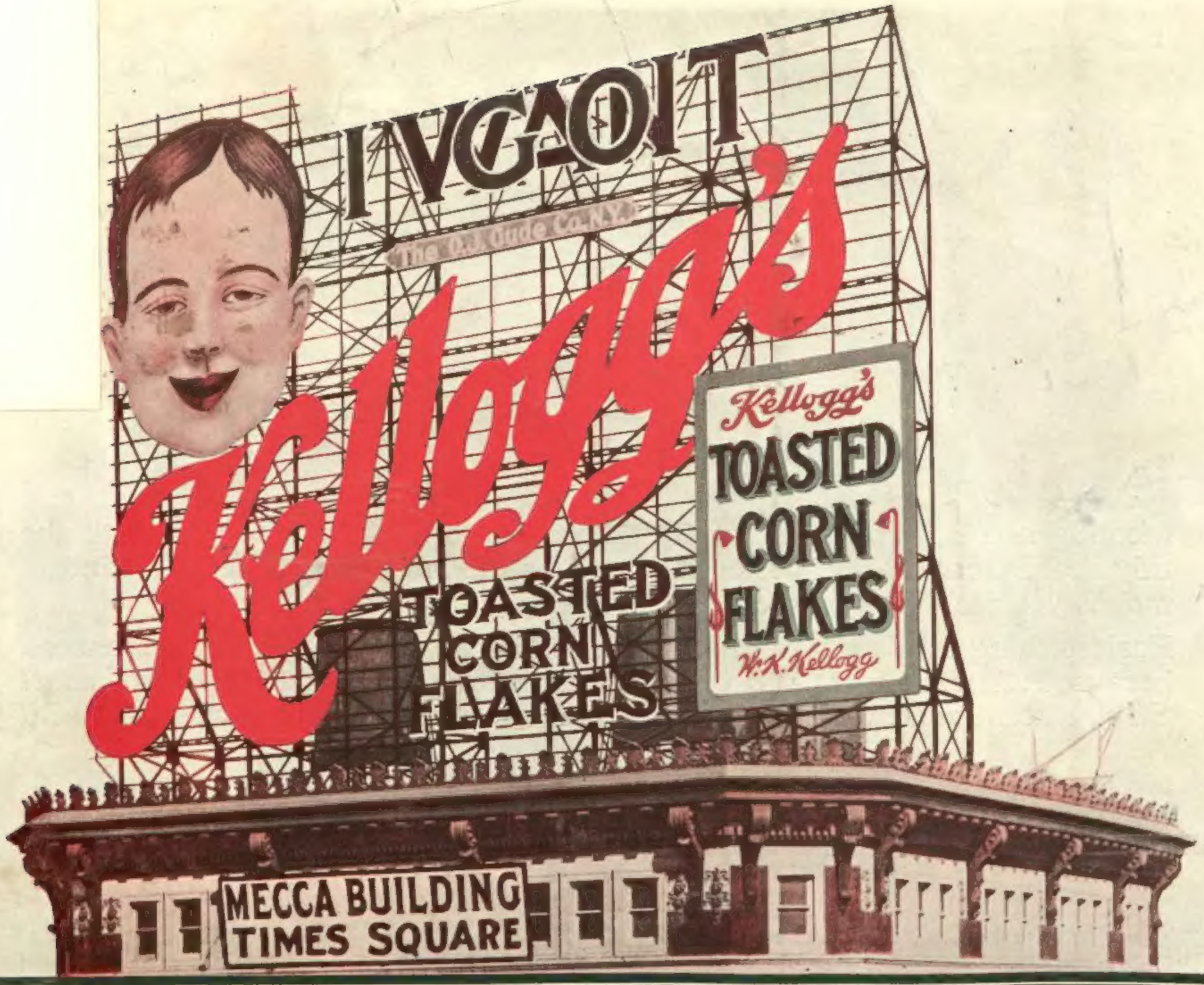
Just as sure as the little apples grow on trees you're going to get P. A. jimmy-pipe-joy'us. *Can't help yourself!* Get a flying start, *now*—if you've got red blood a-speedin' through your veins—for the goin's simply great!

Buy P. A. in 5c toppy red cloth bags; 10c tidy red tins; handsome half-pound and pound humidors—anywhere!

10 cents to you!



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.



The immensity of this sign can best be appreciated by the picture above showing the sign in course of construction. Look closely and you will be able to make out eighteen men working on the frame.

The Largest Electric Sign Ever Built

The above photograph shows the monster Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake electric sign on the top of the Mecca Building, at 48th and Broadway, New York.

This sign is 106 feet wide and 80 feet high—the letter "K" in Kellogg's is 66 feet high—the boy's head and the package are 40 feet high.,

Eighty tons of structural iron were required for the frame work, making necessary six mammoth trusses to distribute the weight and wind stress over the building.

A mechanical device changes the boy's face and the heading. When he cries the heading reads "I want Kellogg's." He then smiles and the heading reads "I got Kellogg's." The sign portrays a true story told in millions of homes daily.

W. K. Kellogg

THE ORIGINAL HAS THIS SIGNATURE